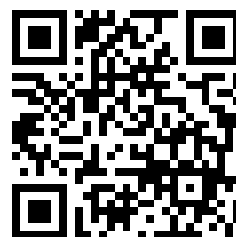


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# LITTLE FOLKS





JD  
1952



*In Memory of*  
**STEPHEN SPAULDING**  
*1907 - 1925*  
*CLASS of 1927*  
**UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN**

To Ethel  
from  
H. H. H.  
June 1901.



JD  
1952



To Ethel 1-  
June  
Feb 20,  
June 1901.



JD  
1952



*In Memory of*  
**STEPHEN SPAULDING**  
1907 - 1925  
CLASS of 1927  
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

To Ethel 17  
from  
Fahd.  
June 1901.











ANDRÉ & SLEIGH, LIMITED, BUSHEY, HERTS

# LITTLE LAD

A MAGAZINE  
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

With Numerous Illustrations.

CASSILL AND COMPANY  
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PARIS, NEW YORK, AND  
MELBOURNE • 1901.

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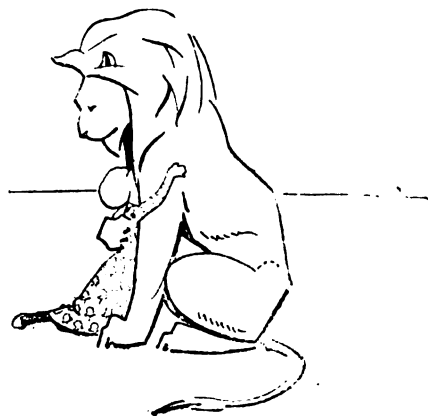


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# HEROES OF FAITH—

- I. Abraham, 32.
- II. Joseph, 132.
- III. Rahab, 167.
- IV. Gideon, 272.
- V. Samson, 356.
- VI. David, 430.

# HUMANE SOCIETY, THE "LITTLE FOLKS," 160, 240.

# JAPANESE FOLK STORIES—

- Diviner, The, 203.
- Enchanted Loom, The, 115.
- Fox and the Otter, The, 345.
- How Matches are Made in Japan, 282.
- Spider Wife, The, 35.
- Story of a Dog and a Cat, The, 433.

# MUSIC—

- Bird of Spring, 469.
- Bound for a Cruise, 389.
- Madam April, 309.
- Skaters, The, 69.
- Stars in the Well, The, 229.
- Troubles of a Dollie, The, 149.

# POETRY—

- Afternoon Snooze, An, 132.
- All Among the Daisies, 6.
- Artistic Peter, 51.
- Baffled Correspondent, A, 429.
- Big Round Daisies, The, 6.
- Bluebells, 404.
- Book, The, 127.
- Cake that was Burnt, The, 268.
- Consoling Reflection, A, 244.
- Daddy's Girl, 406.
- Daffodils are Blowing, The, 364.
- Did They Meet? 455.
- End of the Nib, The, 192.
- Enquiring Chick, The, 362.
- Etiquette in the Wilds, 266.
- Fall of the Tin Regiment, The, 292.
- Fat! 275.
- Game of Nursery Rhyme "Consequences," A, 432.
- Handy Man, A, 241.
- Helping Mother, 49.
- Home, 175.
- How do You Like this Kind of Spelling? 438.
- If I were but a Water-fowl, 366.

# In Quite a Friendly Way, 408.

- In the Glass, 442.
- In the Pantry, 433.
- King Nolower, The, 245.
- Little Mother, 173.
- Lollipop Land, 368.
- May's Mistake, 448.
- Mer-folks, 39.
- Messages from Mars, 415.
- "Nevercontented," 359.
- On the Ice, 120.
- Percy Price, 91.
- Peter the Punster, 351.
- Punctuality, 32.
- Quintain, The, 340.
- Reverie, A, 276.
- Rising Moon, The, 4.
- Sad Effect of a Post Mind, The, 50.
- Said Archibald to Will-i-am, 54.
- Secret, A, 401.
- Songs for Somebody: "LITTLE FOLKS," 246.
- Spring and the Spectre, 276.
- Strange Mouse, A, 349.
- Sunshine and the Rain, The, 13.
- Taking it Literally, 252.
- Their Superior Taste, 86.
- Three Friends, The, 189.
- Timothy's Astronomy, 445.
- To Phyllis, 169.
- To Phyllis, about Fairies, 46.
- To Phyllis, about Fairyland, 114.
- "Touch him if you dare!" 321.
- Troubadour, The, 89.
- Troublesome Sum. A, 372.
- Trying It On, 209.
- Two Roses, The, 255.
- Very Fine Sight, A, 412.
- Waterproof, 195.
- When the Rain is Over, 198.
- Wicked Sparrow and a Good Boy, A, 54.
- Wind and the Leaves, The, 122.

# POST OFFICE, OUR LITTLE FOLKS' OWN, 73, 156, 236, 318, 396, 474.

# PRIZE COMPETITIONS, RESULTS, ETC., 74, 77, 79, 80, 153, 157, 159, 237, 240, 319, 399, 474.

# QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS, 76, 239, 317, 398, 473.

# PUZZLES, OUR LITTLE FOLKS' OWN, AND ANSWERS, 72, 73, 154, 238, 316, 398, 472.

# SERIAL STORIES—

- Cosey Corner; or, How They Kept a Farm, by L. T. Meade, author of "A World of Girls," "Polly," "Red Rose and Tiger Lily," etc., 15, 136, 176, 296, 326, 455.
- The Book of Betty Barber and the Trouble it Caused, by Maggie Browne, author of "Wanted—a King," "The Surprising Adventures of Tuppy and Tue," etc., 56, 96, 216, 256, 376, 416.

# SHORT ARTICLES, SCRAPS, ETC.—

- Editor and the Readers, The, 476.
- Editor to His Friends, The, 1.
- Little Soldiers of the King, 210.
- Notes, 215.
- Odds and Ends, 14, 254, 363.
- Scraps, 55.
- Some Charming Books, 76.

# 'SHORT STORIES—

- Agatha's Witch, 426.
- Aunt Sarah's Protégé, 292.
- Baby Jane's Adventures: The Finish, 26.
- Choosing a Pet, 443.
- Christmas at the Hollow Tree, 170.
- Der Kleiner, 43.
- Discontented Cedar, The, 287.
- Elsie's Broken Promise, 413.
- Faithful Unto Death, 10.
- Farmer and the Cuckoo, The, 2.
- Farmyard Tea Party, The, 81.
- Fine-Ears, 193.
- Friends for the Fishing, 449.
- Good-night, 111.
- Happiest Lark, The, 402.
- Happy Forest, The, 47.
- How Bunny Smoked the Peace-pipe, 336.
- In Peril on the Hills, 369.
- Katie's Mistake, 269.
- King's Birthday, The, 289.
- Love Me, Love My Dog, 40.
- Mischievous Monkey, A, 129.
- Musical Box, The, 120.
- Narrow Escape, A, 83.

SHORT STORIES (*continued*)—

- Nowhere and What was There, 373.  
 Paint-box, The, 208.  
 Song Without Words, A, 174.  
 Sprites' Folly, The, 409.  
 Story of the Black Cat and the Canary, The, 86.  
 Tringle's Tuck-box, 277.  
 Unknightly Episode, An, 359.  
 Wanted— a Dolly, 352.  
 What the Mantle Knows, 406.  
 White Doe, The, 321.  
 Wild Indian, A, 91.  
 Witch and the Jewelled Eggs, The, 161, 247.

## STAMP, POSTCARD, AND CORRESPONDENCE COLUMNS, 74, 155, 237, 315, 395, 473.

## THROUGH TIME'S TELESCOPE—

- I. Alexander the Great, 52.  
 II. St. Paul, 127.  
 III. Charlemagne, 196.  
 IV. Christopher Columbus, 266.  
 V. Peter Paul Rubens, 366.  
 VI. Isaac Newton, 446.

## VALOUR FOR VICTORIA—

- I. Crosses at Colenso, 7.  
 II. The Lancers at Omdurman, 122.  
 III. The Gay Gordons at Dargai, 189.  
 IV. The First Cross, 241.  
 V. How Roberts Won the Cross with a Double First, 342.  
 VI. Isandula: From Gloom to Glory, 439.

## VERY LITTLE FOLKS, PAGES FOR—

- Arrival of the Rose, 155.  
 Baby's Present, 230.  
 Brian and the Turkey, 313.  
 Butterflies' Kisses, The, 471.  
 Children and the Jam, The, 233.  
 Eric, 397.  
 Hush! 231.  
 In Trouble, 394.  
 In School, 470.  
 Irene, 73.  
 Joseph and His Bread and Butter, 311.  
 Little Heroine, A, 393.  
 Little Mab, 231.  
 Little Prince "Fun-fun," 392.  
 Master Robin's Feast, 152.  
 Nurse Amy, 390.  
 Out of School, 470.

- Polite Puppy-dog, The, 150.  
 Puzzling Question, A, 235.  
 Robin Hood and His Merry Men, 310.  
 Serenade, A, 151.  
 Showery Weather, 314.  
 Song of the Tea-kettle, The, 235.  
 Tommy and Tabby's Duet, 151.  
 What Birdie Did, 70.  
 What Fun! 72.  
 Who is It? 71.  
 Yarn of the Christmas Stocking, The, 235.

## WARD, "LITTLE FOLKS," THE—

- Great Scheme for Little Folks, A, 107.  
 Reporting Progress, 453.  
 Santa Claus in Shoreditch, 199.  
 Subscription Lists, 320, 400, 475.  
 What Marjory Saw, 289.  
 What the Little Bird Overheard, 349.

## WHO'S WHO AND WHAT'S WHAT—

- Angling with a Monkey, 467.  
 Animal Beggars, 147.  
 Area Bell, The, 387.  
 Athletic Judge, An, 67.  
 Baby on the Battlefield, The, 387.  
 Bully for the Butcher, 227.  
 Can Animals be Taken In? 468.  
 Can Animals Cry? 308.  
 Colonel Boyle's Leg, 228.  
 Cricket in the East, 388.  
 Critics of the Hearth, 467.  
 Cure for Deafness, A, 147.  
 Day She was Crowned, The, 63.  
 Dead but Alive, 467.  
 Dogs in Cricket Matches, 67.  
 Effectual Punishment, An, 307.  
 Fame, 66.  
 Fashionable Fly-catchers, 147.  
 Fish Fishing for Fishes, A, 68.  
 Fish Out of Water, A, 306.  
 French Writers and Their Pets, 67.  
 From the Circus to the Street, 148.  
 Golden Stool of Ashanti, The, 226.  
 Gorging Jacks and Guzzling Jimmies, 387.  
 Ha'porth of Cheese, A, 468.  
 He Could Jump, at All Events, 227.  
 He Wouldn't be Hurried, 148.  
 His New Brecks, 466.  
 How a Dog Saved its Master, 463.  
 How "Fighting Mac" Found his Sword, 147.

- How He Became a Painter, 147.  
 How to Move an Obstinate Pig, 388.  
 How to Unroll a Hedgehog, 467.  
 Into the Tiger's Jaws, 148.  
 Jeers as a Punishment, 67.  
 Leaper and Bounder, A, 307.  
 Lioness and the Lady, The, 227.  
 Living Sunbeams, 466.  
 Lord Roberts's Superior, 148.  
 Lord Rosebery's Komps, 226.  
 Monkey that Swims, A, 66.  
 Narrow Escape, A, 468.  
 Nettled, 308.  
 Nightshirt as a Tourist Suit, A, 307.  
 Nothing Like Leather, 227.  
 Old Use for the Alphabet, An, 387.  
 Owing to the War, 306.  
 Queen Rewards a Brave Engine-driver, The, 228.  
 Panic at Court, A, 308.  
 Patron of the Fine Arts, A, 228.  
 Prince's Button, The, 388.  
 Saved by a Hand! 307.  
 Scramble for Loaves, A, 308.  
 Sleeper Awakened, The, 226.  
 Smiting the Smiter, 388.  
 Spring Weather Forecasts, 388.  
 Statesman at Home, A, 148.  
 Story of a Siege, The, 227.  
 Story of the Street, A, 468.  
 Touching Scene, A, 68.  
 Tree and the Mill-stone, The, 468.  
 Truth from a Rebel, 228.  
 Turn of the Wrist, A, 308.  
 Water Wagtail Defying the Trains, 228.  
 Wearing a Worried Look, 63.  
 Wet, 307.  
 Wet Paint, 467.  
 What the Ostrich Could not Digest, 66.  
 What the Prodigal Might have Done, 148.  
 Where the Bear is Honoured, 467.  
 Which is the Northern Tree? 386.  
 Why he Practised the Golden Rule, 386.  
 Why he Wore his Hat, 226.  
 Winking, 307.  
 Wise and Foolish Tailors, The, 386.  
 Word for the Thistle, A, 357.  
 "Your Majesty!" 306.

## LIST OF COLOURED PLATES.

HELPING MOTHER . . . . .	Frontispiece.
AN AFTERNOON SNOOZE . . . . .	To face page 132
A HANDY MAN . . . . .	" " 241
"A BEAUTIFUL WHITE PONY HELD BY AN UGLY LITTLE GNOME" . . . . .	" " 247
"TOUCH HIM IF YOU DARE!" . . . . .	" " 321
IN THE GLASS . . . . .	" " 442



## The Editor to his Friends.

**I** TOLD you all last month that I had a surprise for you, and here it is. I don't suppose any of you thought I was going to pop out of my shell to have a little talk, now did you? What do you think of my portrait? Some of you have seen it before, but for the benefit of the newcomers, I thought I would put it in again. It's "orfly good," isn't it? as Master Charlie would say.

Now I want to tell you about the **LITTLE FOLKS CERTIFICATES**. In certain of the Competitions I have decided to give Certificates instead of Medals: I *have* heard of Medals being lost, but you'll find it difficult to lose a Certificate, especially if you get it framed and hang it up on the wall. A beautiful design has been prepared, and those who are lucky enough to win a Certificate will agree, I am sure, that it is something to be proud of.

You will see that we announce another new set of Competitions. I wish I could find room for some of the letters I receive from the Hospital Authorities, in which they tell me how grateful the little patients are for the Toys, Books, etc., that you send them. I am glad to say that this last year I was able to send away more parcels than ever, and I want you all to do your best in the coming year to enable me to beat the record. Then, perhaps, we might have—but that would be telling!

Now I have a favour to ask of you all: I want you, whenever you come across

something you particularly like (that will be often) or particularly dislike (I hope that *won't* be often) in LITTLE FOLKS, just to send me a postcard and tell me so. The postcards or letters won't be for publication, but I shall be able to find out what is most liked and give you more of it, do you see?

One thing more. If ever you should come across a young person who doesn't take in LITTLE FOLKS (of course, it's *very* unlikely that you will do so), don't go to bed that night until you have made that young person promise to take it in. You see, I'm so modest, I think that you can't have too much of a good thing, and you've only to look at my portrait to see that I—well, I needn't say any more, need I? Now I must say good-bye. A Happy New Year to you all.

Your sincere friend,

*The Editor*  
Little Folks

## THE FARMER AND THE CUCKOO.

**N**ANY years ago, upon a large estate that was situated in the most fertile quarter of China, there lived two brothers who were orphans. When their father died, leaving acres and acres of farmland for their only heritage, Li-chen and Ci-sart decided that, though they would dwell together, it would be wiser to divide their possessions into two equal parts, so that each might use his share as he wished.

Throughout the bright days of early spring Li-chen was most industrious, and laboured from sunrise in the morning until far beyond sunset at night to improve his land and prepare it for sowing. But, as he worked, a cloud often overshadowed his good-tempered face, and he would think with regret of his brother Ci-sart, who, unaccustomed to the affluence he was now able to enjoy, insisted upon wasting his days in idleness and sloth.

This lazy fellow would sit for hours watching his brother as he tended his land, and yet he failed to learn any lesson from his diligence; therefore, when the time came to

scatter seeds upon the rich surface of the earth, and to look forward to a plenteous harvest, Ci-sart's ground was unready. But, indeed, that really was not very important, for he had bought no seeds to sow, never having been near the grain market for many months.

In vain Li-chen expostulated with this idle lad, who, however, merely shrugged his shoulders with a gay laugh, and paid no heed to the words of wisdom he was forced to listen to, while after a time, Li-chen, not desirous of picking a quarrel with his brother, ceased to discuss this subject with him altogether.

But at length, when the crops had ripened and stood waiting to be reaped, then did Ci-sart realise the bitter mistake he had made. He looked at his own plot of land, bare, save for a few weeds that had straggled up unhindered; and then he inspected his brother's fields, covered with golden corn, and as he gazed sadly upon them he groaned aloud.

"Oh, if but the time for ploughing and sowing would come back," he wailed, "how differently would I behave. Next season I, too, will be diligent and hardworking, but,



alas, I have lost a year out of my life which nothing can replace. In a little while the winter will be here, and in the cold days I shall be unable to buy food or charcoal to warm myself with; and I have neglected to repair the farmhouse so often that now, I fear, it will keep out neither wind nor rain."

As he thus sat thinking over all his mistakes he raised his head and saw, standing before him, a most wonderful person whom he did not remember hearing approach.

Her eyes were as blue as cornflowers in the field, her lips were so red that they resembled poppies, while her beautiful hair, as it waved in the wind, looked like buttercups dancing in the golden rays of the sun.

"Who are you?" gasped Ci-sart, guessing, before he spoke, the answer which he was sure would come.

"I am the Spirit of the Harvest," was the stern reply; "and I am here to demand the toll which I receive yearly from thy brother and thyself."

Then Ci-sart wept and wrung his hands in his distress.

"I can pay no toll, for I have no gold," he sobbed. "Since I came into my property I have been lazy and idle, and neglected my land so much that now, therefore, I am without any means at all. Ask my brother, Li-chen, to settle up for us both. He will gladly do so, I am sure; and by next season I shall be in a position to repay him many times over."

But the fairy shook her head and waved her hands contemptuously, as much as to say she did not want to waste her time listening to such foolish excuses.

"That will not do," she replied. "Each one must discharge his own account; it is no good expecting others to do it for you. Hinder me no longer with thy silly talk. I have many farms to visit in this neighbourhood. Pay thy debt and let me begone; if thou hast no money, I must proclaim thy punishment."

And Ci-sart realised there was but one thing to be done. So, with a sorrowful sigh, he pulled himself together, and stood patiently waiting to hear what his sentence would be; for, though lazy and worthless, he was no coward; indeed, for many miles around he

was considered to be an exceedingly brave man.

"Thou hast neglected to sow thy seeds," said the fairy, "therefore thou must be used as an example to others. From henceforth thou shalt take upon thyself the form of a bird, and thy presence in the land shall act as a warning to every farmer who hears thee cry. Never shalt thou rest or tarry, but as thou fliest hither and thither, thy voice shall encourage all to struggle on."

Although Ci-sart begged and implored forgiveness, and promised to do great things in the future, he could not alter the sentence that had been passed upon him. As he spoke he felt his body was becoming smaller and smaller, and that funny little feathers commenced to sprout all over him, while, before he had time to close his mouth, it was changed into a little yellow beak, which he found was very difficult to manage properly.

And as the Spirit of the Harvest stood listening to his strange attempts at speech, she clapped her hands merrily together, and said, "I did not know what to call thee, but since thy quaint chirp sounds like 'Poo—kuo, Poo—kuo,' we will christen thee 'Cuckoo'; for in the Chinese language 'Poo' means to sow, and 'Kuo' means grain. Therefore, all who hear thy note shall understand and take warning by it."

So the poor little bird flew sadly away, hoping, through his unselfish efforts, to arouse within others the sense of duty, so that, by winning the fairy's approval, he might earn his release from the spell which bound him.

And every evening, when work is over, Li-chen sits at the door of his farm with his pipe in his mouth, and listens to the plaintive cry of his brother, who, however unhappy he feels, always sings cheerily when he is near his home, for it delights him to see the care his brother bestows upon his once neglected land.

And if ever you are in this particular part of China, and have time to wander amid the fields that surround you, I want you to remember this little story, so that when you hear the bird's sad note you will pause in your chatter to wish him well and a speedy return from the charm which now holds him captive.

MYRA HAMILTON.



# • THE RISING MOON •

Ah! who would not ride on the rising moon,  
To reach to the heights of heaven so soon?  
Keep but your hold, and you'll ride as high  
As ever a star in the topmost sky.



And down on the world so far below  
You can look, as up to the heights you go;  
When its lamplights fade that look like stars,  
You will come to Mercury and Mars.



You will pass by the planets all, and rise  
Right up through the blue of the moonlit skies,  
Till you reach the top and can find a throne  
Where the Pole star gleams alone, alone.





AH WHO WOULD NOT RIDE

ON THE RISING MOON



TO REACH TO THE HEIGHTS

OF HEAVEN SO SOON?





## ALL AMONG THE DAISIES.

O H, lady fair, with golden hair,  
Pray tell me how you got up there ;  
Did some one put you on that stump  
To see if you would dare to jump ?  
If so, I'll thrash him round the town !"  
Cried valiant George Augustus Brown.

The lady shook her dainty head ;  
"I put myself up here," she said,  
"And I may stay quite half the day ;"  
"No, no, come down," he cried, "and play !"  
"Boys are so rough, they spoil one's gown,  
No, thank you, George Augustus Brown."

"These daisies, then, I'll give you, dear,  
And guard the field while you are here ;  
I'll be your knight ;" he marched away,  
But heard a little voice cry : "Stay !  
I spoke in fun. Please help me down :  
I love you, George Augustus Brown."

SHEILA.

## THE BIG ROUND DAISIES.

THE big round daisies opened their eyes  
And gazed with joy and mild surprise,  
For over the flower-decked field one day  
Came the sounds of laughter and voices gay.  
Said one little bud, as it bent to the breeze,  
"Oh, Mother, what joyful sounds are these ?"  
And the answer came : " 'Tis the music sweet  
Of children's voices and pattering feet."

And the big round daisies opened their eyes  
And nodded their heads 'neath the summer  
skies.

"We love the songs of the birds," they said,  
"And the glistening river that croons in its  
bed,

And the chirp of the cricket and hum of the  
bee,

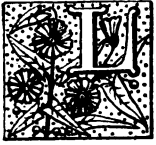
We listen to ever with joy and glee ;  
But the music we love the best to hear  
Is the sound of the children's voices clear."

And the children played in the field all day,  
And the big round daisies nodded away,  
Till the shadows grew long and the west grew  
red,

And the children at last went home to bed.  
Then the big round daisies closed their eyes,  
And the moon rose up in the darkening skies ;  
They thought of the children in slumber deep,  
Then, folding their petals, fell fast asleep.

CONSTANCE M. LOWE.

## VALOUR FOR VICTORIA. CROSSES AT COLENSO.



**LADYSMITH!** Little folk will not soon forget the story of the close siege of this Natal town, so heroically borne for four months by Sir George White and his gallant forces, and the large band of men, women, and children who bravely suffered in silence in order that the dear old flag of Britain might not be sullied by craven fear. It was a terrible time, for disease and starvation and the bullets of the foe were the daily companions of those who were kept imprisoned within the town. Well might the bairns of the British Empire light up their houses, wave their Union Jacks, and wear patriotic buttons on that great day when tidings came that Sir Redvers Buller had at long last really relieved Ladysmith. For the moment Sir George became the patron saint of England, and no doubt St. George was glad to see his own place so worthily filled.

It was hoped that the besieged would be set free by Christmas Day, 1899, at the very latest, but the Boers would not budge. They held fast and sat tight from that 2nd of November, when they hemmed in the people, until the end of February, when, thanks to Lord Roberts' well-laid plans and his crowning victories elsewhere, they quietly bolted without so much as a "By your leave!"

Yet during all these weary weeks British and Colonial soldiers were doing their best to hold out a helping hand to the captives. And on one black day—the 15th of December—in spite of the splendid courage of the Irish and the dauntless daring of the artillery, the magnificent effort made by Sir Redvers Buller to succour the besieged was made in vain, and the British army defeated. This was at Colenso, a town on the River Tugela, a few miles south of Ladysmith.

Sir Redvers' plan was to beat the Boers here and cross the stream by the railway bridge, and then, flushed with success, march straight on to scatter the enemy and rescue the garrison and the poor prisoners. For this purpose he divided his army into brigades.

The left attack was given to General Hart and the Irish, who covered themselves with so much glory in the battle that, out of gratitude, the Queen not only paid a visit to the green land of their birth next spring, but also caused a regiment of Irish Guards to be raised in honour of their heroism. Lord Dundonald was in charge of the assault on the right, supported by General Barton's Brigade of Fusiliers. The central and main onslaught was to be led by General Hildyard, with the backing of the 14th and 66th Field Batteries under Colonel Long, and half a dozen naval guns under Lieutenant Ogilvy. I am not going to give you an account of the whole battle, which would take up too much space, but will deal only with the terrible disaster that befell the guns, because in the heroic attempt to recover them several brave men won the Victoria Cross—a tuppenny-ha'penny bit of bronze, awarded for conspicuous valour in the face of the foe, to win which men have cheerfully risked their lives against all odds.

At four o'clock in the morning of December 15th Hildyard started. His brigade was purely English, being made up of the Devons, the West Yorkshires, the East and West Surreys. Like the Cameron men, the Tommies marched proudly forward, although each knew he might tread on the heather no more. At the same time the two batteries of field guns, drawn by horses, set out, and the naval guns too, drawn by oxen. Here arose the trouble, for had Long only been a second Job, and been content to wait for the more slowly-going cattle, he would have been well supported by the powerful naval guns. But he burned for a brush with the Boers, and tore off at a mad gallop to a hillock some three hundred yards from the river, and within three-quarters of a mile of Fort Wylie, the nearest stronghold of the enemy. He had also out-travelled the foot soldiers, who would have lent him invaluable aid.

Hardly had the gunners reached their position than they were peppered by shot and shell from all points, and ere they fully grasped

their peril every one of the seventy-two horses that had fetched the guns there was knocked over stone dead. That was a moment to try men's souls; but the brave fellows were true as steel, and, training their guns upon the Boer-capped hills, blazed away right merrily. Still, the fight was not on even terms, for "slim" Louis Botha, the famous Boer general, expecting some such forward attack as Buller had that day set on foot, had had the Tugela banks trenched and lined with Dutch farmers, who, screened from the missiles of the British, were able from their hiding-places to fire round after round upon the devoted gunners, who had not a yard of shelter to bless themselves with. One by one the English artillerymen dropped dead or wounded, in spite of their marvellous feats of valour. So true their aim, so steady and constant their fire, they even silenced the guns on Fort Wylie for awhile. Then, horrible to relate, at the very moment that they seem to be holding their own, the ammunition gives out, and there is no more food for their guns! In this their hour of sorest need the men had to seek what cover they could find—either this or be shot down where they stood. Such sacrifice would have been useless—and life is sweet; so as many of the officers and men as were left crawled to a shallow ravine not far off, and lay there waiting for whatever fate the fortune of war might bring.

In the meantime the naval guns had now come into action, a quarter of a mile behind Long. Closer in they could not go, for the ox-drivers had turned tail, and many of the poor beasts of burden were already being killed off. But Ogilvy went for the Boers as well as he could, the bluejackets shelling Fort Wylie with extraordinary accuracy and effect. Ogilvy himself bore a charmed life. As he straddled, glass in hand, searching for weak spots (if any) in the Dutch defence, a couple of shells actually passed between his legs.

"They've got the range, anyhow," was his only remark.

Jack Tar's hat is blown off by a screaming shell that whizzes by his head.

"What a draughty spot!" says the handy man.

By-and-by the tide of battle turns decidedly against the British. They have made the pluckiest attack at all parts of the field, but have not seen a single foeman, excepting on the extreme right, where Dundonald's handful of mounted soldiers never failed to persuade the venturesome Boers every time they showed themselves to retire once more to their trenches. It is maddening to fight an invisible foe. Your mate drops suddenly, hit from an unknown quarter. That is one of the consequences of smokeless powder. Unless you spot the flash, you cannot tell where your enemy is. And it may be your turn next. For ten whole hours that day many a British soldier was fired at who never saw a single Boer all the time!

At last tidings are brought to Buller of the loss of the guns. Sir Redvers, thinking all the guns, Ogilvy's as well as Long's, had been silenced, knew it was hopeless to cross the river without the assistance of artillery, and gave general orders to retire, although some of Hildyard's men had gained the bridge, and others had actually reached Colenso. Heart-breaking work to own yourself beaten; but Buller, worrier as well as warrior, only braced himself for another effort another day.

At present his chief desire is to save the guns. There they were—twelve deserted guns, sure to be captured by the Boers the moment the British withdraw. But you mustn't leave them; you've got to get them if you can. It would be as bad to give up the flag as to let them go without a supreme endeavour to recover them.

"Volunteers for the guns!"

No sooner called than done. Three young officers—Captain Schofield, R.A., Captain Congreve, Rifle Brigade, and Lieutenant Frederick Roberts, of the King's Royal Rifles, the only son of "Bobs"—with Corporal Nurse and six drivers—Taylor, Young, Petts, Rockall, Lucas, and Williams—of the 66th Battery, make up two teams and dash away gaily to pick up the pieces. For the moment the Boers hardly take in the situation: they don't know where they are. Then the thing becomes clear, and they rain bullets upon the ten heroes, who ride through the blast heedless



**"They strain every nerve."**

of everything but the guns. Alas! they may be heedless, but the pitiless rifle is not. Congreve is hit thrice and thrown by his horse when the gallant steed receives its death-shot. He just manages to crawl to the donga, or ravine, where the luckless Long and his men lie waiting for that rescue which is so late a-coming. But Schofield, Roberts, Nurse, and the rest do actually reach the guns, two of which are horsed in the twinkling of an eye. Every man and every animal by now is struck, but they strain every nerve to take these two guns to their own quarters. They tear for the British lines at a furious pace, and happily bring the pieces back to Buller, beside himself with wonder at this glorious deed. Yet the price was high, for young Roberts, fatally shot on the return ride, dropped from his horse.

Nevertheless, there were ten guns yet forsaken which shall be brought in, if Captain Reed, of the 7th Field Battery, can do it. He will try at all events, and he takes three teams

out. But the Boers keep up such a tempest of fire that neither man nor beast can go through it and live. As it is, already thirteen out of twenty-two horses are slain, one driver is killed, and Captain Reed and five drivers are seriously injured. So they come back, and Sir Redvers sees not his way to wasting any more precious human lives. The guns must go.

Towards noon, when the firing has slowed down, Congreve hobbles out of the donga. He soon finds poor young Roberts. Though bullets are still flying around, he tenderly lifts the lieutenant in his arms like a child, and limps away with him to the refuge of the ravine.

Congreve, Reed, and Nurse secured the Victoria Cross; the drivers were awarded the Distinguished Service Order. As for young Roberts, he died for his country; and the Queen herself placed in his mourning mother's hands that little bronze decoration, FOR VALOUR, which he had so nobly earned.

JAMES A. MANSON.

## FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.



Only old Jack, the jackdaw, the oldest thing on Fernhill Farm, and I've not hopped about the stables and rick-yard all these years without seeing a good deal of people and things. Since old Master died, who picked me out of my nest on the tall elm in the Home Close when he was a boy, I'm older than anybody or anything about the place. I have a good time and things much my own way, though now and again I do come in for a deal of scolding if anything bright and metallic is lost, such as a knife, or a button, or a spoon. But I consider myself quite one of the family. I know every member of it, down to the new baby, and wouldn't peck at them for worlds, unless they tease me past endurance. I get on capitally with old Towzer, the watch-dog, in his kennel by the back door; he lets me sit on the top of it, and we watch the goings and comings of the world together, and I pick at his scraps when he's too busy with a bone to notice. I get on with the cart-horses, too, Dobbin and Daisy, who live at nights in the shed in the corner of the yard, and the hens and chickens I keep in good order, and don't let them presume. They are welcome to all their barley, so long as I get scraps of Towzer's meat and bread.

But I don't like cats, or cats me. Nasty, spiteful, scratching things, stealing about so sly and quiet, and ready to spring upon any poor inoffensive bird that isn't wide awake. Nevertheless, I once knew well a cat we had at Fernhill Farm, and as I have abused her kind so freely, it seems only fair that I should tell the story of her fidelity.

She came of a good stock. Her mother had been the kitchen cat for years, and was an excellent mouser. Nevertheless, a stern edict was issued at Sal's birth that she and the rest of the litter should be drowned. But William, the carter, whom I had overheard grumbling at the rats and mice in Dobbin and Daisy's stable, decided at the last to keep one kitten, and selected Sal. Not that she was much to look at, being an ugly-looking

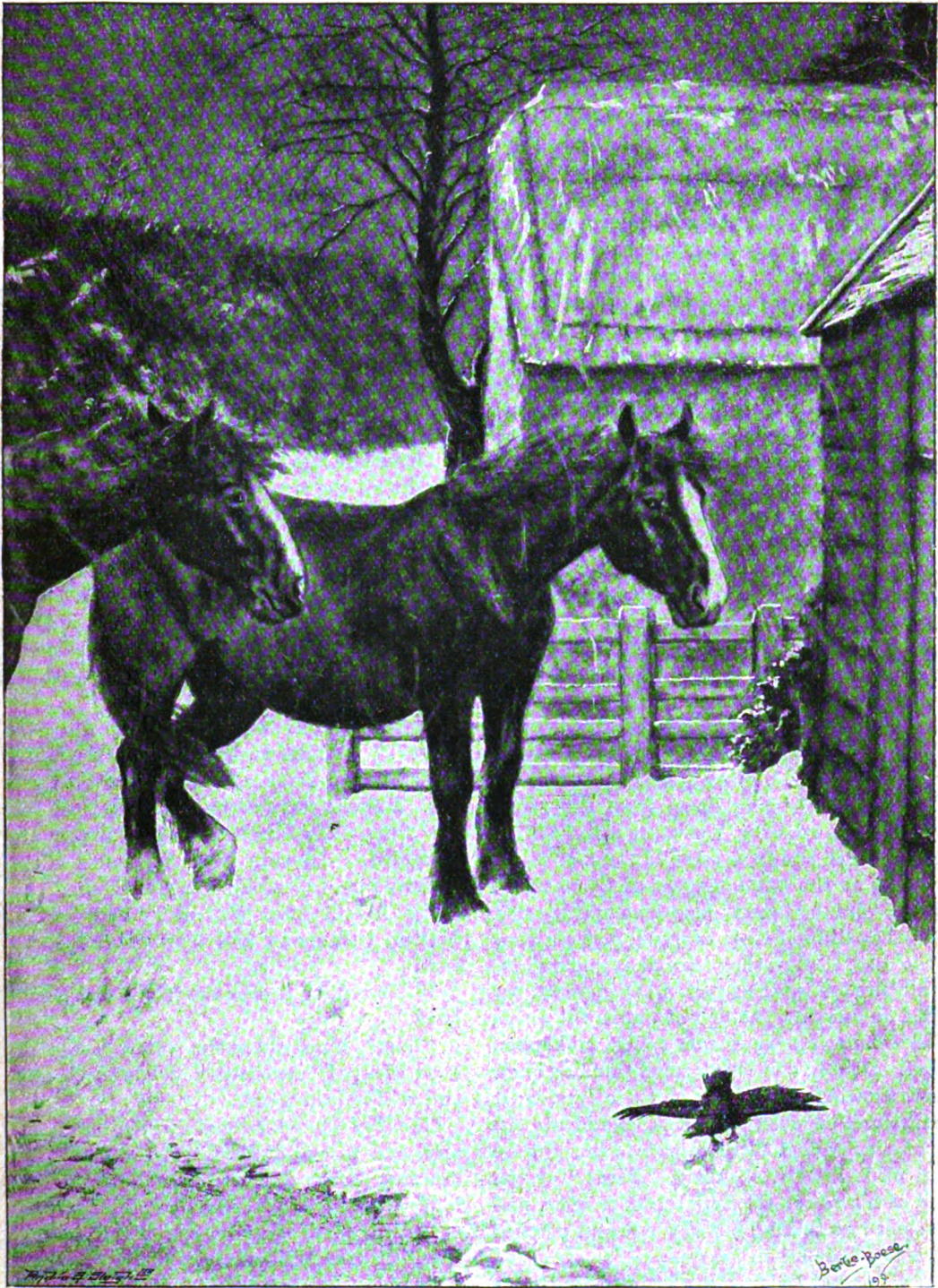
little thing at the time, with hardly any feathers on, but then I don't admire cats.

I lived a good deal in the shed in those days, for it was warm and comfortable, and, at first, I very much resented Sal's intrusion. So did Dobbin and Daisy. The frolicsome little thing scampering about up and down the place, the manger and the rafters even, rather bothered them when they wanted to rest quietly after their day's hard work. The only other animals that dared to venture near were the cocks and hens, but they only pecked respectfully near the door. But Sal had no reverence about her. She would race up and down the place, and kept us awake at night with her sporting proclivities. I never shall forget how proud she was of the first mouse she killed, how she pranced about with it in her mouth, before laying it triumphantly at William's feet.

Sal and the horses soon became great friends. She always slept in the manger, and, one day, had a narrow escape of being eaten up. Daisy was solemnly pulling out and munching tuft after tuft of hay. Suddenly in the middle of a tit-bit of clover she came upon the end of Sal's tail. She was just about to close upon it with her huge teeth, when with a shriek the cat sprang out of her nest, just in the nick of time.

After that Sal took to a safer roosting place, and where do you think that was? Why, Daisy's very back! There she would sit by the hour together and perform her toilet, finally curling herself up and going comfortably to sleep. Daisy did not seem to object in the least, neither did Sal mind the whisk of Daisy's long black tail as the mare swept off the flies. In fact it seemed almost a relief to the latter that her little friend had found a safe abode. For when the cat was playing about the shed, Daisy would look anxiously for her before moving, for fear of planting one of her great iron feet on Sal. As for Sal, whenever the day's work was over, and the horses came back to the shed, she would come in, too, and settle down with them.





"WE FOUND THE WIND HAD BLOWN THE DOOR TO" (p. 12).

Winter time came. There was less work for Dobbin and Daisy, and they were often allowed to wander about the yard, turning into the shed at night. One day the snow came and covered everything in white. With it came the wind and the sleet. The former did us a cruel turn, out of which Sal helped us. William had not taken the horses out to work that day, and when the storm came on and they wished to seek the shelter of the shed, we found the wind had blown the door to. William had gone off to dinner in his snug cottage, and there were we three left outside in the cold, helpless.

It was little Sal, who felt the wet and the cold more than we did, who by her restlessness and mewing and scratching round the back door, when I had hopped and croaked in vain, at last attracted the Master's attention, who opened for us our shed.

Good little Sal! It was to a sad end that this pretty friendship came. I shall never forget that night. Someone said it came about through William's leaving a burning match about in the shed when he fed the horses for the night. Anyhow, I was awakened from pleasant dreams of bits of raw meat by Sal's persistent mewing.

What ailed the cat? She generally was so noiseless at night, lying stealthily awake for the mice. Peeping down from the rafter where I was roosting, I saw the stable full of smoke. Sal was in a terrible state of mind, mewing at the little tongues of flame which were beginning to run about among the straw. But they did not seem to mind, perhaps they were deaf, though they seemed so much alive. Half blinded by the smoke I sat up aloft, my head on one side, peeping out upon the scene, and wondering what was going to happen next. Dobbin and Daisy stood shuffling their feet, showing the whites of their eyes, their tails slunk between their legs. Suddenly the door opened, and William peeped in. But he ran off instantly, shouting, "Fire!" at the top of his voice. He left the door open, and I needed no telling, but flew out and perched at a safe distance on the fence.

As I passed Daisy, I saw her standing quite still, as if paralysed with fear. She was

trembling all over, her eyes were starting out of her head, her nostrils were open and quivering, her coat was staring, and the sweat had broken out in a lather round her neck. The flames were curling about in the straw round her feet, and Sal, with a bound, sought the safe refuge of her favourite haunt—Daisy's back.

Then William came back, and with him the Master and the family, and the maid, and the men about the farm, every one armed with anything in the shape of a pail or bucket to carry water. But what was the use when the yard pump was frozen hard, and the water in the soft water tubs under the drain pipe a solid mass of ice? Only that morning I had tried in vain to peck through it.

Meantime the fire gained ground. It had caught all the straw on the floor of the shed, and was running up the walls and beginning to lick the rafters. There was a great scene of confusion. Everyone shouted orders and advice which no one seemed to heed. The small quantity of water they were able to throw upon the flames did not seem to do any good, and they might as well have done nothing. Still the fire gained ground.

Then a shout went round: "Save the horses!" William rushed through the blinding smoke to Dobbin, and tried to lead him out. But the terrified animal would not face the fire. He backed and plunged and struggled. In vain were William's efforts to drive him, to lead him, out of the shed.

"Blindfold him, William!" shouted the Master, rushing in and tearing off his own coat.

William flung it over the frightened horse's head.

"Come, h'up, old man; come, h'up; gee h'up wi—ye!" he shouted in his accustomed and well-known tones.

The bewildered animal obeyed mechanically, and was brought out of the stable, unmindful of the flames which darted around him. Then William went back for Daisy.

But the mare was perfectly paralysed with fear. In vain William coaxed and urged and whipped and pulled. In vain he wrapped the coat about her head. She snorted and

plunged, sniffing the smoke and the burning, and no power would induce her to move.

In the meantime the fire grew fiercer and fiercer. It had caught the wooden manger and the rafters overhead were red hot. Everything was enveloped in smoke. The wind through the open door fanned the flames, carrying the sparks all over the yard. The men gave it up and retreated from the burning shed, half stifled. But William and Sal would not leave the mare.

Then there came a crash. A red-hot beam fell from the roof.

"Leave her, William, leave her," cried the Master. "Come out while you can! Quick! Before it's too late!"

The door had caught fire; the smoke was blinding, suffocating. William staggered out almost choked. I looked around for Sal. She was nowhere to be seen.

Then came a sudden explosion and a burst of flame. An oil can of kerosine stored in the corner of the shed had caught fire and burst. A lurid glare lit up for a moment the inside of the doomed building. I caught a glimpse of Daisy, standing, as if turned to stone.

And on her back still sat faithful little Sal. The roof fell in with a sudden crash, and I saw no more.

But next day they found the poor little cat's charred bones on the poor mare's body.

EDITH E. CUTHELL.

## THE SUNSHINE AND THE RAIN.

### A RECITATION FOR TWO CHILDREN.

By CONSTANCE M. LOWE.

*The Sunshine (proudly):*

I AM the beautiful sunshine bright,  
So fair and lovely to see;  
I shed o'er the world my warmth and light,  
And none can compare with me!

*The Rain (simply):*

I am the beautiful, soft, cool rain,  
And the sweetest comfort I bring;  
I open the little green buds again,  
I am the joy of Spring!

*The Sunshine (indignantly):*

But I am the sunshine, bright and gay,  
And make all around me glad;  
You cannot compare with me, I say,  
For the rain is dreary and sad!

*The Rain (resentfully):*

Yet the tender, soft, refreshing rain,  
When the land is parched and dry,  
Will revive the drooping flowers again,  
Such wonderful power have I!

*The Sunshine (angrily):*

Pray, what is your power compared to mine?  
I ripen the corn and the fruit  
As over the land I beam and shine—  
My power you cannot dispute!

*The Rain (emphatically):*

The corn would never spring from the grain,  
And the fruit and the flowers would die,  
Without the help of the gentle rain—  
My power you cannot deny!

*The Sunshine (proudly):*

Oh! think how great and how grand am I,  
How my radiance shines afar;  
And think of my rainbows fair in the sky,  
How beautiful, too, they are!

*The Rain (conclusively):*

But where would your beautiful rainbows be  
Without the help of the rain?  
With no little glistening drops from me  
They'd soon disappear again!



*The Sunshine (thoughtfully) :*

That didn't occur to me, you know,  
But now it is perfectly clear :  
'Tis the rain and the sun that make the bow—  
We do it together, my dear !

*The Rain (joyfully) :*

Yes, little sunshine, that is the way  
With the rain and sunbeams fair ;  
We work together every day,  
And blessings spread everywhere !

*The Sunshine (sweetly) :*

I am the beautiful sunshine gay,

*The Rain (sweetly) :*

And I am the sweet, cool rain !

*The Sunshine and the Rain together (joining  
hands affectionately) :*

Which is the better we'll leave you to say,  
But we'll never quarrel again !

## ODDS AND ENDS.

### Poaching Eggs.

Everybody relishes newly-laid eggs, so why should not an eel? The fact is such taste is rare on the part of any fish. And this eel paid for its theft with its life. It had found out a water-hen's nest. Before the gamekeeper spied it, the eel had already finished two eggs and was engaged upon a third when it was slain. It got at the "meat" by making a hole in the shell. Depend upon it, this was not the first time this eel had dined on fresh eggs.

### A Cat-call that Failed.

Whilst staying at Tientsin during her husband's absence at Peking in the autumn of 1860, where he was punishing the Chinese Emperor for breaking treaties and winking at murder, Lady Hope Grant had for maid a very queer-looking old Chinawoman. One night Lady Grant's rest was disturbed by a rat, her pet aversion, which was drinking oil out of a lamp. She summoned her "maid" to drive the rat away. But the old woman flatly refused to do anything of the kind. "What for you wake me?" cried the surly creature. "I no cat; I no can killec rat."

### Jupiter in Fine Form.

Lord Caithness and Professor Grant, who held the chair of astronomy in Glasgow University, were guests several years ago of Mr. John Burns (now Lord Inverclyde) at his beautiful house of Wemyss Castle. Both men were fond of science, and as the planet Jupiter was just then easily to be seen well, they were full of it. After dinner the com-

pany retired to the drawing-room, one window of which commanded a view up the Clyde. It was a fine clear night, and all at once both Caithness and Grant cried out, "There's Jupiter! What a grand sight!" By their side stood Captain (afterwards Admiral) Gordon, of H.M.S. *Black Prince*, who remarked very drily, "Gentlemen, that's not Jupiter at all: that's the Cloch Lighthouse!"

### A Bee Tragedy.

At one part of its course the River Nerbudda runs between a lofty precipice of the purest white marble. High up in the beautiful cliffs there is a great colony of bees, which at certain times are so dangerous that the native boatmen will not pass the spot. Whilst two Engineer officers were once rowing past a gun was fired. In a moment the bees came out of their nests and attacked the men furiously. To escape from them they both plunged into the river. One was drowned and the other rescued with difficulty.

*He could hardly preach for thinking o't.*

It was not unusual for farmers to take their dogs with them to church. One Sunday the minister of a country town in Fifeshire noticed a big stout man sitting in the front of the gallery, his dog at his side, resting its paws on the railing. The farmer, who wore a wig, was very red in the face and very hot. He took off his wig to mop his head with his handkerchief, and, absentmindedly, clapped it on to his dog's head. The collie looked so comical in this unexpected headdress that the preacher almost lost his presence of mind.

## COSEY CORNER; OR, THE STORY OF A FARM.

By L. T. MEADE, Author of "Playmates," "In the Red Kitchen," etc.

### CHAPTER I.

#### ARRIVING.

**T**HERE!" said Claudia, "we have only one more station—we shall arrive in ten minutes. We had better begin to pack up everything."

She was a tall girl of about fourteen. She stood up in the railway carriage as she spoke, and stretched up her arms to take the many articles which the children were bringing with them, down from the rack.

"Let me help you, Claudia," said a boy, springing to her assistance.

"All right, Harold, only don't be clumsy. Now, Lois, do sit quiet and amuse yourself with little Arthur. Arty, if you cry, I *shall* be angry! You know you promised Mother——"

"I will be good, I will be good," said Arthur, "only I was so sleepy, and Lois kicked me on my ankle."

"Lois, try to be a little less rough in your movements. Now, then, Harold, let us pack."

Claudia had an oval face, big dark eyes, and a firm mouth. Her brother Harold, a year her junior, was very like her in appearance. Lois and Arthur were both fair, and small for their ages—but Lois had a curiously determined little face, and her blue eyes were capable of emitting sparks of fire.

The four children had a third class carriage to themselves. The carriage bore evidences of a picnic having been consumed in the course of a long journey. Strawberry stalks, stones of cherries, crusts of bread, and broken biscuit lay about. There were also torn shreds of paper, and a picnic basket turned upside-down.

"I am glad the long, long journey is at an end," said Lois with a sigh. "I am perfectly sick of sitting still so long. Claudia, do you think Farmer Burgin will meet us at the station?"

"Think? I know he will," said Claudia. "Father sent him a telegram from Waterloo. It is all right. Now, please, Lois, don't fidget."

"I will try to be patient because I promised Mother," said Lois, in a thoughtful voice. "Arty, darling, I'll show you all the pictures in this picture-book right over again."

"I won't look at them, so there!" replied Arty.

"In two minutes now," said Harold, taking out his watch. "Oh, the train is beginning to get slower already. We shall arrive directly. Hurrah, hurrah!"

"Hurrah. Hurrah!" echoed Lois. "Oh, isn't it nice to think the long, horrid journey is at an end?"

The few seconds left of that journey quickly





THE SEA.

flew away, the train slowed into the station, and a man of about fifty years of age, with grey hair and a long beard, came up to meet the children.

"Well, little Misses, well, little Masters, welcome to Southlands, and welcome above all, to Honeysuckle Farm! There, Missy, do be careful!"

He stretched up his strong arms as he spoke, and lifted Lois from the railway carriage.

"Now, then, Master, you come next. What a chubby little man! My wife will make a fuss about you, I'm thinking. I've got a cart outside. You don't mind a cart with springs, do you, young ones?"

"How delicious the country smells!" said Claudia, sniffing the fresh air as she spoke. "I guess we don't, Mr. Burgin, we've come into the country prepared to rough it."

"Then that is right, young lady. Not that you'll have much roughing with the wife and me. We'll feed you up and put plenty of colour into those pale cheeks."

"I didn't know our cheeks were so very pale, did you, Claudia?" asked Lois, as they were rattling away in the cart, their luggage bestowed all round them, and the farmer on the box with the reins in his hands.

"I expect, compared with country people, we are pale," replied Claudia. "But isn't this exciting, isn't it splendid?"

"If it were not for Father," said Harold,

"I should be as happy at this moment as boy could be."

As he spoke Claudia touched him on the arm.

"I know what you are thinking about," she said. "I will talk to you all about that later on, after Lois and Arty have gone to bed."

"You needn't think I'll go to bed early in the country!" said Lois.

"You must do what you are told, Lois," remarked Claudia in her most grown-up manner and voice.

Lois shrugged her little shoulders. Arty, already almost asleep, was leaning up against his younger sister. He was a very pretty boy, with flaxen hair, which curled tightly all over his head. His limbs were small, however, and his little face was just now looking sadly white and drawn.

"Let him lean against me," said Claudia, in her most motherly tones. "Poor darling, it would make Mother's heart ache to see him now!"

As she spoke, she moved her seat slightly, made her little brother lean against her, and finally lifted him up bodily and took him into her arms.

"Are you going to be a mother to the rest of us, while we are away from our own mother?" asked Lois, gazing thoughtfully into her elder sister's face.

"I am, if I can," said Claudia. "I have

been thinking all the way down here to-day, wonderful thoughts; what we would do, and how we would do it. I mean to tell everything to Harold to-night, and if Harold agrees with me, I will tell you and Arthur to-morrow. For we can only do that which I have thought about if we all make up our minds, if we all agree to act together. It will be a big thing, very big, but I think we can manage!"

"I wonder what it is," said Lois, "you make me so curious, Claudia. But you always were a grand girl,—not that I mean to praise you to your face, for that would be bad for you."

"Here we are, now," said Harold, rising in the cart, and stretching himself, "and I can think of nothing, nothing at all until we have had a lot to eat!"

"Where are we?" said Arthur, raising himself and rubbing his knuckles into each of his blue eyes. "Has that horrid railway journey come to an end?"

"It has, it has. We are home, home at last," said Claudia.

"Welcome to Honeysuckle Farm, Masters and Misses," said Farmer Burgin at that moment.

He had rattled into the farmyard as he spoke, and an elderly woman, wearing a white bedgown, with a white apron nearly covering her capacious person, came out to meet them.

"That is right," she cried, "welcome, dear little travellers. You don't mind if I give you a kiss each? 'Tis you that are heartily, most heartily welcome!"

"Take 'em in, wife," said Burgin, "they're all very peckish, I expect, and this little man is fairly done with sleep!"

The children followed Mrs. Burgin into the house. She led them through a tiled passage, and across a wide hall, which was also tiled, and then up some low stairs, and then, flinging open a door, she said,

"Here we are."

Claudia uttered a delighted exclamation. The four children were standing on the threshold of a long, low sitting-room, which looked out over the most lovely view of hill

and dale. The rafters which supported the ceiling were so low that Harold could touch them with his hand. But the furnishing of the room was all that was clean and bright and delightful. There was a deep bay window, which almost made a room in itself. The polished oak of the floor shone like a looking-glass, and the very first thing that happened to poor Arthur was a violent fall as he tried to run across it.

"Careful, careful, little Master!" said the farmer's wife. "You will soon find your feet on my oak, but not unless you are careful, for I'd think very poor of myself and Sally if we didn't make it shine."

The other children laughed heartily as they tried to get across the sitting-room.

"Now, dears," said Mrs. Burgin, "I'll take you all up to your bedrooms. There's a nice room just beyond here for you two young ladies, and one at the top of this little flight of stairs for the young gentlemen."

The girls and boys both eagerly surveyed their bedrooms, each was quite as nice in its way as the sitting-room.

"And now, dears," said Mrs. Burgin, "I'll leave you to yourselves for the present. Sally has orders to bring you your tea, and be sure you ring for everything you want."

"Oh, thank you so very much, Mrs. Burgin," said Claudia, as the good woman was preparing to leave the room. "And may we go out when we have done our tea? May we go exactly where we please?"

"Just exactly where you please, my dear young ladies and young gentlemen, for this is Liberty Hall, you know."

Mrs. Burgin went away as she uttered the last remark, and trotted downstairs as fast as her buxom person would allow her.

Tea, with the proper farm order of fare, soon made its appearance, and under the soothing influence of thick brown bread and butter, of fresh honey, tea-cakes, new-laid eggs, slices of ham, cut as thin as wafers, and other such-like good things, the children forgot the long fatigue of the weary journey.

"I have never in all my life tasted anything quite so nice," said Arthur, as he held out his plate for a fresh supply of honey.

"And now, my dear," said Claudia, "you are so sleepy that I shall pop you right into bed. Come, Lois, you must go to bed early, too, to-night."

"But mayn't I, even have one little run round the farm?" asked Lois. "Oh, Claudia, don't be such a cruel mother! If my own darling mother were here, she would let me sit up for quite half an hour."

"No, not half an hour," said Claudia, "but you and Arthur, if you are very good, may run out for a quarter of an hour. See the time by the old-fashioned eight-day clock in the corner. It is nearly nine now. You must be in again at a quarter past nine. Now, remember that you are both to obey Harold and me."

"But Mother never said so," said Lois pouting.

"All right, Lois, if you like to trouble Mother, when she has got quite enough anxiety on her mind, you can do so, but remember, if you two little ones don't do just what Harold and I bid you, I shall have to write to her. Indeed, I shall telegraph to her to-morrow, for I could not undertake the care of either of you, if you are not obedient," said Claudia firmly.

"Of course I will obey you, Claudie," said Arthur in his sweetest voice, and he ran up to his eldest sister and flung his arms round her neck.

"And so will I, only don't be quite so masterful," said Lois.

"Well, run out now," said Harold, "your precious quarter of an hour is flying."

The children did so, and Harold and Claudia, who sat by the open window of their sitting-room, watched them as they ran wildly over a field of newly-cut corn.

"This air will make new children of them both," said Harold, and he gave a sigh.

Claudia looked at him.

"Shall we have our talk to-night, or had it better keep?" she asked.

"No, we had best have it to-night," said Harold. "We have no time to lose, for unless we begin at once, the little money we have will vanish."

"You are quite right, as you always are,

Harold," replied the girl. "What should I do if I had not such a sensible brother?"

"And I such a sensible sister?" he replied.

He went up to Claudia as he spoke and kissed her.

"Oh, Harry," she cried, and she took both his hands and gave them a hard squeeze. "I think sometimes that my very heart is broken."

"No, no, cheer up! Think of what we both mean to do," he replied. "And will the others—they are both so little and so childish—help us?"

"Of course they will help us. It will be the making of their characters."

"To tell the truth, Claudia, I am so excited about this, I can scarcely contain myself!"

Just then the little ones came in, and Claudia took them both to their bedrooms. Half an hour later she returned to her brother.

"Do let us come out," she said, "I am quite pining for some of the lovely air, and we can talk so much better out of doors."

"So we can," said Harold.

They ran downstairs. As they were passing the great big kitchen, Farmer Burgin called them in.

"Welcome, little Master and Miss," he said. "Come right in and sit in the inglenook if you will."

"Oh, I never saw anything so cosy in all my life," said Claudia.

"How long will you be up, Mr. Burgin?" inquired Harold.

"Not much longer, Master. we are early folks at the farm, and ten o'clock sees most of us safely to roost. But you need not go to bed a minute before you like."

"And indeed, John, what nonsense that is to say to the young folks!" here interrupted Mrs. Burgin. "It's in their beds they ought both to be, and the young gentleman, bless him, with black shadows under his eyes, as I don't like to see! Did you eat your supper hearty, my dear, and was it to your liking?"

"It was quite splendid, Mrs. Burgin," answered Harold, "but it wants half an hour of ten o'clock," he added; "and as Claudia



**"THE OTHER CHILDREN LAUGHED HEARTILY" (p. 17).**





"Now, the right paw to this young lady."

and I want to have a chat together, and also to have a breath of air, we will go out at once."

"Then you had better go with them, John," said the farmer's wife, "and see that Tozer doesn't give 'em a fright."

"Who is Tozer?" asked Claudia.

"Our big sheep dog, dear; he is apt to be nasty to strangers just at first, but if the good man goes with you, he'll tell him that you belong to us, and then Tozer will be all right."

"Follow me, then, young folks," said the farmer.

He rose from his seat by the fire and went

out. The great sheep dog was loose in the yard. At the sound of his master's voice, he came up, wagging his tail, but when he saw Claudia and Harold, he began to growl.

"Now then, Tozer," said the farmer, "you give me your paw."

Tozer immediately sat up on his haunches, and presented one large paw to his master.

"The other paw now, sir."

Tozer was quite willing to oblige.

Claudia laughed with delight.

"Now, the right paw to this young lady."

Tozer turned his big brown eyes in Claudia's direction. There was something in her face which he approved of. He gave his right paw for her to shake. Claudia not only took it, but in an ecstasy of delight with the beautiful creature, she fell on her knees by him and clasped her arms round his neck.

"Get up at once, Missy," said the farmer.

"Why, what have I

done?" said Claudia.

"It is all right as it happens," he said, breathing a sigh of relief, "but if some was to do that, Tozer would have 'em by the throat, and they would never speak no more in this mortal life. But there, he has took to you, Missy, and you need never fear him again. Now then, Tozer, show your manners to this gentleman. Give your paw at once."

Tozer did give his paw as he was bid, but somewhat unwillingly, and when he dropped it again he growled slightly.

"He don't take to you, sir, as he do to young Miss," said the farmer. "But all the same, you are both safe now. Tozer, you

look after this young lady and gentleman as long as they are out in the open air. Well, sir, I'll be going back to the fire. Old bones need comfort, you know, and maybe, sir, you and young Miss won't keep me sitting up long after ten."

"Certainly we will not," replied Harold, and he turned and took his sister's arm.

## CHAPTER II.

### PLANNING.

WE will enjoy ourselves for the first week," said Harold, as soon as they had passed out of ear-shot. "At the end of that time we will begin."

Claudia uttered a sigh.

"Harold," she said, "there are times when I cannot bear it!"

"But you are not going to give way, Claudia?"

"I won't really, but when I remember the look of despair on Mother's face, my heart almost breaks. And then the worst of it is, we don't quite know what it means!"

"I am coming to that," said Harold. "I saw Mother all by herself last night, and I asked her plump out what it meant. And she said that Father owes money to a man of the name of Halkett—a great deal of money, hundreds and hundreds of pounds. It happened in this way—I am afraid you will find it rather difficult to understand. Father put his name to a bill to help a man who was a great friend of his, and the man died without paying the money, and so it has fallen on Father's shoulders. And Mr. Halkett is a very hard man, and he is determined that Father shall pay him to the uttermost, or he will make matters dreadfully unpleasant for him in London, and Father is determined to pay, and to do this he and Mother will probably have to go to Australia, and to leave us in England."

"Where are we to be left?" asked Claudia.

"That I cannot tell, but Mother said that the very cheapest possible arrangements must be made, as she and Father will have to deny themselves every comfort and luxury in order to pay back the dreadful debt, and it's hundreds of pounds. And she said that the

thought of us is a great trouble on her mind. She wishes that we were all a little older, so that we could support ourselves, or——"

"We mean to support ourselves," said Claudia. "Now listen, Harold, how much money will these holidays cost Father and Mother?"

"Mother says that Farmer Burgin and his wife are taking us cheaply because they used to know Father and Mother when they were children. She would not tell me exactly what they are paying. She said she wanted us to have a right good holiday in order to get very strong and well. And then she said, 'If I do have to part with you, my darlings, I shall like at least to leave you in the best of health.'"

"We must support ourselves, we certainly must," said Claudia. "Harold, you said you had a plan in your head."

"I have, and I'm coming to it. I have been thinking exactly what money you and I and the two younger children have, and I have made up my mind that however small a sum it may be, we will live on it after this first week. We will not only live on the money, but we will earn more. Are we to sit still with our hands before us when our darling Father and Mother are in such dreadful trouble and perplexity?"

"But what can we do?" said Claudia.

"Well, I'll have a straight talk with Mr. Burgin. I like his look very much, don't you?"

"Of course I do, and Mrs. Burgin is a perfect dear," said the girl.

"They are the very people to help us," said Harold.

"How much money have you, Harold?" was Claudia's next remark.

"I brought two whole sovereigns with me," said the boy, "and I have between three and four pounds in the Savings Bank. You know I have always been saving up money. I have got quite a nice sum."

"And I," said Claudia, "have two pounds in the Savings Bank. I know Lois has something too, and even Arthur has a few shillings."

"We must all put our money in one common purse," said Harold. "That is the first



thing. If we club our money together, we shall be able to start——”

“What?” said Claudia.

Harold laughed—the colour rushed into his cheeks, and Claudia saw a gleam of courage in his eyes.

“I suppose,” said Harold, “that Farmer Burgin and his wife make plenty of money out of this farm.”

“Perhaps so,” answered Claudia, “but what has that to do with us?”

“I thought we might have a little farm of our own,” said the boy.

“A farm of our own?” echoed Claudia. “Do you mean that we should keep cows, and horses, and pigs, and fowls?”

“We might have a pig,” said Harold, “and fowls, but I am afraid our income won’t run to horses and cows.”

“What a lot you seem to know, Harold.”

“I have been thinking of this for the last few days, and I have been reading up articles on farming in an old *Farmers’ Gazette* which I found in Father’s study. But there, Claudia, the clock is striking in Farmer Burgin’s kitchen. We must go in at once.”

“We will talk over all the rest early to-morrow morning,” said the girl. “I must get up almost as soon as it is light in order to see more of this lovely place.”

During the week which followed, Harold did not again allude to the subject of the little farm which he so earnestly desired to possess. He and Claudia made up their minds not to let any care come into this first perfect week, and there is little doubt that the children did have a happy time. The days were at their longest and brightest, the birds sang, the flowers bloomed, and the farm animals disported themselves in delightful, fascinating, and remarkable ways.

But though Claudia and Harold enjoyed this happy week, they did not forget that it must come to an end, and on a certain morning, just when the two little ones were preparing, after a very hurried breakfast, to rush off to join their darling Farmer Burgin, Harold called them back.

“Claudia and I want to have a word with you two,” he said. “Just squat down any-

where, we won’t be long, but it’s very important.”

Arthur put on a wry face.

“I don’t want to stay,” he said. “Oh, there’s the farmer going off on Bob, and he promised I should have a ride.”

“All in good time, Arty,” said Claudia. “It is something very important, it is about Mother and Father.”

“Oh,” said Arty, who loved his mother very dearly. “Have you had a letter?” he asked, “and is my own mother better?”

“We have had one or two letters,” replied the girl, “and Father and Mother are both well, nevertheless they are worried about some things.”

“Oh, I know, I hate the worry look that gets on a person’s face,” said Lois, “it makes them so dull!”

“It makes them so sad, you mean,” said Harold, “but I tell you what it is, Lois, if you will help Claudie and me now, perhaps we will get the worried look off Father’s and Mother’s faces. That is what we mean to try for, but we can’t do it if you two don’t help us.”

“If we two don’t help ‘em,” repeated Arthur, “that sounds nice.” He gave a satisfied, important sigh, and pressed up to his sister Claudia.

“It is just this,” said Harold. “Claudia and I want to put our money together, and we want you, Lois, to give us your money, too, and you, Arthur, to give yours. It doesn’t matter whether you have a little or a great deal, we want all the money to be put into one bag, and then it will be share and share alike.”

“Yes,” said Arthur, looking intensely important. “I have got five shillings, and elevenpence three farthings. The elevenpence is made up of pennies, and half-pennies, and farthings. There are seven farthings—I wish there were eight, for then I’d have six shillings.”

“Well, we shall be very thankful to accept your five shillings and elevenpence three-farthings,” said Harold.

“Then that’s all right,” replied Arthur, and he gave another pleased sigh. “It is in



**"The farm animals disported themselves in delightful . . . ways" (p. 22).**

the Savings Bank, all of it but the fivepence three farthings," was his next remark.

"Yes, darling, yes," said Claudia patting his hand. "And how much money have you, Lois?" she said, turning to her little sister.

"Sixteen shillings. I have taken three years to save it," was Lois's answer. "Why should I give it to you, Claudia?"

"I will explain," said Harold. "We've got such a big, big scheme. While you have been just playing around, Claudie and I have been thinking things out. We have not said anything even to each other since the first night we came, but I at least have been making inquiries, and I should not be surprised if we could do very nicely indeed. What we want is this: we want to be self-supporting."

"What's that?" asked Arthur.

"I mean we want to pay for our own food and our own rooms. We want to pay, ourselves, for everything that Father and Mother used to pay for. It will be rather

difficult for four children to support themselves, but I think it can be done. Anyhow, Claudie and I mean to try, and we want you to help us."

"I'll do the dusting," said Lois.

"And I'll do the weeding," remarked Arthur.

"Then that is capital," continued Harold. "I knew you would come to the fore, you are such a plucky pair of young 'uns."

The "young 'uns" looked intensely gratified.

"We must begin at once," he said. "As soon as I have had this chat out with you I am going to see Farmer Burgin, and I am going to consult him, and next week, probably, we shall start supporting ourselves. We must begin by spending a little of our money, but we will spend as little of it as possible. We'll have a little cottage to live in. We won't live here any longer, and we'll have to cook our own food, and dig our own garden, and plant our own seeds, and—oh, do a thousand and one things."

"But what for?" said Lois suddenly. "It sounds very, very exciting," she added, "and wonderful, but what is it for?"

"It is for this," said Claudia. She took both her little sister's hands in hers. "Oh, I know," she said, "that everyone would not do it, and it was Harold's thought, all Harold's from the very beginning; but we want so to manage that when the summer holidays are over, we will be able to say to our dear Father and Mother, 'If you two must go to Australia and leave us, you need not be at all frightened, nor at all anxious, for we are able to support ourselves.' And we'll show them that we have supported ourselves, and, if possible, we'll show them some money. And perhaps we'll do even more than support ourselves, we may be able to save money so as to help to pay our Father's big debt."

"Father's big debt?" said Arthur. "I don't understand, but it's awful inciting. Now may I go out please, Harold, and have a ride on Bob?"

"That you may, dear little chap," said Harold. He raised his small brother in his arms and kissed him.

The next moment the two younger children were scampering across the hayfield in search of Farmer Burgin.

"I wonder if they really understand," said Claudia.

"They do a little bit," replied Harold; "at least they understand as much as we can expect them to understand. And, Claudia, do you know, I have found a cottage. It is a tumble-down place, but I am sure we could have it very, very cheap. It is on Farmer Burgin's farm, and if he would let us have it, we could buy the furniture that is absolutely necessary, not one single scrap more, and move in there early in the week. Now the thing is to confide in Farmer and Mrs. Burgin, and get them to help us."

"We had better do it as soon as possible," said Claudia. "Mrs. Burgin always sees me every day after breakfast to know what we would like for dinner and supper, and things of that sort. She little guesses that we must be satisfied with very, very plain things for

dinner and supper in the future! I'll run down and see her now, and tell her that we have a most important thing to talk over with her and her husband."

"Yes, do, Claudie, and tell me what she says, and when we can see her."

Claudia ran downstairs.

"Well, my dearie," said the farmer's wife. "Now, I was thinking if you had a nice roast chicken for your dinner, and some green peas, with a raspberry tart and cream, you would do very nicely."

"Oh, yes, quite splendidly. Mrs. Burgin, but really, really it is a great deal too dainty," was Claudia's first remark.

"Too dainty, my darling! And why should not you have things nice? You are looking a sight better than when you came to the farm, Miss Claudia."

"We are so happy; you make us so comfortable," replied the girl. Then she paused and looked full at the old woman.

"There now!" exclaimed Mrs. Burgin. "You have got just the look that I don't like to see on your young face, a sort of worried expression, and you're knitting your brows—you'll have wrinkles before you're grown up! Cheer up, my dearie, cheer up! What should you have to make you anxious?"

"But I have a great deal," replied Claudia, and now tears came into her big, brown eyes.

"Then, that's as it shouldn't be. John and I, we was talking about you last night, and I says to John, says I, 'They young 'uns have cares on 'em, not the two babies, bless 'em, but the two elder ones.' 'Not a bit of it,' says John. 'Don't you contradict me,' I answered, 'I knows what I talks about. They's got the cares of life, those two dear young people. Master Harold don't look his age, but a good five years older, and Miss Claudia, she's a woman in nature, although she's a girl in years!'"

"Neither Harold nor I mean to break down," said Claudia. "We have got a carc, and it does hurt us now and then, but we mean to conquer in the end, and we want you to help us. Will you?"

"Bless the child, that I will, with a heart and a half!"

"It is very important," continued Claudia. "and perhaps you won't like it, but I think I must tell you. Harold and I want to have a long, long talk with you and Mr. Burgin. It will take perhaps an hour, and you are so busy, but we want to have it to-day without fail. This is Friday, and we want to begin that which we mean to do next Monday at the latest."

"That which you mean to do? It sounds like a puzzle," said Mrs. Burgin. "What you mean to do is to stay on here and eat my chickens and my bacon, and fresh eggs, and butter, and to drink my cream and to—enjoy yourselves. That's what you've got to do."

"Perhaps something else," said Claudia in a sad voice. "It is too tempting, it's too delicious with you, but one can't take holidays always."

"But these are your holidays, my love."

Claudia was silent.

"You will understand when Harold and

I tell you," she said; "and when can we have our talk, Mrs. Burgin?"

Mrs. Burgin thought for a moment.

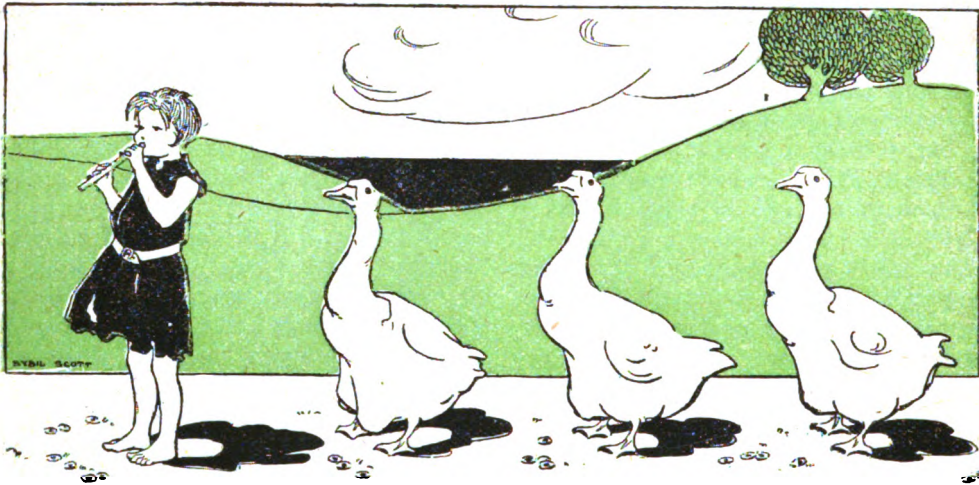
"There's dinner," she said, "at twelve. If John don't have his dinner on the stroke of twelve, he's put-out for the day. Dinner is over at half-past twelve. From half-past twelve to half-past one John has his nap. If he don't have his nap on top of his dinner, he's past bearing until the same hour next day. You've never seen John when he's past bearing, my dear, and I don't want you to. After his nap, I give him a cup of strong tea, and then he's as lively as a cricket. That's the time to see him. At a quarter to two, my dear, at a quarter to two, and I'll tell him that he must let the farm go its own way from a quarter to two till a quarter to three. Will that suit you, Miss Claudia, my love?"

"Beautifully, beautifully!" said Claudia, "and I am so much obliged to you, Mrs. Burgin."

*(To be continued.)*



VERY BUSY.



THE GEESSE.

## BABY JANE'S ADVENTURES.

### THE FINISH.

**I**N the warmth of the sun upon the mountain side anger and fear evaporated, and the morning breeze blew away all memory of that horrid night.



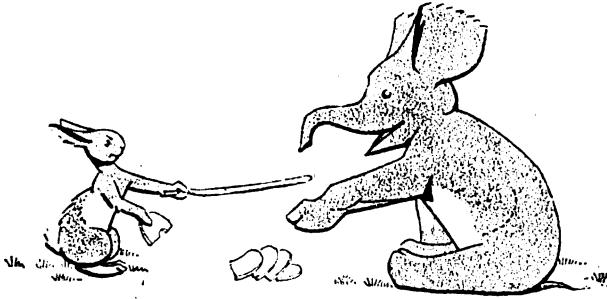
"Riding pick-a-back on the Bear."

Everyone's spirits rose sky high. "Come along!" cried Baby Jane. "Breakfast." And the Queen, her court, and the army took hands and skipped to a dancing tune all the way down the mountain. The very prisoners under escort, even the crossest camel—though they tried to look proud and cold—could not resist a little sulky hop between each step; and the damaged Lion, riding pick-a-back on the Bear, joggled gaily up and down till he nearly upset his steed.

Upon the velvety slope of the foot-hills that ran out into the flat white desert the breathless multitude all sat down to breakfast. Of course, the Black Mountain beasts had to pretend they did not like vegetarian fare; but, for all that, they gobbled in a way that shocked the well-brought-up pupils of Baby Jane, especially the Rabbit—in fact, that creature kept up a continual flow of shrill reproof—"Small mouthfuls!" "Shut your mouth!"—and rapped all the knuckles he could reach with a long stick when they were stretched rudely for food, until Baby Jane boxed his ears and told him to mind his own business.

When they had all finished and were brush-





"Rapped all the knuckles he could reach" (p. 26).

ing the crumbs from their laps, Baby Jane thought it a good time to speak seriously to them.

"I am so glad you're all good now," she said. "Do you know, even when I was quite little I always thought some of you *looked* so nice and thoughtful in your cages; and as you don't know how to *pretend*, of course you must *really* be nice if you could only be understood and taught better.

"But I really never thought that all you great wild animals would listen to a little girl; and yet, after all, it has come true! Oh, there is something in the world besides fighting and crying. Poor dears, you shall know it now. I and my old friends the Lion and the others know such a lot of fun, and we will teach it to you.

"And if any of you *aren't* good," she couldn't help adding to herself, "we'll teach you something nasty," for she did not sincerely like the look of the rhinoceroses and hippopotamuses. "Come along," she cried aloud, forgetting her suspicions. "Now let us have a dance."

And with that she and her friends, who were bursting with pride at the idea of helping to teach, came skipping down the slope, and began arranging the beasts for a sort of country dance.

"Choose your partners," cried Baby Jane, "and don't be shy!"

Of course her little voice was never heard by the more distant creatures; her messages were passed from mouth to mouth, and it was odd to hear a gruff buffalo roaring in the distance.

"Choose your partners, and don't be shy!"

At first no one would venture, and it was the Rabbit who gave them a lead. He walked up to the tallest lady giraffe he could find, he did, crooked his arm to lead her out, and—

"May I have the pleasure?" said he, as bold as brass.

But right away up there she did not hear him, so, growing impatient, he grasped her leg, and up he went hand over hand. Then he proceeded up her neck, and when, after five minutes' climbing, his face was level with hers

he squeaked at the top of his voice—

"May—I—have—the—pleasure?"

The giraffe started violently.

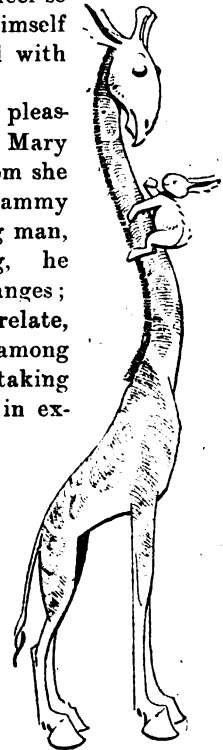
"Oh, my gracious!" she said. "I thought it was a beetle running up me!"

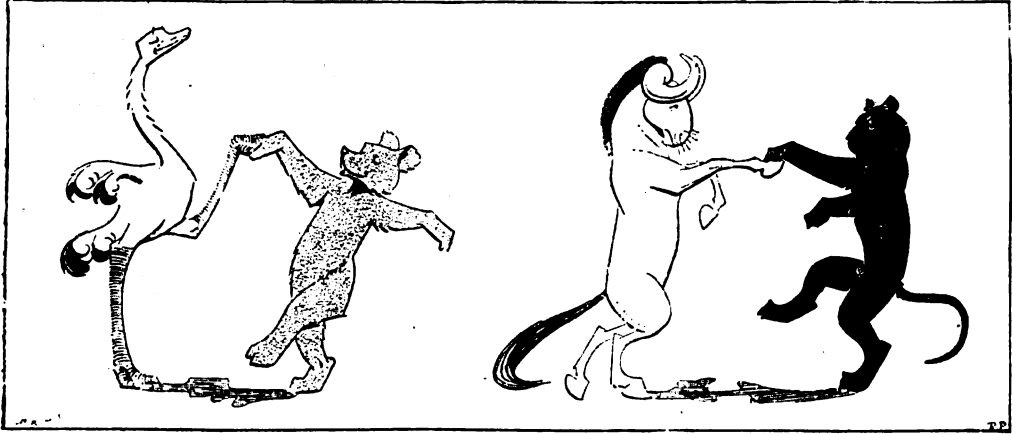
And then, unluckily, the Rabbit's whiskers tickled her nose, and she sneezed him twenty yards away on to the ground.

"That's the worst of these tall girls," said he. "They make a man feel so small." And he picked himself up and went and danced with a merry little marmoset.

The Bear danced with a pleasant but homely zebra, and Mary with an ostrich, with whom she flirted scandalously. Sammy said he was not a dancing man, and, quietly departing, he loaded his barrow with oranges; and later on, sad to relate, drove a roaring trade among the poor heated beasts, taking all their little valuables in exchange for his goods. He was not selfish, simply a born man of business. However, you can imagine he took marvelous good care not to come near Baby Jane.

When the last nervous gnu had led out his bashful bustard the dance began. Whichever way Baby Jane turned she—  
"May—I—have—the—pleasure?"





"The dance began" (p. 27).

swaying dancers with light feet leaping all in time—it made her head swim with excitement; and the tune of the whistling rabbits came lilting and trilling across the plain, and filled her heart with glee.

She had been only watching the fun to keep her poor bandaged Lion company, but her feet were twitching to be off. She glanced at him, and found that he was glancing at her.

"Come along!" said he suddenly; and the next instant they were dancing as if for dear life. And, strange to say, though the Lion's bandages all slipped off, his bones remained quite straight. So wonderful was the air of this land and so splendid his constitution that they had mended themselves already!

The puffing of that crowd when it at last came to a stop sounded like a stationful of shunting engines. They were all very hot, and also very thirsty.

"Let's race for the river," cried Baby Jane.

Then the Lion tossed her on to his back, and half of the others having got on the other half's backs—sometimes two beasts each tried to get on to the other's back at the same time—the whole army started off at a tearing gallop.

Miss Crocodile led for a short distance, for she was wonderfully quick on her legs, and had rather meanly refused to carry anyone. After a while, inch by inch, the Lion, who was the fastest creature on that desert, overhauled and passed her.

"Anyhow, I've beaten that Rabbit!" she screamed. "He thinks he's a regular race-horse."

"And so he is," said that creature, jumping off her own tail, where he and Patsey had been riding unnoticed. "Why, just look at this!"

And with that, being fresh as paint, he sailed away from her, and left her gasping all the rude things she could think of after him.

Of course, the Lion and Baby Jane came in first, but the Rabbit and Patsey were second. Mary Carmichael would have been third, but she tripped on to her chin and grazed it badly, and was passed by a little black panther riding a gnu.

When they had all refreshed themselves, in



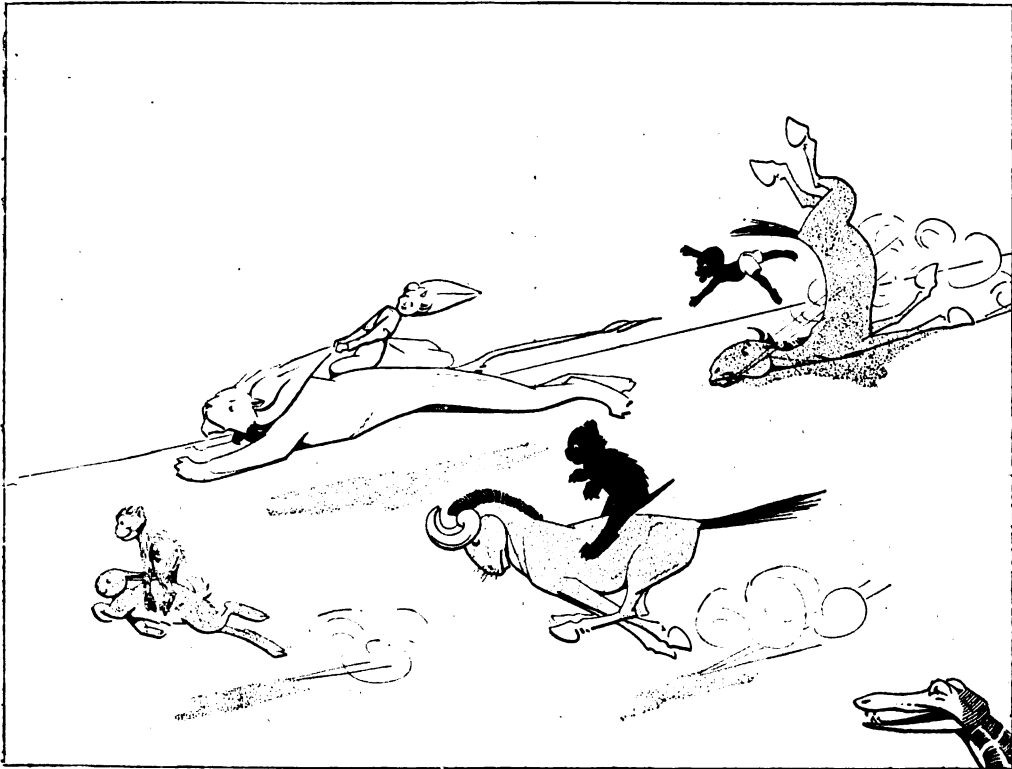
"They were dancing."

high delight with the pleasure Baby Jane had given them, they swarmed round the foot of a hillock, where she stood beneath a palm that hung its boughs like a canopy over her, looking up at her and waiting for more fun.

Suddenly the Lion came out of the crowd and, followed by the other friends, rushed half way up the slope towards her; then, turning

Before the last echo of that great shout had died away among the distant cliffs an agitated animal came pushing through the crowd with the tidings that a fat man was coming along from the eastward. With one accord the whole company ran out to have a look at him.

There he was—a stout, stately man, pacing soberly over the desert; and at the sight of



"She tripped on to her chin" (p. 28).

to the great multitude, he swung aloft a cocoa-nut goblet and roared in a voice that echoed among the mountains:

"A health to her Majesty!"

Surely never before had human child seen the sight that followed! Ten thousand wild animals—fifty "Zoos" let loose—crowding nearly to the horizon, flung up their paws and roared her name with one tremendous voice.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was ever so: at the moment of triumph comes the fall, and the royal Queen becomes the no-account nursery child.

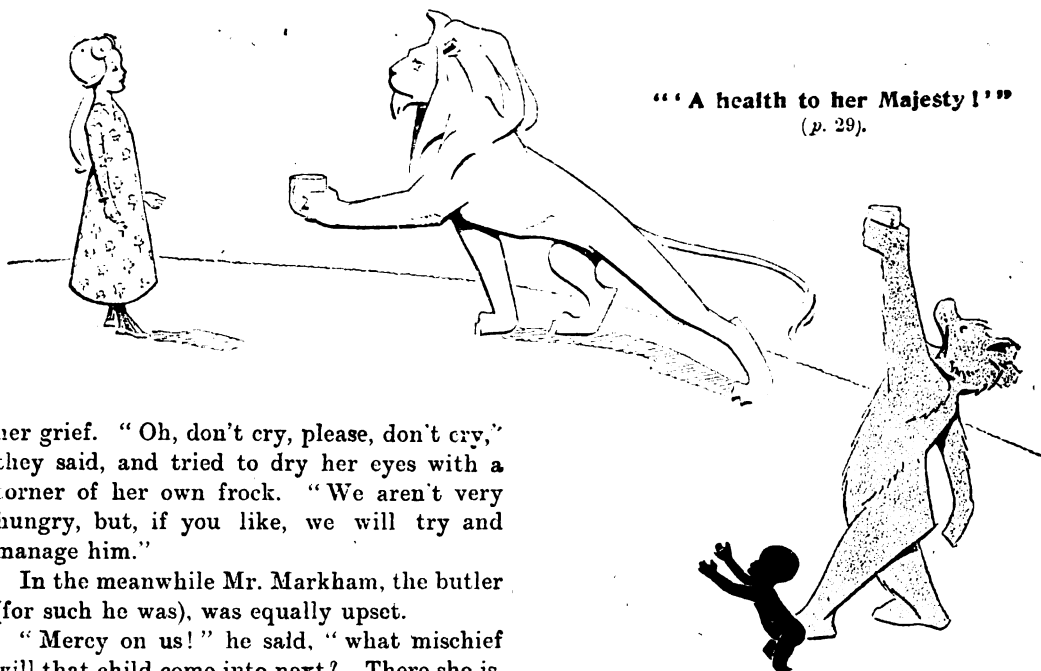
him Baby Jane cried in a tone of bitter annoyance—

"Why, it's Markham!"

Then, after standing for a moment with face bowed down, trying to restrain her tears, she rushed behind the Lion and the Bear, and, crouching between them, burst into loud and decidedly unqueenlike weeping.

"Why do they send for me?" she sobbed, "just when everything has come right, and I am having such fun and have grown so fond of my beasts?"

Her two big friends were very disturbed by



“‘A health to her Majesty!’”  
(p. 29).

her grief. “Oh, don’t cry, please, don’t cry,” they said, and tried to dry her eyes with a corner of her own frock. “We aren’t very hungry, but, if you like, we will try and manage him.”

In the meanwhile Mr. Markham, the butler (for such he was), was equally upset.

“Mercy on us!” he said, “what mischief will that child come into next? There she is, now, just going to be eaten up by roaring lions, as sure as I’m alive!”

But he did not seem sure of being alive very long, for he found himself in a square—or as near it as could be got by one naturally formed in a circle—and prepared for his last dinner party.

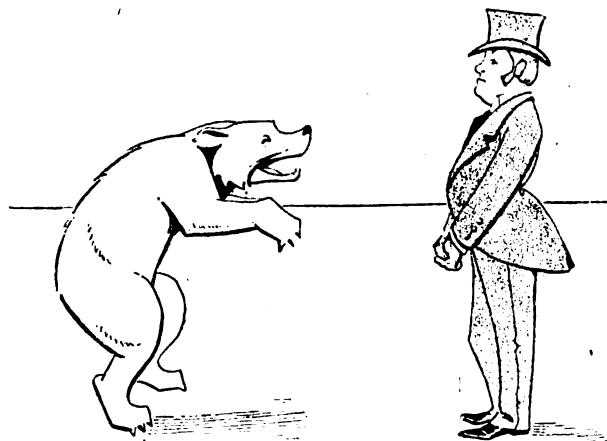
After a little while, seeing that the terrible beasts did not seem immediately inclined to dine on him, and that Miss Jane was actually

hiding among them, his natural self-possession returned to him.

“Miss Jane! Miss Jane!” he called, speaking slowly and with dignity, “your mamma wishes you to come home at once. She is very vexed with you being out so long—and without your hat, too! And I don’t think she would at all like your playing with strange animals.”

“Who’s a strange animal?” cried Mary Carmichael sharply.

“Oh, no offence, no offence,” said the butler, making a stiff little bow, “but my instructions is that the young lady is to come home at once. Your mamma says,” he went on slowly, addressing Baby Jane, “that she has allowed you to spend your holidays where you please, but you should have been home when lessons began again. They are looking for you everywhere. Peter has gone to Peru, and Miss McColl is in the Western Hebrides. But I said to Mrs. Cook, ‘When young ladies who is as fond of lions and bears as our



“‘Why, it’s Markham!’” (p. 29).

Miss Jane goes travelling, those who aren't quite devoid of intellect will know where to find them. Miss Jane is in Africa."

"I suppose I must go," said Baby Jane, with dismal little sniffs for commas. "Oh, my dear beasts, what lovely times I have had with you! I will come back; oh, yes, I will come back, or you shall come to me, and we will all live together in a cottage in the country and have great times and astonish all the neighbours. Oh, send me a message by the Swallows—I know they come over the sea from here—if ever you want me badly."

She patted Miss Crocodile, and kissed the Piccaninny once on his forehead; then she put her arms round the neck of the Lion, and of the Bear, and the Rabbit and Patsey, and kissed them twenty times, and then walked unsteadily away towards Mr. Markham.

He in the meanwhile had been in close conference with Sammy, Mary, and Edouardo, who had all applied for situations in Baby Jane's household, and he had promised to re-

commend them — Sammy and Edouardo to help the gardener, and Mary as a "stylish horse to draw a victoria"—as she described herself.

Then, with Baby Jane and Sammy in the barrow, and Markham riding Mary, the little party wended its way back towards the tame ordinary world.

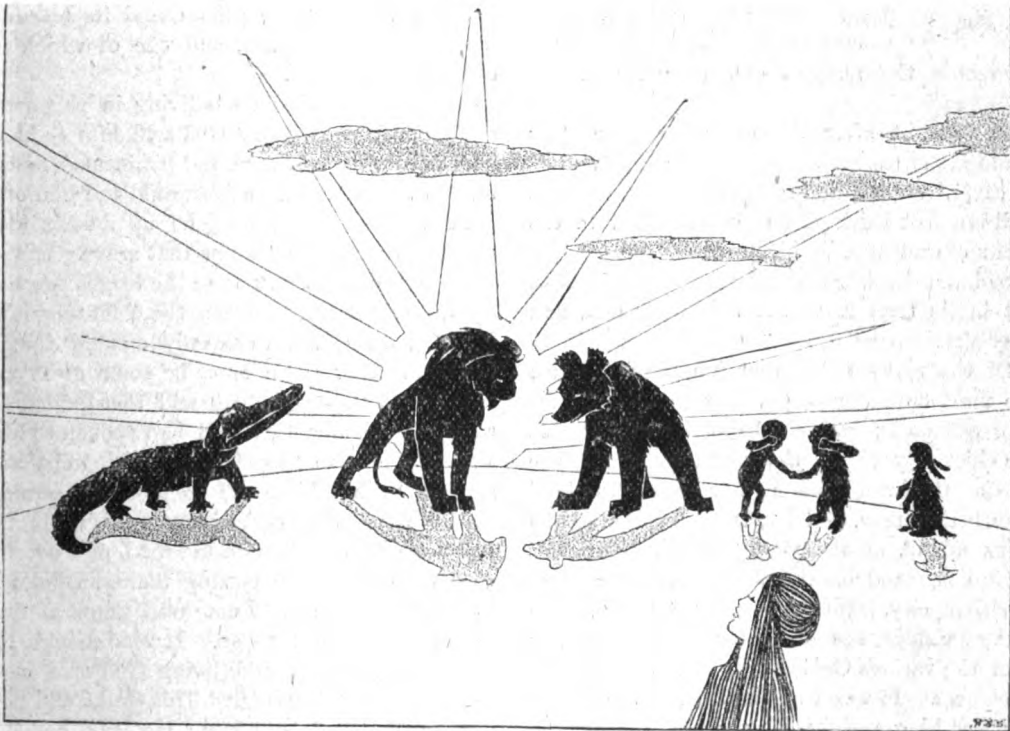
When Baby Jane last saw her well-beloved beasts they were standing upon a knoll like a row of black statues against the setting sun.

"Be very good. I'll come back soon!" she cried. And they answered like an echo:

"Come back soon!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Now, you may wonder that Baby Jane's mother should allow so young a person to spend her holidays where and how she chose, but you will agree with me that if all parents were as liberal minded there would be many exciting adventures to relate. For instance, if you were given this liberty, what would you do?



"Like a row of black statues against the setting sun."

## PUNCTUALITY.

**A** DAISY looked up at the bright April sky,  
 Just fresh from the lawn it had sprung,  
 'Twas waked from its sleep by a breeze that crept by,  
 And the song that a robin had sung;  
 It nodded its sweet little blossom to say:  
 "The spring, the glad spring has begun,  
 And see, I have waked at the hour and the day  
 Arranged between me and the sun."

Then over the river a swallow flew low,  
 The bulrushes bowed as he passed,  
 And whispered the softest of welcomes, you know,  
 So thankful to see him at last.  
 O'er hedges of hawthorn just bursting to flower  
 He flitted on glossy blue wing.  
 And chirped, "To old England I've come at the hour  
 Arranged between me and the spring."

JOHN LEA.

## HEROES OF FAITH.

*By the Author of "The Land where Jesus Christ Lived," etc.*

### I.—ABRAHAM.

**I**N the country known in the old Bible times as the land of the Chaldees there rises, amongst many other such ruins, a great mound called Mugheir. This represents the ancient city of "Ur of the Chaldees."

It is built after the same style as other Chaldean cities, on a lofty platform composed of earth, rubbish, and rude bricks, faced with a wall ten feet thick of red bricks dried in the kiln and cemented by bitumen.

Sad and desolate-looking the mound is now, but in its time it was a very important and busy city.

Of the many tribes that inhabited Chaldea the most enlightened was that to which Abraham belonged; and Ur, being its capital, was the chief city of all the south country. The Persian Gulf ran much farther up into the land than it does now, and Ur, instead of being 150 miles inland, as the mound which it has left behind is, stood on the coast, and was a great maritime city. It had a good harbour, with docks for ships, and did a large trade not only with the various Chaldean tribes, but also with foreigners. It was a royal city, too, the *patesi*, or priest-king, residing there; and the numerous priests serving under him in its famous

temple were held in high reverence, and wielded a vast power over the people. Altogether, its position on the sea-coast, its commerce, its royal palace, its temple, its priests, and its learning made it a notable city, and one of which its citizens were proud.

It was while Abram was living in this great and prosperous city that God told him to leave his country, his relations, and his father's house, and go into a land that He would tell him of.

Abram had been brought up among idol-worshippers; but he knew that graven images were no gods, and that even the bright sun and the queenly moon, to which the chief temple of Ur was dedicated, were only created things. He knew that there *must* be some great and living God, that had made and that guided all things; and now this God had spoken to him and told him to leave his flourishing city and all else behind him, and to go into a strange land. What sort of a country it would be, how long he would be on the road, or what his reward would be on getting there, he did not know or ask. He did not even know at first which way he was to go. It was enough for him that the true and living God had commanded him to leave Ur. This God could not, and would not, deceive him; He could not, and would not, tell him to leave his own land and



not lead him to something better. He could not lead him into evil, but only into good ; and he would trust in Him and obey His voice. So, with his wife, his father, his nephew Lot, and his servants, he set out, like a child, following the guiding voice of the unseen God, all in the dark, but full of faith in Him.

"Foolish man!" his idolatrous friends and neighbours said, "to be leaving a city like Ur," and they asked where he was going to. And foolish indeed he appeared to them when all he could say was that he did not know, but that the true and living God after whom he had longed had told him to go, and that he should follow Him to whatever land He might lead him. This was Abram's first trial of faith, and bravely he stood the test.

On and on he went each day, just as he was guided, till he came to the Land of Canaan.

Then another trial of faith came, for God said to him, "Unto thy children will I give this land;" and Abram had no children, nor was he likely to have any. He was seventy-five years old, and Sarai was sixty-five, and they had given up thinking of having little ones.

And, besides, Canaan was then inhabited by seven strong nations, fierce and warlike ; and the men were so big and powerful that in comparison with them Abram and his servants felt themselves to be only like grasshoppers. Real giants many of them were, with terrible countenances and formidable weapons. And their cities corresponded with their own strength, and had great walls round them, so high that they seemed to reach almost to the skies.

How, then, could Abram's children, even if he had any, ever take the land from seven such nations as these? Abram could not tell any more than anyone else, for it seemed impossible. But while others would have laughed, he believed. God had said he should have children, and he should have them; God had said they should possess Canaan, and they would possess it; and in faith and patience he waited for the fulfilment of the promises.

Year after year rolled by, and when at last a child came, it was only Ishmael, the son of Hagar, Sarai's bondmaid. Yet still Abram believed.

Then God made a further promise, which seemed as unlikely to be fulfilled as the others. He said that Sarai herself should have a son, and that she should be the mother of nations and of kings; and in token that this should come to pass, Sarai's name was changed to Sarah, meaning *princess*, and Abram's was changed to Abraham, meaning *the father of many nations*.

Fourteen years had gone by since the birth of Ishmael. The two aged folks were getting older and older. Abraham was a hundred years old, and Sarah was ninety; yet Abraham's faith had never once failed. In spite of everything, he believed that the child of promise would yet come, for faith

"Laughs at impossibilities,  
And cries it *shall* be done."

Great were the rejoicings when Isaac was at length born; but another unlooked-for trial came to the man of faith.

God had promised Abraham that he would bless his son Ishmael, and make him the father of twelve princes and of a great nation. And now Sarah said that she would no longer have Hagar and her son in the house, for Ishmael had been mocking her son, and he must be sent away. And God told Abraham to do as Sarah wanted him and to send the bondmaid and her son away into the desert.

What a contradiction this seemed to the promise made about Ishmael! If he and his mother were sent out into the parched-up wilderness, how could they survive? There was neither food nor water there, and if Abraham gave them a large quantity on their setting out, in one day it would become bad from the great heat.

But, though Abraham's heart ached over his son Ishmael, his faith never wavered. He could not see how the lad and his mother could live in the desert; but he was sure they would live, and that Ishmael would become a great man, the father of twelve princes and of a great nation, because God had said it. And with only a bottle of water and a small portion of bread, he sent them away, in the faith that where only a painful death seemed to await them, God would keep them alive and be with and bless them.

That was a great trial of faith ; but a still greater one followed. Isaac had become a fine lad and was the joy of his happy home. He would soon be old enough to have a wife and a home of his own ; and then he would be having children, who would inherit Canaan. And Abraham and Sarah were full of joy at the thought of the little grandchildren that, after such patient waiting, would surely be born to them. But now God told Abraham to take Isaac, the son of his love and of his hopes, the son that was to be the father of nations and of kings, and of a people who should possess the promised land, into the land of Moriah, and to offer him up there for a burnt-offering.

This seemed like putting an extinguisher on the candle of his faith and hope. If he slew Isaac and offered him up as a sacrifice, how could the promises concerning him come to pass ? Abraham did not know. It seemed contrary to all reason. But because God had promised, he believed that even though Isaac were dead and his body were reduced to ashes, he would nevertheless become the father of nations and of kings as God had said ; for He could and would raise him up again.

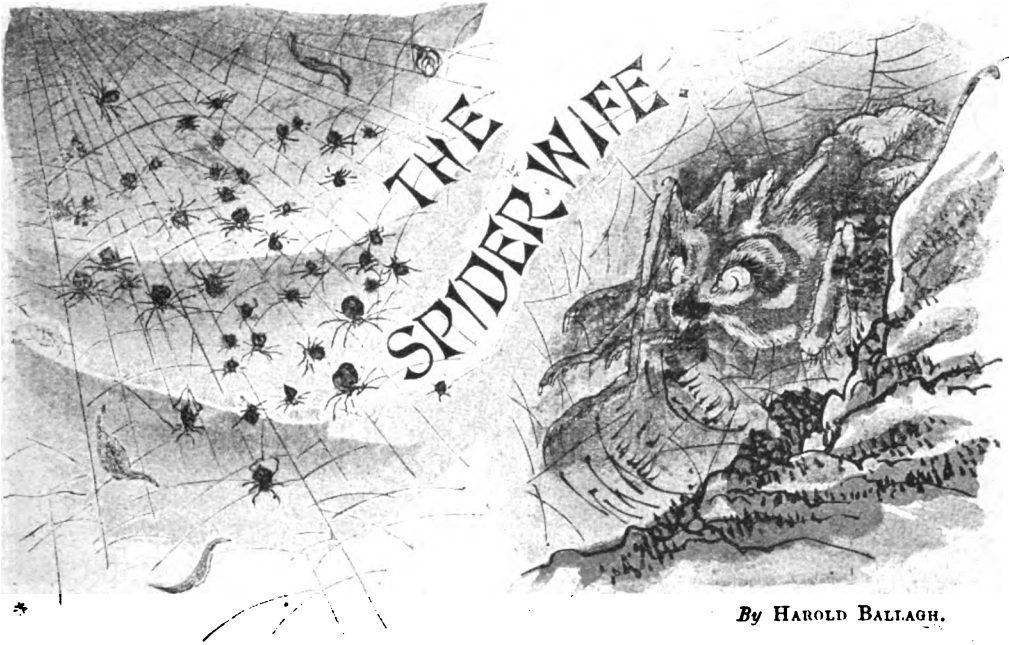
Abraham therefore went to Mount Moriah. There an altar was built, and the wood was laid upon it. The lad was bound ; the knife was seized ; Abraham's hand was raised. Another moment and the knife would have been plunged into Isaac's breast, when the Angel of the Lord called to him from heaven, bidding him not to hurt the lad, telling him how pleased He was with his faith and obedience, and renewing all the promises made to him.

But the trial of Abraham's faith was not yet ended. Sixty-two years had gone by since God first promised to give him the land. Yet he did not own even as much earth as he could put his foot upon. And when Sarah died he had to buy a cave to bury her in. Yet still he believed.

Thirty-eight more years passed, till altogether it was a hundred years since he came to Canaan. He had two grandchildren who were fifteen years old. But there was no sign of their having the land. The giant Canaanites still possessed it, and their walled cities still towered up towards the heavens. Abraham had grown rich in servants and flocks and herds ; but his only possession in land was the cave which he had bought to bury Sarah in. And now he was on his deathbed. His old friends and acquaintances in Ur of the Chaldees would have said he was dying a disappointed man ; but he was not. For his faith had grown stronger and brighter as he had gained experience, till now it was to him like a telescope, bringing things still far away in the future so near that he could see them as if they had actually taken place.

By faith he saw Isaac and Jacob's descendants become a great nation and in possession of the promised land, the seven fierce Canaanitish nations all conquered. And, better still, as Jesus Christ Himself tells us, Abraham saw *His day* and was glad. Not with a saddened countenance, but with a face lighted up with a smile of strong triumphant faith, he passed away to his rest, to be for ever honoured with the title of the Friend of God and the Father of the Faithful.

H. D.



By HAROLD BALLAGH.

**L**O! HO! Here comes Mr. Stingy-man. Let me run out, *O-ka-san*" (mother).

"*Maa!*" said *O-ka-san*, glancing out of the door nervously. "I think I will go to the kitchen, too!" Maiyesono-san looked up with a genuine expression of dismay, but all he saw was the flutter of a *kimono* (dress), and the passing glitter of a huge gilt *kanzashi* (hairpin).

"Well," he said, composing his features, "those women have run off as usual. It is very amusing to see the effect Ishikawa-san's approach produces. Really, I wouldn't mind running myself!"

Ishikawa's clogs were already clattering on the shell walk.

"It is too late now," sighed Maiyesono.

"*Konnichiwa!* (good day)" said Ishikawa outside, bowing.

"Good day, pray come in," said Maiyesono, rising.

Ishikawa slipped his clogs off, and stepped upon the verandah.

He was certainly not a prepossessing old man. There was the sour, pinched expression

of the miser, not only about his face, but even in the set of his *kimono*, and the rusty wrinkles of his *obi* (sash).

There was not a house in the village where he was really welcome, but he spent a large part of his time calling upon his dear friends. They whispered that it was to save his own rice and tobacco.

"Ah!" said he, after he was comfortably seated on the other side of Maiyesono's smoking box. "You are the best judge of tobacco in the country. I am never able to get such a good quality as you have."

"I am glad if you like it."

"Yes, as I said to you the other day"—here his wizened face endeavoured to look agreeable—"I would be perfectly happy with such a home and wife as you have — and such tobacco."

Maiyesono smiled.

"Let me fill your bag," he cried.

"How about the wife?" Ishikawa asked, and then he laughed.

If you had seen Ishikawa laugh you would not wonder that no woman could be induced to marry him. The miserly cunning expressed

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by his dry, unmirthful cackle, and the sight of his few remaining teeth, were enough to frighten off any maid, young or old.

"Well," said Maiyesono, "I am afraid I am not a good 'go-between.' I have asked all the parents I can think of, but the girls don't seem to care much about leaving home this year."

"Perhaps it's just as well," sighed Ishikawa. "Girls nowadays think too much about *kimono* and *kanzashi*. I don't want some extravagant creature. I really doubt if I have *gozen* (rice) enough for a woman, anyhow!"

Maiyesono tried to look interested. Everybody in the village knew Ishikawa's speeches by heart.

It was no wonder the women made fun of him, and called him "Mr. Stingyman."

"By the way," said Maiyesono suddenly, "I forget to tell you about a queer old woman I met in the hills the other day. I was looking for *také-no-ko* (young bamboo roots) to eat, when I saw her carrying an immense bundle of faggots. 'How strong that woman must be!' I thought. 'Where do you live?' said I. 'Up in the mountains,' she replied. 'Don't you find it hard to get anything to eat there? It is too high to get water enough to make your rice grow. How do you manage?' 'Oh, I don't eat anything. I am always strong and well, and if I have plenty of water to drink, that is all I want!' Now,

I thought immediately of you; that is just the sort of wife you have always said you wanted."

Ishikawa's old hands actually trembled with eagerness, he held on to his pipe nervously.

"*Mezurashii!* (Wonderful!)" he exclaimed. "You really saw such a person?"

Maiyesono could hardly keep from laughing.

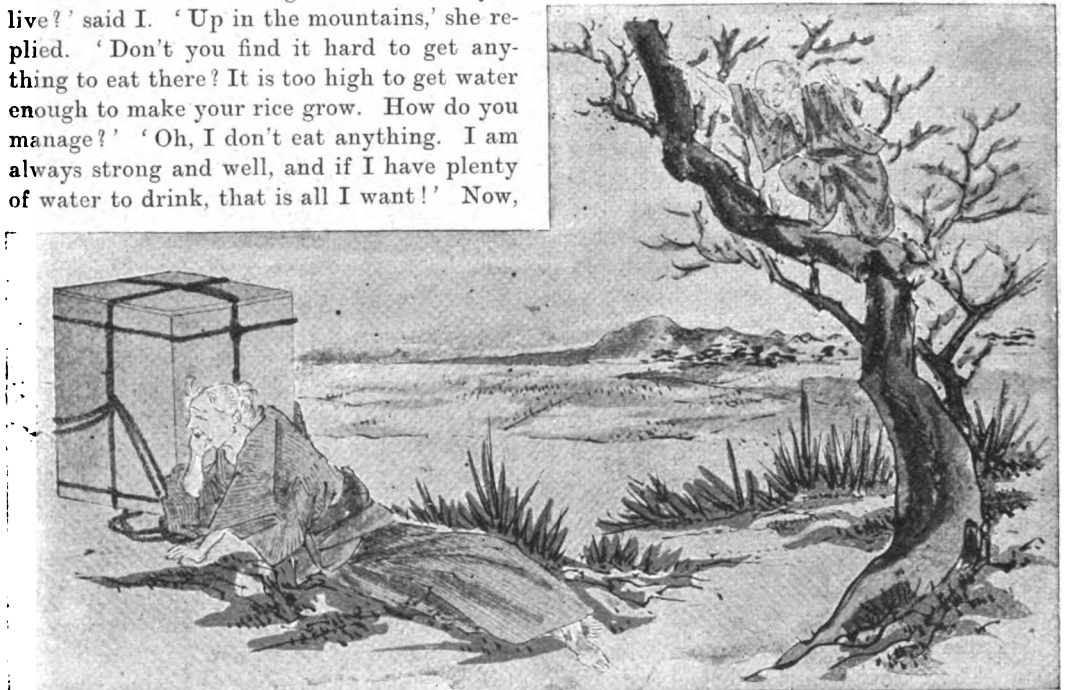
"I certainly talked with her," he said. "I confess her statements rather surprised me."

"*Maa!* Do you think I could possibly get hold of her?"

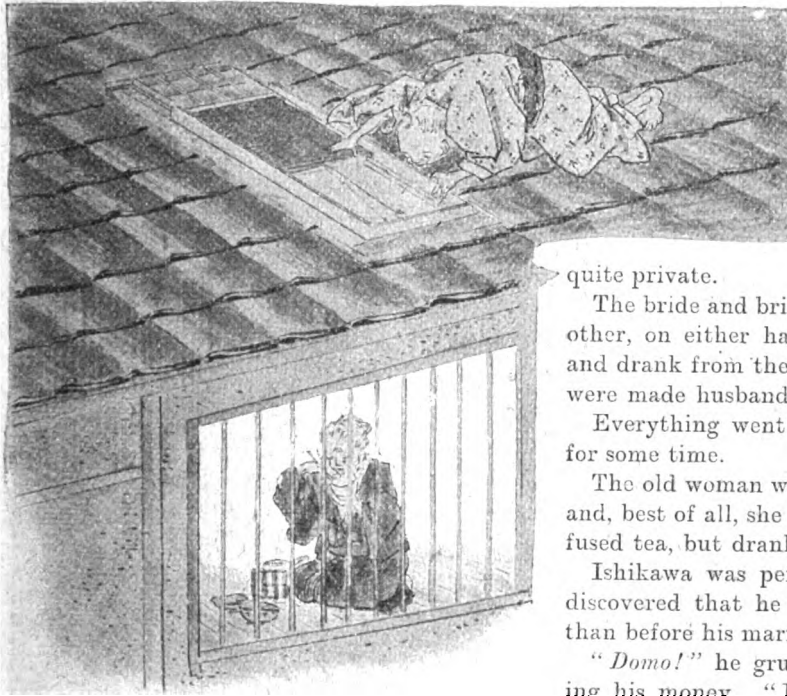
"Well, I will go to-day to the same place; if I see her, shall I mention the affair to her?"

"*Dozo!* (Please!) Do everything you can to induce her to marry me. However"—here Ishikawa's expression became very sly—"make her understand that I do not want her to change her habits. They suit me exactly!"

The old man was so charmed at the prospect that he went home earlier than usual. He smoked his little pipe, all the time trying to realise how delightful it would be to have someone who would do all his work for him.



"He . . . climbed a tree" (p. 38).



**"There sat the old woman eating rice as fast as she could."**

He pictured to himself the surprise of those haughty village maids, who had frequently refused him.

He felt so pleased that he even went to the length of treating himself to a lot of sweetmeats he had carried back in his sleeves from other people's houses.

It was a real trial to him to keep away from Maiyesono.

He did not trouble much about other people's convenience, but the little self-respect and dignity he possessed kept him at home until he heard from his friend. One morning he received a letter from him with the good news that all the arrangements were completed, and the woman was waiting to be married.

Ishikawa went immediately to Maiyesono.

"*Arigato* (Thank you)," he said.

When his friend asked him about the wedding feast he replied:

"No! No! It is not necessary. I am too old, and, besides, it would cost so much."

Maiyesono smiled, for he thought what a bore the old fellow had made of himself to all who would listen, and now he was too stingy to have even a small feast for them.

So the wedding was

quite private.

The bride and bridegroom sat opposite each other, on either hand of the "go-between," and drank from the same wine cup, and thus were made husband and wife.

Everything went along very satisfactorily for some time.

The old woman was strong and industrious, and, best of all, she ate nothing; she even refused tea, but drank plenty of hot water.

Ishikawa was perfectly satisfied, until he discovered that he had to buy rice oftener than before his marriage.

"*Domo!*" he grumbled to himself, fingering his money. "It goes faster. I do not understand it. I never see the woman eat. I wonder if she is deceiving me. I will find out."

"*Saa!*" said he, appearing at the kitchen door, "I go to see Maiyesono-san, and I will stay there to dinner."

He went off noisily, but presently he slipped back, climbed upon the roof, tipped over the tiles until he reached the window by which the smoke escaped from the kitchen fire, and looked through.

Sure enough, there sat the old woman eating rice as fast as she could! Then she made little balls of what was left and hid them in her sleeves.

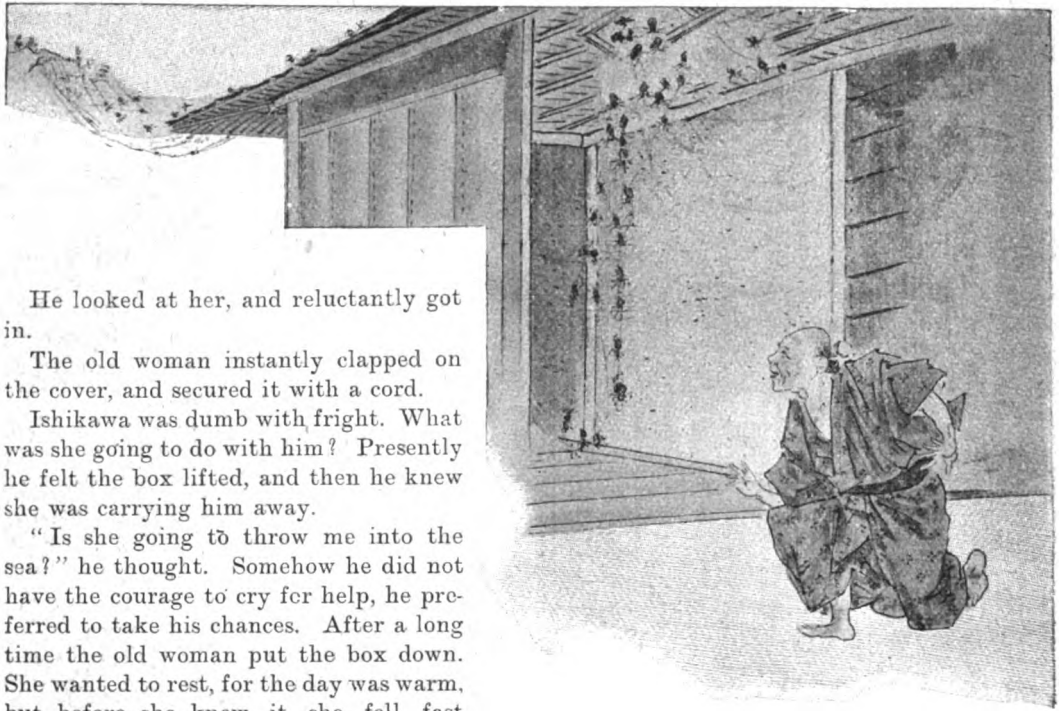
Ishikawa was overcome by surprise.

He waited awhile and entered the house as if he had just returned from his visit.

The old woman looked at him suspiciously. "You are home early," she said. "I am very glad of it, though, for I want you to make me a box large enough to hold a man."

Ishikawa dared not ask any questions, she looked so strange; so he made the box and showed it to her.

"Are you sure a man can get inside? Step in and see."



He looked at her, and reluctantly got in.

The old woman instantly clapped on the cover, and secured it with a cord.

Ishikawa was dumb with fright. What was she going to do with him? Presently he felt the box lifted, and then he knew she was carrying him away.

"Is she going to throw me into the sea?" he thought. Somehow he did not have the courage to cry for help, he preferred to take his chances. After a long time the old woman put the box down. She wanted to rest, for the day was warm, but before she knew it she fell fast asleep.

As soon as Ishikawa heard her snore, he tried the lid. The cord had worked loose, so he crept out of the box, tied the lid on again, and climbed a tree.

Refreshed by her nap, the old woman started off again.

"My sleep has done me good," she thought; "the box feels much lighter. I am glad I am so near home."

Presently she stopped at a cave in the mountains.

"How are you?" she called to her friends.

"What have you there?" asked one of them.

"That," said the old woman, with a sinister laugh, "that is a feast. You will have plenty to eat now."

She untied the cord, and stared with dismay into the empty box.

"Domo!" she exclaimed. "What has happened? The knave has escaped! Never mind, we will not let the stingy fellow off again, I assure you. Come, my friends, let us throw off our disguise, and to-night we will capture the old rascal."

**"As far as the eye could reach, they came one after another" (p. 39).**

Now, when Ishikawa saw that his escape was not suspected, his courage increased. He cautiously followed the old woman. At the entrance of the cave he again climbed a tree, and heard her ejaculations. His fright was considerable, but his horror was infinitely increased when he saw the whole company turn into huge spiders.

For a few minutes he was paralysed with terror. He recovered himself with an effort, fled to the village, called his neighbours together, told them what the spiders had threatened, and begged protection.

The old fellow was very unpopular, but the villagers had no intention of letting him be bewitched and carried off by the spiders. They talked over a good many plans, and finally concluded to burn up the enemy. They went to work, gathering pine boughs and wood, and placed them all around Ishikawa's house.

"Now, you go inside and keep quiet," they said to him.



"What! by myself?"

"Certainly, we will watch outside."

Ishikawa was in a great fright, but he lit the *andon* (lamp), and even tried to smoke. His neighbours were amusing themselves in groups behind their brush-stacks. They told a good many jokes of the old man. As the night wore away, and there was no sign of any enemy, most of them went to sleep, and the rest said the old fellow was probably crazy.

Suddenly they were startled by an unearthly shriek. They all sprang to their feet, thrust their torches into the brush-stacks, and soon had blazing bonfires.

But, look where they might, they could see no foe, although the shrieks came nearer and

louder; finally the old man rushed into their midst, and, sinking down, utterly unable to speak, pointed above them.

From tree to tree the wondering villagers saw stretched heavy silken cables woven by the spiders. As far as the eye could reach, they came one after another, and filed into the house through the trap-door in the roof. Rushing up, the villagers slid to all the doors, fastened them, set fire to the house, and so destroyed all their enemies at once.

Thus the avaricious old man received a terrible fright, and, in the loss of his house and goods, a useful lesson as well, for "He who is stingy and does wrong, will never be happy."

## MER-FOLKS.

WHAT do little mer-folks do,  
Down at the bottom of the Deep Blue  
Sea?  
Well, I don't mind telling you,  
It's a very easy life and free  
Down at the bottom of the Deep Blue Sea!

I know they never cry, my dears,  
Down at the bottom of the Deep Blue Sea;  
Too much water already for tears,  
And far too happy they seem to me,  
Down at the bottom of the Deep Blue Sea!

I'll tell you what they *never* do,  
Down at the bottom of the Deep Blue Sea:  
Wear a hole in a boot or shoe;  
Which shows how careful mer-folks must be,  
Down at the bottom of the Deep Blue Sea!

They're not afraid of the storms and gales,  
Down at the bottom of the Deep Blue Sea,  
And they never tread on each other's tails;  
There's plenty of room to move, you see,  
Down at the bottom of the Deep Blue Sea!

They live on little crabs, I think,  
Down at the bottom of the Deep Blue Sea;  
Salt and water is what they drink,  
And they're *awfully* fond of shrimps for  
tea,  
Down at the bottom of the Deep Blue Sea!

That's all I know of the folks that dwell  
Down at the bottom of the Deep Blue Sea;  
And so, my dears, no more can I tell  
Of the little mer-men and mer-maids wee,  
Down at the bottom of the Deep Blue Sea!

CONSTANCE M. LOWE.

## LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG.

**L**T was a curious fact, but the only house in the village that the Hartley children did not know the ins and outs and all about was the very house nearest their own, Springfield—the house next door.

An eccentric old gentleman, Mr. Crossley by name, lived there, and he was waited upon by an old man and his wife. They were an odd trio; and, if gossip spoke correctly, all three were as queer and old and grumpy as they could be.

Nobody ever called at Springfield; the kitchen visitors because they said they didn't like folks who kept themselves to themselves as much as the old Simmonses; the parlour visitors because they had heard Mr. Crossley did not care to see people.

"How funny!" said Dorothy Hartley when her nurse told her this. "Isn't he dreadfully lonely? I should think he must want some friends."

"I suppose not, Miss Dorothy," Nurse replied. "He's a disagreeable, cantankerous old gentleman, anyway, from all I can hear."

Dorothy did not know what "cantankerous" meant, but thought it might be something to do with gardening, for gardening seemed Mr. Crossley's one recreation and delight. He was never known to go beyond his gate, but on fine days he could be seen from the windows of the Hartley house pottering about his greenhouses and frames, while old Simmons mowed the lawn or rolled the paths.

One day Dorothy Hartley was playing in the garden; she was dressing her little dog up in doll's clothes, but Spot rather objected to the performance. "Now, Spot! come, sit up," she was saying coaxingly as she tied a white sun-bonnet firmly on to his collar. "There! that can't come off. No, naughty Spot! You mustn't do that," as the dog tried in vain to paw it off.

"Look! Here's a nice little frock for you. Now, be a good doggie." But the good doggie had seen something moving under the bushes. His enemy the cat; he was sure of it, and off he started in hot pursuit, paying no heed to

his little mistress's repeated calls to come back. Puss gained the top of the garden wall; Spot jumped up and tore after her. No handy tree being near, she was obliged to return and face her pursuer, swearing at him with arched back and bristling tail. Spot, looking very ludicrous in his sun-bonnet, stood still, barking, his eyes fixed on the cat, his stump of a tail quivering with excitement. Then Puss advanced, and Spot slowly backed, but, unfortunately, he did not back in a straight line, and the garden-wall was narrow. Another instant, and he lost his footing. Crash! There was a sound of breaking glass, and Puss scampered off as poor Spot went over backwards, plump into the middle of a Springfield forcing-frame.

Dorothy clambered up an easy old apple-tree, looked over the wall, and saw what had happened.

"Spot!" she called out; "you naughty, wicked dog. Come back at once. Do you hear?" The dog, looking very crestfallen and shamefaced, came scrambling over the wall, and looked beseechingly up at his mistress.

"Oh, Spot, what have you done?" she said reprovingly. "How could you be so naughty and disobedient? I can't think what we are to do."

She sat still a minute, and Spot began to slink off, hoping to escape unobserved; but it was no use; he was called back, and as he came, reluctantly, Dorothy said:

"Mother says, you know, Spot, that when you have broken anything it is better to tell at once about it. I think we'd better go and tell Mr. Crossley just how it happened; perhaps he won't be quite so angry if we go at once. And we'll take him a little present," she continued, her eyes on her own little garden, bright with pansies and nasturtiums, "I think he likes flowers."

So she picked some carefully, and put them in her basket; then, taking what she was pleased to call her sunshade—a very decrepit old umbrella which she had rescued from being thrown away and clung to ever since, they set off on their errand.



**"Dorothy had made him stand on his hind legs."**

Nobody saw them as they went round past the house and out at the front gate, and a minute or two later they were standing in front of Mr. Crossley's door. Mrs. Simmons was rather astonished, when she opened it, to be confronted by a smiling little girl with a big basket and umbrella, holding a white terrier in a sun-bonnet up by his paw.

219

Dorothy had made him stand on his hind legs; she thought it looked more respectful. "Is Mr. Crossley at home?" she asked politely.

"What's your name?" said the old house-keeper gruffly.

"Dorothy Hartley, and I want to see Mr. Crossley," said the little girl with dignity.

"Well, come this way, child; I expect he's

busy, but I'll see." And Dorothy was left alone in a bare, cheerless dining-room, feeling just a little—well, not exactly frightened, but wondering what was going to happen next.

Presently an elderly man came into the room. He had thick, bushy eye-brows, and deep-set, piercing eyes, which seemed to Dorothy to look her through; his long beard was quite white, and he wore a black skull cap.

Dorothy held out her hand.

"How do you do?" she said. "I've brought Spot to tell you he's very sorry, but he's had an accident, and we thought we'd better come and tell you at once."

"Well, what is it?" asked Mr. Crossley.

"He's very sorry," Dorothy went on quickly.

"Is that why he's wearing a bonnet?" said Mr. Crossley gravely.

"Oh, no; but he's broken some glass you put over the flowers to make them grow; you know, against the wall; and Spot was after the cat, and he fell over, but I'm sure he didn't mean to; and we've brought you some flowers because we thought you liked flowers."

"Oh, I see; thank you very much. You were quite right; I am very fond of flowers." And Mr. Crossley took the proffered bunch and put them in water. "Now we'd better go and see how much mischief this dog's done," he added, and led the way into the garden.

As they neared the scene of Spot's misfortune, Mr. Crossley hurried forward.

"I hope to goodness it's not the frame with that choice variety," he muttered. Then he stopped.

"Of course, it is the very one," he said, shaking his head and inspecting the broken frame gloomily, while Dorothy and Spot watched him. "Fine, strong plants, completely spoilt, broken clean down, and they're the first seedlings I've been able to rear of this sort. You stupid clumsy brute!" he went on, turning round angrily and making as if he would hit Spot with his stick. But Dorothy darted in front.

"Oh, please, don't hit him; he won't do it again. I've got some money saved up; I'll pay for the glass to be mended."

"Don't talk to me about having glass mended," said Mr. Crossley irritably. "You can't get the plants mended, can you?"

Dorothy's lip quivered.

"I'm very sorry," she faltered.

"Sorry! What's the good of being sorry? Mischief's done; can't be undone." And Mr. Crossley strode up and down the gravel path, his eyes on the ground. Presently he looked up, and, to his surprise, saw Dorothy sobbing on Spot's neck.

"Why, what's the matter?" he said, coming up.

"Want to go home," sobbed Dorothy. "Want to go home," and clung closer to Spot.

Mr. Crossley was puzzled. He had not meant to be cross to her, and now he did not quite know what to do for the best. He laid his hand on the child's head.

"Come now—come now," he said helplessly; but Dorothy shrank at his touch and sobbed louder.

"I've frightened the child," he thought. "Stupid of me, to be sure; and it wasn't her fault at all."

"Never mind, my dear, don't cry," he said kindly, bending down and patting her. But Dorothy refused to be comforted.

Mr. Crossley was really distressed. It was so long, so very long since any little child had come to see him; he did not want her to go away unhappy.

"Come with me," he said coaxingly; "I've something to show you."

At these words Dorothy slowly dried her eyes in Spot's bonnet, while Mr. Crossley patiently waited. Then she got up and put her hand in his, and only an occasional catch in her breath told of the tears that had been.

Mr. Crossley led the way to a large greenhouse and opened the door.

"There now," he said, with pride, "isn't that a fine show?"

From the green, leaf-covered, slanting roof were hanging clusters and clusters of splendid purple grapes as large as plums. Selecting a bunch, he cut it and held it up to Dorothy.

"I suppose you don't know what to do with these?" he said.

Dorothy smiled, and held out her basket.

"Oh, it's to go in there, is it? Well, we'll try and find something to take home." And they went into an adjoining hot-house, and he picked her a beautiful bunch of flowers. Dorothy's face beamed with happiness.

"Oh, aren't they lovely?" she said. "Won't mother be pleased!"

"Good girl! Take them to mother," said Mr. Crossley. "And now I think I deserve a kiss, don't you?"

Dorothy gave it readily.

"Now we're friends," said she. "Good-bye, and thank you very much. I will come and see you again one day."

"What! Come and see the cross old man again?" said Mr. Crossley, pretending to be much astonished, but looking very pleased. "I suppose that will be when Spot smashes another frame."

"Oh, no! He's never going to do that again—are you, Spot?" And Spot wagged his tail.

"Why, Dorothy, where have you been?"

said Mrs. Hartley, as Dorothy came in through the garden door.

"I've been to see Mr. Crossley, mother; and he's very nice and kind; not a bit cross, like everybody said; and he's going to be my friend."

"Mr. Crossley! Dorothy!" said her mother in amazement. "But, my dear child, you ought not to have gone there. You know father said——"

"Yes, I know; but Spot broke some glass in Mr. Crossley's garden, and I thought I ought to take him at once to tell about it, and say we were sorry. At least, you said——" And Dorothy looked at her mother.

"Yes, dear; but I don't like your——" Then, noticing the little face clouding over, and seeing also the traces of recent tears, Mrs. Hartley added hastily, "Tell me all about it after tea. Certainly, Spot looks sorry enough for anything, himself included, in that bonnet. Run and take it off."

B. L.



## DER KLEINER.

**T**HAT was his name amongst the inhabitants of Rundrichtstrasse, Coblenz. He was little Freddie Smith, and his own home was in England.

Freddie's mother had been wooed and won by a young Englishman studying German in Coblenz, and her mother, Frau Stempel, had felt very lonely when her flaxen-haired, blue-eyed Anna departed with her husband for his native land.

The old lady shed many tears in her loneliness, though she always managed to send bright, cheerful letters, written in her funny, foreign writing, to the daughter over the sea.

But when, one day, she received the news

that there was a dear little grandson—"just like his mother"—she smiled.

"Nun, nun," she said, "we shall see. It's a very long way to come. Oh, yes—but they won't be able to rest till I have seen the boy—they will come—ja! ja!"

And she was quite right. Two months afterwards Anna wrote to say that she was filled with "*Heimweh*," and wanted to see the dear mother again—the dear *Mütterchen*, who was *Grossmutter* now; that it was a long journey for such a small mite of a baby to take, and it might upset him very much; but, anyway, they were both coming, and if the dear mother would have them they would stay a month.



"Gretel and Marie are turning the rope" (p. 45).

If she would have them! How the old lady's face beamed, and what preparations were made for the reception of the travellers! The windows shone like diamonds, the floor of the cosy little kitchen had been well sanded, and Lotta Brann had come in, at her own request, to trace pretty patterns all over it. True, Frau Stempel felt a wee bit jealous of anyone but herself doing anything for her *Liebling*, but then Lotta, *ja*, was so clever at her patterns, and Anna had been very fond of her when she was a little girl, and her back *did* ache a little bit after all the scrubbing. And so Lotta did the patterns, and the floor was a wonder to behold. Lotta, rising very hot and weary from her task, felt proud of it.

Then there was the table to set with the *Sauerkraut*, *Würst*, the red-rinded cheese, black bread, and *Kirschen Kuchen*, and her new cotton gown to put on, and, after all, she was ready a full hour before the train came in, and had to sit down and watch the hands of the clock. The poor old lady sat as long as she could, then she felt sure that the little wooden cuckoo clock was slow, and that if she trusted to it Anna's train would be in before she got to the *Bahnhof*.

So she set off and had to wait another long twenty minutes at the station, so that when Anna's train really did come, and she saw the dear daughter again, with the precious bundle in her arms, Frau Stempel could hardly speak for the tears of joy and relief that rolled down her cheeks. But she soon recovered, and taking the precious bundle from Anna, the two walked home. What a crowd there was waiting for them at the corner of the street! The neighbours were waiting to give Anna a welcome, and to have a peep at Frau Stempel's little grandson that she talked so much about.

And *what* a chattering, and hugging, and kissing went on! It was only when the baby began to cry that the neighbours could be persuaded to let Anna and her mother pass on to her own house. As they were moving away, Karl Fritschi called out, "Three cheers for Der Kleiner," which were heartily given. And so it was that Freddy became christened by the name by which the dwellers in that little street knew him ever afterwards.

A less wise baby would have been spoiled by the attention he received during the month that his mother stayed in Coblenz; but



"Der Kleiner" sucked his thumb contemplatively, and probably wondered what it was all about.

There were great lamentations when the day of his departure arrived, and quite a small crowd of children followed to the station to see him off.

Two years later he came again, and was *fêted* like a tiny king.

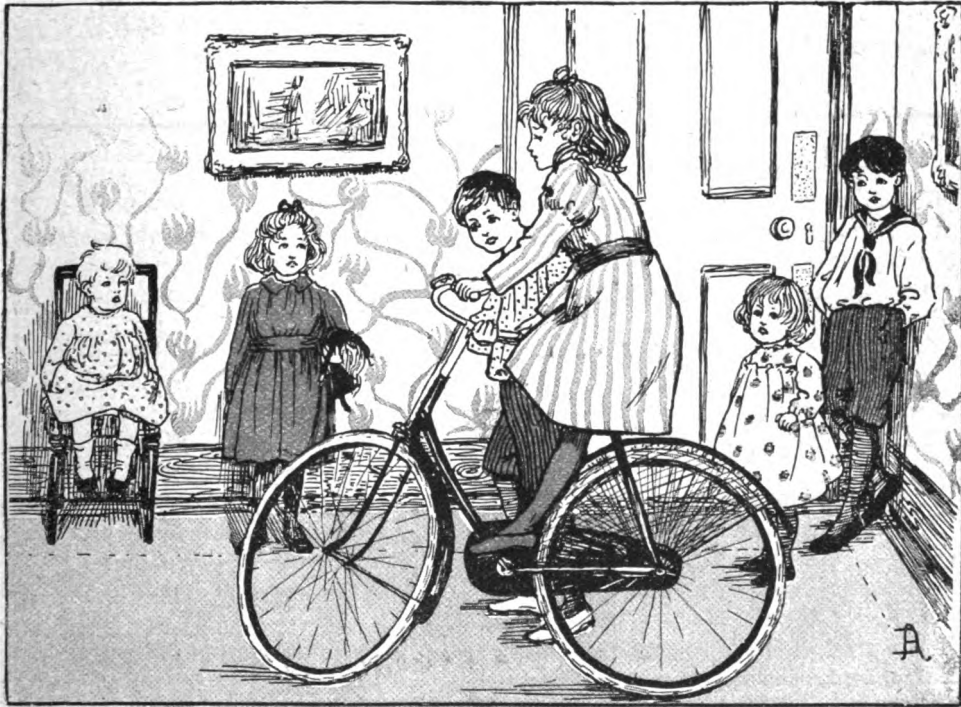
And now he is back again—a pretty little boy of four years old. It is a very eventful day for "Der Kleiner." Firstly, it is his birthday. After he had gone to bed the evening before, the little *Geburts-tag Tisch* was decked out for him with candles—pretty little coloured ones, the toys the neighbours' children had brought in for him—and sweets and cakes in plenty. How his eyes *did* glisten when he came down in the morning and saw it, and what a gay time he had had blowing the tin trumpet and wheeling the little cart that had found place among his treasures.

But besides that "Der Kleiner" had done

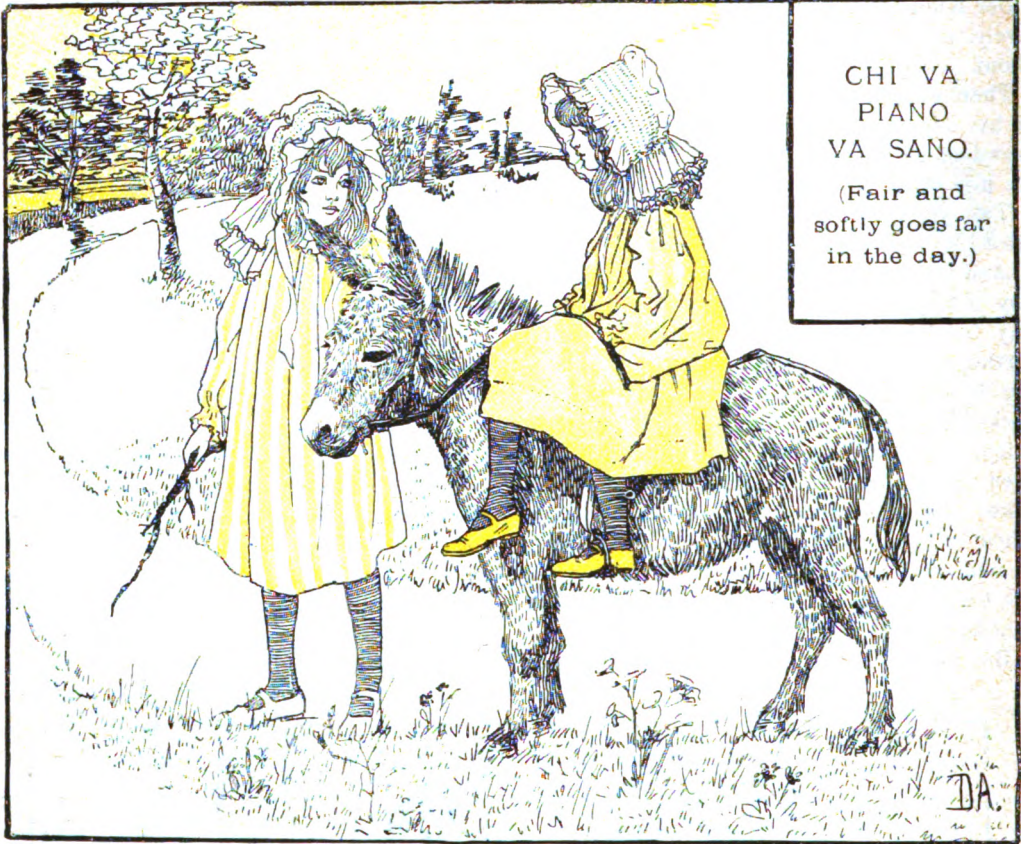
a very brave thing. In the morning, while all the other children were at school, Frau Schmidt's fat baby crawled out into the middle of the street, and sat there chuckling. Suddenly a dray, driven by a reckless driver, came rushing round the corner, and in another moment would have been over the baby had not Freddy, with a shout, rushed forward and pulled it out of the way.

Frau Schmidt came to the door in search of the truant just in time to see the deed, and Freddie was nearly hugged to death by her in her gratitude. His exploit was soon told from house to house, and everyone called him a little hero. Now he is playing with the other children. Minna holds the fat baby, evidently none the worse for its escapade, and Gretel and Marie are turning the rope. Lotta does not look quite satisfied at the long innings "Der Kleiner" is having, but Karl and Ludwig are cheering him over the wall, so you may be quite sure he is determined to keep up as long as his little legs will let him.

MARGARET BERTRAM HOBSON.



Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte.  
(Well begun is half done.)



CHI VA  
PIANO  
VA SANO.

(Fair and  
softly goes far  
in the day.)

## TO PHYLLIS, ABOUT FAIRIES.

TELL me, have you seen the fairies,  
Little girl with eyes of brown?  
Now's your chance, out in the country,  
For they never come to town.

You must get up in the morning,  
Ere the dew is off the grass.  
You must pick your way on tip-toe,  
For they must not hear you pass.

You must glance in every harebell,  
You must also take a peep  
In the purple bells of foxgloves,  
For 'tis there they lie asleep.

You must find the fairy hammocks—  
Spangled cobwebs—then, you know,  
You must search in drowsy poppies,  
Nid-nid-nodding all aglow.

Every blade may hide a fairy,  
Every flower may hold one, too,  
And no matter if you see them,  
If they only don't see you!

They're such timid little creatures,  
If they saw you they would die!  
For, remember, they're no bigger  
Than a yellow butterfly.

Then tread softly and tread quickly,  
Only take a peep and go.  
For to catch a fairy napping  
Is the sweetest sight I know

Then come out a-fairy-hunting,  
Little maid with eyes of brown,  
Do not miss them now you're near them,  
For they *never* come to town!

BELLA SIDNEY WOOLF.

## THE HAPPY FOREST.



WHEN I had heard from the woodcutter\* these tales which had such sad endings, I said to him one day, "Have the trees no happy tales of their own? How is it that there is always a sound of tears and no laughter in their voices when they come to speak of themselves?" "Laughter," answered the woodcutter, "is but a short form of happiness; it is so soon over. So the trees laugh seldom, and tell you their stories with grave faces. But that does not mean that they are unhappy: even when they think of sad things they are happier than most men, for their roots go far down into the ground, where old joys and sorrows lie equally at rest, and there they have hold of a more patient wisdom than the mind of man can yet see into. But, if you like, I will tell you one of their happy stories. It was told me by a sycamore one night last autumn in a high wind; and in the morning I was covered like a babe in the wood with leaves which had fallen in the telling. And the tree had never laughed once, though it was a happy story."

Once upon a time, said the sycamore, all the trees in the world were green, and stayed green without changing. Autumn and winter had not begun in those days; it was all spring and summer rolled into one. There was never any drought, or great heat or cold; and the trees never felt, after the thaws, the first motions of spring thrilling in their starved bones. They lived in a fat, lazy, peaceful land, and sucked their food out of a soil too rich for them ever to feel hunger. This is the tale that the trees had from their fathers, and they tell it still to their children.

Those were the days of the great marriages, out of which the races of trees sprang. Wherever the branches of the trees met, they kissed; and out of their kisses came tree-children. Little by little the groves of the different tribes sprang up, and the trees, which had all been alike, became different in leaf, and divided themselves into family groups,

\* Two previous "Tales of a Woodcutter" have appeared elsewhere.

loving better to be with those of their own kind than with others.

Yet it was still as one family that they lived, since there was room enough for all; and the stronger did not make war on the weaker, nor did the briar try to tread down the myrtle, or the fig-tree refuse place to the sycamore; but all stood and rubbed their sleek sides together and held up their green hands to the sun.

That was the age of peace. No tree knows how long it lasted, or what cause brought it to a finish. The sycamore had heard tell of a tree, the father of all the trees, whose boughs were so great that they reached from hill to hill, and whose shadow, when the sun went behind it, made the night; and the story went that one day the tree fell, and the age of peace ended. "Yet," said the sycamore, "that may not have been true; for the night, which we call 'the shadow of the tree of trees,' still comes to us, and we see pieces of the daylight still shining through its branches, though the age of peace has long since given place to that which we call the age of pain. And how long that is to last we do not know, only we are sure that some day it will be ended."

"And how can you be sure of that?" asked the woodcutter. So the sycamore leaned along the wind and told him the rest of the story.

And this is the sycamore's story of how in one night the age of peace went away and did not return. It is the tale the trees begin to tell when they shed their leaves in autumn, and if you listen well you shall hear it till the last leaf is stripped, only you must have quiet blood in your body and be as open-minded as the woodcutter.

It was in the middle of one night, when first there came a wind. Never till then had the perpetual calms of air been so broken, and all the trees sighed and huddled together as it passed through them. After that came rain, as if the heavens themselves were weeping for the sorrow which had fallen upon the world; and all the trees bowed and grew heavy as they filled their arms for the first

time with the burden of that moisture. And after that came cold, and all the trees shuddered and stiffened with fear at what next might come.

I tell you, as it was told me. The stars had gone out because of the clouds, and no moon was shining, but in a little while, over the hills something began moving with the radiance of fire. And as it moved and drew nearer, sounds seemed to come from the midst of it like the singing of many hundred birds in chorus.

Down from the hills it came, moving eastward through the happy valleys where all the green folk lived; and, at last, the form of it could be clearly seen, and what it was, and why all that noise of singing was in its midst.

A happy forest, with leaves that seemed made out of gold, and branches laden with flowers and all kinds of fruit, and free feet walking like the feet of men, came marching along; and all around it the other trees, a sad and dishevelled company, stood and gazed.

Every happy tree-top was tossing and clapping its hands for joy, and birds were singing and flying from bough to bough; and golden squirrels chattered and shook their tails over the branches. Not a fruit or a flower or a leaf dropped; not a bird flew out of that glad fellowship. But as they went the trees brushed with their golden finger-tips the green boughs that swung aside to let them pass by. And every one of those that remained behind saw in the midst of the happy troop one of its own kind, golden and glorious, whose leaves touched it in passing.

With the rest of them went a sycamore bearing golden keys. One of the sad sycamores touched him as he passed, crying, "Who are you? And what is all this lovely company that is carrying you away from us? Stay and cheer us, for we have become sad!" And he of the keys answered, "Have patience, green brother; we are the trees of Eden; our time is over since the age of pain has begun. For a little while we must be leaving you, but after we are gone you will still remember us. Farewell, green brothers, and remember us to-morrow by the sign that we shall have left you!"

The green brothers grew agitated to their roots when they heard that they were to be left. "O, happy trees!" they all cried, "may not we come also? Why should the age of pain be for us alone?" But laughter and singing went to and fro through the happy grove like a warm wind, and bore down the sound of their complaint. Last of all came a great hazel tree, its branches more full of laughter than all the rest. There along one of the hazel-wands sat a crowd of fairies, all merry and roguish, and the wand bowed and trailed with the weight of them. "We, too," cried they, "who do not love pain—we, too, are going in the gay company!" Suddenly the hazel-wand snapped, and all the little people were spilled like dew over the ground. Quickly they gathered up their feet and ran, but the happy forest went too fast for them; the poor little good-folk were left behind, and the green woods hold them to this day.

And now the beautiful golden grove had passed, and was moving away from the valleys to the hills that lay to the east, and still the birds sang loud in the midst of it, and still it waved its branches to the green brothers it was leaving behind. "O, trees of Eden," they cried, "keep a place for us in the peaceful land whither you are going!" "We will keep a place!" they answered, and passed away like a fire over the hills, till all sight or sound of them was lost, and the cold and darkness of night once more covered the earth.

At the return of dawn, the fathers of the trees opened their eyes to see if any trace of the happy forest remained to cheer them in their solitude. Then they beheld, not, indeed, any of those whom they looked for, but themselves wonderfully changed, with their own leaves all turned into gold, and at that sight they believed that their time of waiting was already over. "Come," they cried, "it is already time; let us follow the happy forest! After all, the age of pain shall not be ours!" But, try as they would, they could not draw their feet out of the earth; and sadly, one by one, all their golden leaves began falling and turning to mould upon the ground.

Thus came autumn, and the first fall of the leaf. Every year since then it has returned

faithfully, changing all the trees' leaves to gold, reminding them once more of the happy forest which went away when the age of peace had ended.

The woodcutter, who had learned the wisdom of trees, did not think this was a sad story. "When the sycamore had told me

all," said he, "I lay quite still, for five little fairies had crept into the leaves at my feet, and were listening."

"And what else were they doing?" I asked.

"Poor little impatient ones," answered the woodcutter, "they were crying!"

And that was the end of his tale.

LAURENCE HOUSMAN.

## HELPING MOTHER.

(See *Frontispiece*.)

"COME along, Susie, come out and play."

"I can't," said Susie, "it's washing-day. Mother's as busy as she can be, And so I'm helping her, don't you see."

"But then," said Kate, "'tis the village fair. I wouldn't for worlds miss going there. My mother's sure to be busy, too, But I wouldn't stay at home like you.

"I call it," said she, "a downright shame! You're never allowed to have a game." Said Susie, "Mother would let me go, But she'd miss my help to-day, you know."

"What's that?" said mother, who'd overheard All they had said, nor had missed one word. "Of course you can go, Sue; I will try To finish your work, dear, by-and-by.

"So run away, Susie, with your friend, And here's a penny for you to spend. Come back at dinner-time; don't be late." "All right!" cried Sue from the garden gate.

No doubt 'twas a very first-rate fair, But Susie didn't feel happy there. There were roundabouts and swings as well, And clowns and tumblers, so I've heard tell.

Kate laughed when the jokes began to fly, But Susie felt she would like to cry. She thought of her mother: what would she do To manage the dinner and washing too?

She looked at Kate, who'd already found Many a friend 'mongst the people round. She'd never miss her; whilst mother would— Dear patient mother, so kind and good!

So off ran Susie. "What! back so soon?" Cried mother. "It surely can't be noon!" "There's more than an hour to noon," said Sue. "I've plenty of time my work to do."

"Was the fair so dull?" her mother said, Dropping a kiss on the nut-brown head. "Oh, no," said Sue; "but I couldn't rest Because—I like helping mother best."

L. L. WEEDON.

## THE SAD EFFECT OF A POET MIND.



O H, Katherine was a poet—or.  
At least, she might have been,  
Had fate decreed to let her grow  
More willowy and lean.  
But Katherine was as round and short  
As anyone could be.  
She tried her hardest, but she could  
Not pose æsthetically.



Now Katherine had a Poet Mind,  
And burned to write in verse,  
And weakly to a bosom friend  
Her longing did rehearse.

Alas that friend  
unfaithful did  
Her aspiration  
slight:

"What, you pos-  
sess a poet  
mind?

You are too fat  
to write!

"A poet should be  
thin, I know,  
With yearning, mystic eye,"  
She cried. But Katherine turned away  
And said, "I mean to try.  
Perchance if I but write enough,



And yearn with mystic eye,  
And pose, I shall grow slender and  
Poetic by-and-by."

And so she posed and yearned and wrote  
With mystic eye intent,  
But ever grew more fat, and caused  
Her friend much merriment.

She wrote in rhyme and verses  
blank,

She wrote of this and that,  
She wrote and yearned, and  
yearned and wrote,  
But ever grew more fat.



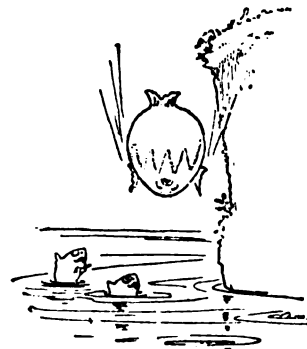
She wrote all day and wrote  
all night  
Of autumn and of spring,  
Of rain and blossom, sun and moon—  
In fact, of everything;

She scribbled lay and  
elegies,  
And sonnets off she  
threw,  
And rondelets and triolets,  
But ever fatter grew.



And still she posed and  
wrote and yearned,

Her poet mind to show,  
And rounder grew, till in a pose  
She lost her balance—so—  
Thus lost for ever Katherine was,  
So think me not unkind,  
Oh, chubby ones, if I should warn  
Against a Poet Mind.





## ARTISTIC PETER.



An artistic soul young Peter had,  
To Art young P. aspired.  
By all his loving relatives  
Young Peter was admired;  
And everything young Peter did  
They gazed upon with pride,  
Saying that his artistic soul  
Should be young Peter's guide.

He yearned to draw, and to that end  
He scrawled with might and main  
And when he'd drawn  
whate'er he saw,  
He—drew it all again.  
With ink and chalk and  
blackened cork  
He worked on newest  
lines,  
And charmed his loving  
kindred with  
Original designs.

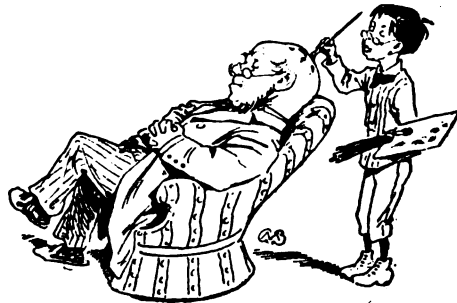
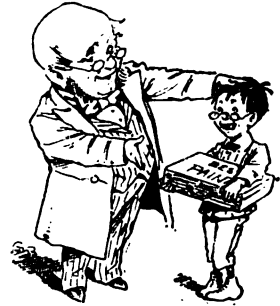


But oh—for paints, with heart on fire,  
Artistic Peter pined,  
And paints at last to him were brought  
By an uncle bald  
but kind.  
Oh, bliss! For now  
young Peter with  
His Art filled every  
space,  
Until at last for fresh  
designs  
He couldn't find a  
place.  
For wider fields of glory then  
In vain he yearned each day,



Till Fate decreed  
that uncle  
kind  
To send young  
Peter's way.  
o smooth and  
round!  
Young  
Peter pined  
To paint a  
pattern  
there;

His soul said "Do"—and so he did,  
With infinitest care.



That *some* things rouse an uncle's wrath,  
However kind he be,  
Is true as though in printed book  
'Twere writ for you to see.  
That wrathful uncles are not kind,  
This picture here will tell,  
For words would fail to speak the fate  
Young Peter that befell.

And the moral to this direful tale  
I think you'll understand:  
If you have an artistic soul—  
*Just keep it well in hand!*

Or if your  
soul is  
f r a c  
t i o u s,  
and  
Refuses to  
be led,  
Oh don't, at  
least, be  
lured to  
paint

A *lenefactor's* head!



## THROUGH TIME'S TELESCOPE.

**T**OBIAS JAMES BALLARD was not always a very patient boy, and perhaps this is the reason that he sometimes said he *dis-liked* geography and grammar, arithmetic and spelling, reading, writing, and history. Poor Tobias made this remark every morning when he took up his books, and repeated it *nearly* every afternoon when he laid them down. Now, when anybody has such a strong objection to all these respectable studies, of course they do not get along very well in their company, and one hot afternoon, the unfriendly manner in which Tobias referred to Alexander the Great made his poor tutor almost despair.

"Master Toby," said he, "I shall go for a short stroll in the garden. Possibly my presence only renders your task more irksome. Be patient now, and see what you can tell me when I come back."

Toby was sulky, but he turned over the pages of his Greek history with a half-hearted effort to grasp the names and events recorded in the chapter for study. Having read them through he closed the book, and burying his face in his arms upon the table tried to repeat them without its assistance.

"Philip, Philip, Philip, king of Macedonia," said he, "reigned from 360 B.C. Alexander was his son, Alexander was his son. The Greek orator Demosth—Demos—th—O, what *was* his name, and why did they write all this rubbish about him?"

A great confusion of names and dates and events arose in his mind, and without lifting his head he gave the book a push with his elbow. Down on the floor it fell with a loud crash. At the same instant the door opened and someone came in. Could Toby be dreaming, or had the fall of the book acted as a wizard's spell to call forth this strange visitor? For it was a very strange visitor who had entered the room.

"I am," said he, in reply to Toby's enquiring look, "the Spirit of History. I am Time's Telescope, so to speak, for I show to all the

events of the past. However distant they may be, I can bring them clearly before the imagination. Great men of the olden days can be seen and heard again; dead cities are restored to the grandeur of their prosperity, though their walls be mouldering in ruins, and though the busy sounds which arose from their streets have been silent for long, long ages. See for yourself," said he, stepping nearer.

In another moment Toby was gazing upon a strange sight. He was looking into a large open square. White marble formed the pavement, and the sunlight shone upon it with snowy splendour. On all four sides of the square stood rows of stone columns from which graceful arches sprang, with stone seats here and there beneath them. Beyond the columns on one side Toby caught glimpses through stately doorways into grand lecture halls. In another direction, straight across the beautiful court, he could see a garden of trees with walks among them, and more porticoes and colonnades of white marble. Through the changing shadow of the trees his sight wandered till it fell upon a long stretch of narrow ground evidently used as a racecourse, and which formed one end of the court of trees.

"What a strange place!" whispered Toby. "Perhaps I have got into the 'Arabian Nights' country, and shall meet Aladdin presently."

He continued his examination of the brilliant scene. At no great distance the blue sea met his gaze, and Toby soon found that the building stood in a pleasant country which jutted out into a bay, and at one point rose to a grand and rocky mountain. The moment this caught his eye everything became clear. He had no need to ask questions. He was looking at the gymnasium, or school of learning, which King Philip of Macedonia had erected at Stagira, a city in Thrace, that his own son Alexander might be taught there by the great philosopher Aristotle. The mountain beyond, which lifted its head from

the dazzling sea, he guessed to be Mount Athos. But while, with delight, he was turning his eyes from one point to another, two people had entered the great square which had at first won Toby's attention. One of them was a man of middle age, dressed in a long white robe which fell in folds from his shoulders to his sandalled feet. His head hung forward, in the attitude of one whose thoughts were much engrossed. This person Toby knew at once to be the greatest philosopher of ancient days—the wonderful Aristotle whose name he had so frequently come across in that "horrible Greek history book." "How awfully jolly it is to have a look at him," thought Toby. Truly Time's Telescope was a wonderful instrument. When Toby's eyes wandered to the philosopher's companion (a boy of about fifteen) he saw a very different person. *Here* was no sign of meditation, no thoughtful walk. Every movement of his limbs was full of animation. His head was thrown a little on one side as he listened to the words of his teacher. His eyes shone brightly, and his presence seemed to increase the radiance of the scene in which he walked. Toby felt a little awe-struck as he watched him. He thought of what that boy of fifteen was going to do; of how, ere many years had flown, he was to conquer the known world. And now that he saw what sort of a boy he was Toby did not feel so surprised that he did such great things.

The philosopher had led the way to one of the stone seats, and, sheltered from the sun, began to read aloud from a scroll. Alexander's eyes became brighter still, for it was his favourite story—the great poem of the siege of Troy and the feats of the hero Achilles, written long ages before by the poet Homer. Yet it is a story which is read and re-read to-day by many an English schoolboy. Aristotle had written it out for his royal pupil. Many a time did the boy rise from his seat as the story progressed; many times did he interrupt the reader with expressions of approval.

"Ah, some day I will do as Achilles did," said he, "for is he not an ancestor of mine! Could not my mother trace her descent from him?" Then, with a sigh, and giving no time

for a response, "But if my father goes on winning the world there will be none for me to conquer."

"Such is not my teaching," said his companion. "The nations of varying needs and habits cannot be governed by one king."

Then, as he walked on he tried to subdue the ardent spirit of his pupil, and to teach him moderate desires. He gave advice which would help him when the time came for him to ascend his father's throne; told him how a wise king should encourage the learning of the arts and sciences, to make his country prosperous; told him that war was not the first and only duty for a monarch. And the young prince of Macedonia listened attentively, for he knew that he was learning what would fit him for his high estate.

Through sun and shadow they went, past the portico of the great square into the tree-shaded garden. Here they were greeted by shouts from the racecourse. Some exciting competition was evidently going on there between the athletic pupils of the gymnasium, and though King Philip's son was too proud to race against those below him in station, he hurried forward to watch the proceedings.

But at this moment something went wrong with the focus of Time's Telescope. Whole years seemed to be drifting by, and amidst a great deal of confusion the marble columns and arches disappeared. A procession of events went rapidly past. Toby saw King Philip stabbed to death by an assassin, in a scene of festivity; he saw Alexander, as King of Macedonia, leading his troops into Greece; and then, through the glitter and pomp of warfare, he came to another scene of revelry in Babylon—the great city of the conquered Persians—where Alexander was struck down with a fatal illness, and died a young man of only thirty-two—the master of the world.

Something bumped Toby's elbow, and all became more indistinct, and finally quite invisible. He lifted his head. The Greek history was on the table again, and his tutor was standing beside him.

"Now, Toby, what have you got to tell me?" said he.

JOHN LEA.



SAID Archibald to Will-i-am,  
 "We're all alone to-day,  
 Let's dance and sing  
 Like anything!  
 Let's do a good old Highland Fling!"  
 Said Archibald to Will-i-am,  
 "Hurra! Hurra!! Hurra!!!"

Said Will-i-am to Archibald,  
 "To join you in your play  
 I will not fail:  
 Let mirth prevail!

I'll pull the kitten by the tail,"  
 Said Will-i-am to Archibald,  
 "Hurra! Hurra!! Hurra!!!"

Oh, Archibald! Oh, Will-i-am!  
 Your game I think you'll rue!  
 For mice, they say,  
 Who want to play,  
 Should wait until the cat's away.  
 Oh, Archibald! Oh, Will-i-am!

"Boohoo! Boohoo!! Boohoo!!!"

L. B.

## A WICKED SPARROW AND A GOOD BOY.

FIELD daisies dancing, out over the lea,  
 The merry young leaflets tittering with  
 glee;  
 On a bough a good boy swung to and fro,  
 A wicked young sparrow watched him below;  
 Then slyly he aimed a stone at his head,  
 And down fell the good boy, wounded and  
 dead.

The merry young leaflets shivered with  
 fright,  
 And even the sunbeams hid out of sight;  
 A mother rushed through the trees overhead,

"Oh! where is my boy, good sparrow?" she  
 said.

"Safe in my pocket, and quite dead, you see."  
 Oh! what a wicked young sparrow was he!

He chirped, then craftily jerked up a stone.  
 Down dropped the mother, and hushed was  
 her moan.

"Where are they both?" roared the father.  
 Ah, me!

Up went a stone—he had silenced the three.  
 Wicked young sparrow went twittering away.  
 A tit-for-tat game? Nay, child, I can't say.

## SCRAPS.

### "Bobs" Busy.

During the course of his victorious progress towards Pretoria, Lord Roberts had his quarters for a short time at an inn in Johannesburg. Early one night, a staff officer going to see him about an important matter, found him with one of the innkeeper's bairns on his knee, teaching it to trace letters with a pencil. When the officer entered, Lord Roberts glanced at him with a smile and said, "Don't come now; don't you see I'm busy?" 'Tis a pretty story, but it seems hardly likely that "Bobs" would put off really important business in that way. It is more probable that he asked the officer to go on with his statement, for the child could not act the spy.

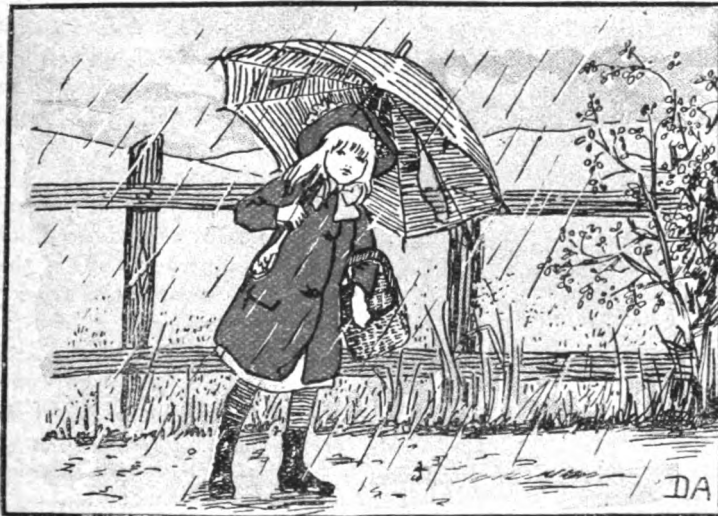
### Elephants a-piling Teak.

In Burma and other parts of the East, elephants are largely employed in the stacking of timber. Their skill and endurance are almost beyond belief, and if their mahouts, or drivers, treat them kindly they will do almost any mortal thing, and drop from sheer exhaustion rather than give in. They pile

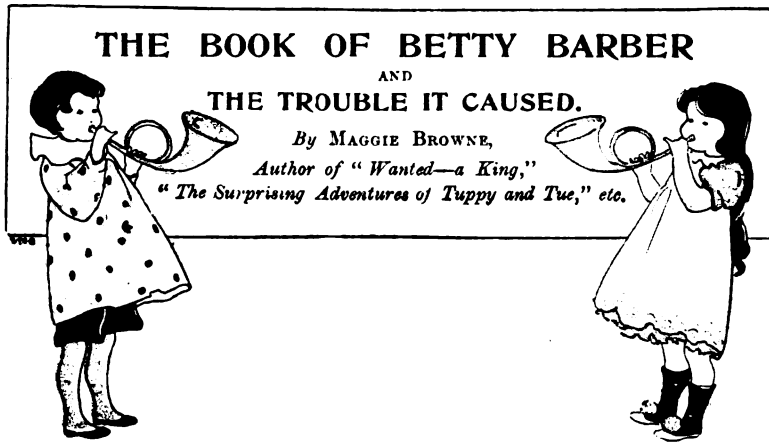
teak in pairs. The two creatures drag the wood to the place where it is to be stacked. Then one raises the end of the beam with his trunk, and rests the timber on the top of the pile, whilst its mate hitches the other part into its position. When the stack grows too high, they lay down logs to stand on, and are thus enabled to add a few more storeys to the heap.

### Snapshotting a Future King.

Prince Edward of York, with his brother, Prince Albert, and sister, Princess Victoria, once witnessed the mounting of the guard at St. James's Palace, from a platform erected for the occasion in the grounds of Marlborough House. He wore a tiny drum, upon which he beat the time of the Coldstreams' slow march. The Princess waved a Union Jack, and Prince Albert marched to and fro as if on sentry. A gentleman in the crowd, delighted with this pretty picture, took up his camera for a snapshot. As soon as he saw this, Prince Edward struck a suitable attitude, fully realising that he was "sitting" for his portrait.



IN THE RAIN.



## CHAPTER I.

## THE FINDING OF THE BOOK.



HAT is it?" said the Major.

"I think it's a book," said Good little Lucy.

"Pull it out, and let us have a look at it," said Miss Crimson Lake.

And then the three pulled and tugged, scraped away dead leaves, pulled again, and at last, out of a hole at the foot of the hollow trunk of the tree came a book, quite small, rather old and torn, untidy inside and out, only a school exercise book.

"H'm, don't think that is much of a find," said Miss Crimson Lake, "and look at my hands, I've made them so dirty." She was a dainty young lady, dressed in the pinkiest of pink dresses, but her cheeks were even pinker than her dress.

"It may be a great treasure," said Lucy.

"It's rather a stupid book, I fancy," said the Major, "I don't see a note of music in it."

"Wait a minute, wait a minute," said Lucy, who had been turning over the pages, "I believe it is a very interesting book, and a sensible one too. Listen to this, 'All grown-up people are stupid.'"

"That sounds sensible enough," said Major C.

"Don't interrupt," said Miss Crimson Lake.

"I suppose I shall be stupid too when I grow up," read Lucy, "so I mean to write down in this book the things I like, then when

I am grown up, I shall know what my children will like——"

"But who is writing it?" asked Miss Crimson Lake. "A child, of course, but is it a boy or girl?"

"Look if the book has a name," said Major C.

"None outside," said Lucy, examining the cover.

"Then look inside," said Miss Crimson Lake.

"Ah, yes, here it is," said Lucy, "on the very first page, and there are two names. How I wish I had two!" and Lucy sighed a deep, deep sigh.

"Well, what does it say?" asked Miss Crimson Lake.

"Yes, what does it say?" said Major C.

"It says, 'This is the book of Betty Barber,'" said Lucy. "'Betty Barber,' what a beautiful name!"

"Hullo, Lucy, where is your work?" called a loud voice, as a boy dressed in black and white came running down one of the paths through the wood towards the tree. "Don't we all know that you are

'The fair little girl who sat under a tree,  
Sewing as long as her eyes could see——'"

"But you seem to forget that

'I've smoothed my work and folded it right,  
And said, 'Dear work, goodnight, goodnight!'

this time," laughed Lucy.

"What have you got there?" asked the boy, and he snatched the book out of Lucy's hands.

"What a rude fellow!" whispered Miss Crimson Lake, "who is he?"

"Only a fraction," said Lucy. "Give me the book back, Thirteen-fourteenths."

"A curious signature," murmured Major C, who had been staring at the newcomer's strange dress, which was covered with figures. His jacket was white, his knickerbockers black, a broad black sash was tied round his waist. Both jacket and knickerbockers seemed to be made of small pieces, and on each piece was worked a number. The jacket was covered with black figures, and the knickerbockers showed white figures all over them.

"Excuse me, sir," said the Major, "but might I ask, I don't quite understand—Thirteen - fourteenths. Fourteen what? Would you explain?"

"Give me the book, and I'll introduce you to the Major," said Lucy.

"Shan't give you the book," said the Fraction, taking no notice of the Major, for he loved to tease small girls.

"I'll reduce you," cried Lucy.

"You can't," shouted the Fraction.

"I'll turn you into decimals," said Lucy.

Without another word the Fraction dropped the book, and fell on his knees at Lucy's feet.

"Don't," he said, "don't. You know I want to be a whole number again so badly; I want to get my new dress."

"Never mind, I didn't mean it," said Lucy. "You know I wouldn't hurt you."

"You wouldn't hurt a rook, would you?" said the Fraction, "though a number did fly over your head crying, 'Caw, caw, caw,' on their way to bed."

"Hurt my rooks! No, indeed!" cried Lucy.

"But tell me who this old boy, I mean this old gentleman is," said the Fraction, picking himself up, "and I should be pleased to know the name of the charming young lady."

"Major C, this is Thirteen - fourteenths," said Lucy. "Major C is one of a large family much honoured in Music Land—the Scales—Major C Scale." Major C bowed politely, and, being a stately old gentleman, he could bow very politely.

"Thirteen-fourteenths, from Sum Land,"

said Lucy, "is an old friend of mine, and a bit of a tease, but really a very well-meaning——"

"There, there, better soon," said the Fraction. Then he whispered quickly, "Don't forget the young lady in pink. Is she a friend of yours from Rhyme Land? Which is her piece of poetry?"

"So sorry," said Lucy, "this is Miss Crimson Lake, from Paint Land—Thirteen-fourteenths."

The Fraction made his very best bow, but Miss Crimson Lake, who had picked up the book and was turning over the leaves, did not trouble to curtsy; she only gave a slight nod, and murmured something about "a vulgar fraction, I think."

"We were reading this book, you know," said Lucy quickly. "the Book of Betty Barber."

"Rather a stupid book," said the Major, "a bit dull."

"Oh, do you think so?" said Miss Crimson Lake, smiling. "There's something about you on this page. Listen to this: 'I think C Major is very dull.' I suppose she means Major C," and Miss Lake began to giggle.

"Hoity-toity," said the Major, getting red in the face.

Miss Lake went on reading quickly, "I shall let my children play C Major sometimes with sharps and flats, sometimes without sharps and flats."

"Did ever anyone——" began the Major.

"One for you, my friend," said the Fraction, laughing.

"Absurd! Ridiculous! Pre-pos-ter-ous!" cried the Major, getting more and more angry every minute. "Sharps and flats, indeed! Betty Barber! Stuff and rubbish! Fiddlestick-ends!"

"And here's something about me," said Miss Crimson Lake, who was trying to hide her smiles in the book. "What a sensible child she is!"

"Sensible child!" shouted the Major. "Pre-pos-ter-ous child!" and he began marching round and round the tree.

Lucy ran and peeped over Miss Crimson Lake's shoulder.





"Lucy jumped up from the ground with a cry" (p. 59).

"'I shall let my children paint all day long,'" she read from the book.

Miss Crimson Lake was dimpling and smiling to herself. "What a bright, clever child!" she said. "How seldom one finds a child who really knows how beautiful I and my charming relatives are. I must show this book to Prussian Blue and Gamboge."

"Stuff and rubbish! Pre-poster-ous!" shouted the Major.

"I believe she says something about you," said Miss Crimson Lake to Lucy.

"Something pleasant about 'good little Lucy,'" said the Fraction, "and something unpleasant about me, I expect."

"I read the first few lines," said Miss Lake,

"but I don't think they struck me as altogether flattering."

"Here is the page," said the Fraction, "I'll read it out: 'As for pieces of poetry, I shall teach my children sense, not nonsense. I think 'Good-night and Good Morning,' that piece about 'Good little Lucy,' is nonsense, and there is too much of it; at least three too many verses. Who wants to know that

"The horses neighed and the oxen lowed," or that

"The sheep's bleat, bleat, came over the road,  
All seeming to say with a quiet delight,  
Good little girl, good-night! good-night!"

and whoever in this world saw

"A tall pink foxglove bow his head,"

or

"A violet curtsy and go to bed?"

It is rubbish. No piece of poetry ought to have more than three verses, and I, for one, am heartily sick of 'Good Little Lucy.' "

"I thought it was not quite pleasant," murmured Miss Crimson Lake.

Lucy sat down under the tree, and looked very much as if she were going to cry.

The Major stopped his march to stare at her.

"Hullo," he said, "what's the matter with you?"

"She says that I am nonsense, that I ought only to have three verses, and that she's sick of me," said Lucy faintly.

"Oh, she does, does she?" said Major C, "then that only shows she doesn't know anything about it."

"Indeed it does," said the Fraction, "sick of good little Lucy, and her rooks and horses and violets——"

"May I ask," interrupted Miss Crimson Lake, who began to think that she was forgotten, "may I ask if anybody spoke to you?"

The Fraction was about to answer angrily, but the Major stopped him.

"The fact of the matter is," he said, "this Book of Betty Barber's is nonsense, and it should be torn to pieces."

"Hear, hear!" shouted the Fraction. "Tear it up, tear it up, I'll help."

He seized one cover, the Major grasped the other, and the Book of Betty Barber was nearly in two, when Lucy jumped up from the ground with a cry, and held up her hand.

"Don't," she said, "don't. You mustn't. She won't like the book torn up. She does not think it is nonsense, or she would not have hidden it so carefully in this tree. She will be sorry if it is torn up. Please don't tear it up."

Thirteen-fourteenths dropped his half of the cover, but the Major still held on to his.

"It is all stuff and rubbish," said the Major.

"It is nothing of the kind," said Miss Crimson Lake, "it is sound good sense."

"It is nonsense," said the Fraction, lean-

ing forward to seize the cover again. "The proper place for that book is Nonsense Land."

"But don't tear it up," said Lucy, "please don't."

"You shall not tear it up," said Miss Crimson Lake.

That would have decided the question, and the Book of Betty Barber would have been torn in bits, but at that moment from the branches of the tree overhead came peal after peal of laughter.

The Major dropped the book and looked enquiringly at the others.

"Bother," said Thirteen - fourteenths, "what do they want? They always make mischief, and do harm. I'm off, I can't stand them. Come along, all of you."

Thirteen-fourteenths bounded away, but none of the others followed him.

Lucy had taken a seat upon the book to protect it. Major C was smiling pleasantly at the three charming Fairies who were peeping through the branches and smiling back at him; and Miss Crimson Lake was too busy wondering who the new arrivals could be to think of following Thirteen-fourteenths.

"Who are they?" she whispered to Lucy.

"How do you do, how do you do?" called one of the Fairies.

"Playing at Mulberry Bush?" called another.

"Let us join in the fun," called the third. "We love fun."

"Rather," said the first.

"Now then, look out everybody," called the second.

And the three Fairies tumbled out of the tree, one on the top of the other, knocking off Major C's hat, and pulling Miss Crimson Lake's pretty hair.

"Don't," said Miss Crimson Lake crossly.

"Now, my dear young lady," said one of the Fairies, "don't lose your temper, and don't get annoyed with one of your best friends. We are the Holiday Fairies. I'm Christmas, you must know, and these are my sisters, Easter and Summer."

The three Fairies curtsayed prettily, one after the other.

"If it were not for us," continued Christ-

mas, "the children would not have much time for you."

"But I don't like my hair pulled," said Miss Crimson Lake.

"Only fun, my dear," said Summer.

"And fun, my love, is the best thing in the world," said Easter.

"The only thing in the world," said Christmas.

"We love fun," they shouted in chorus.

Then they began chasing one another round the tree, laughing all the time.

For a few moments the Major watched them quietly, then he could not keep still, and began playing too, and after a little time even Miss Crimson Lake smiled and began to think of joining in the fun. Suddenly all the Fairies stopped in front of Lucy.

"She's at it again," said Summer.

"Tiresome girl!" said Easter.

"Let us shake her," said Christmas.

In spite of all the noise and laughter, Lucy, still sitting on the book, was fast asleep.

"Leave her alone," said the Major. "Perhaps she's tired."

"She always does it," said Summer.

"Always," said Easter.

"Whenever we come near her she goes to sleep," said Christmas.

"We will shake the bothering thing," they cried.

But the Major placed himself in front of Lucy to protect her.

"You must leave her alone," he said. "She isn't quite happy to-day, she's been hurt."

"Broken leg, sprained ankle, bumps, bruises?" asked Christmas. "We are quite used to those, and we don't like them. For some reason or other if they occur too often the children get tired of us."

"No, it's her feelings that are hurt," said the Major. "The fact of the matter is, we found the Book of Betty Barber."

The Fairies interrupted him with shouts of laughter.

"Betty Barber! Capital girl!" said Easter.

"So fond of fun," said Christmas.

"Where's the book?" asked Summer.

"Well, really," said the Major, looking round.

"She's sitting on it," said Miss Crimson Lake, "but you must see it, it is such a sensible book."

"So pre-pos-ter-ous," fumed the Major.

The Fairies began to laugh again.

"Somebody else's feelings were hurt," said Christmas slyly.

"We thought you didn't seem quite happy," said Easter.

"Let us see the book," said Summer.

"I can tell you all about it," said the Major.

"You need not bother to look at it."

"You must and you shall see it," said Miss Crimson Lake. "I'll get it," and before the Major could stop her, she had shaken Lucy awake, tipped her over, and taken away the book.

"What do you want? What is the matter?" said Lucy sleepily. "Oh, the Holiday Fairies are here. I'm sorry, but they always make me feel sleepy, when they come all together." Lucy yawned, and her head began to nod again. Then she caught sight of the book in Miss Crimson Lake's hands, and at once she was wide awake.

"Don't let them tear up the little girl's book," she said.

"Tear it up?" said Summer. "Certainly not. We want to see it."

"If you are going to read it aloud," said the Major, "I'm going."

"You wait a minute or two," said Christmas. "Let us look at it. Perhaps you didn't understand it. I'm sure Betty Barber never meant to hurt anyone's feelings."

"Sit down, sit down," said Easter. "We'll all sit down, then we can talk the matter over quietly; only someone must see that Lucy doesn't go to sleep."

"I'll do my best to keep awake," said Lucy.

"Very well then, are you ready?" said Easter.

## CHAPTER II.

THE B. OF A C. OF A P.G.

MISS CRIMSON LAKE, Lucy, and Major C sat down side by side under the tree. At Easter's suggestion, Lucy, like the Dormouse at the Mad Hatter's tea party, was put in the middle, so that the other two might keep her awake.



"All three tumbled to the ground and rolled over and over."

"I shan't go to sleep if they will really settle down to read the book," said Lucy.

"We'll try to read it," said Christmas, laughing, "but as for settling down——"

"We never did such a thing in our lives," said Easter.

"It looks like an exercise book," said Summer, "and we don't like lesson books. Indeed, I'm not particularly fond of books of any kind."

"Well, let us make a beginning, at any rate," said Christmas. "If you'll excuse us, we'll climb into the branches of the tree. Then we can swing our legs, and we all find——don't we?" she said, turning to the others.

"We do," said Summer.

"That we can think so much better if we are able to swing our legs," said Christmas.

"We can," said Easter.

"Really, dear me!" said the Major politely, and he watched the fairies climb up into the tree.

"You don't think so?" asked Christmas.

"Then, perhaps you have never tried it."

"Never," said the Major.

"Won't you get on with the book?" said Lucy.

The fairies opened the book, looked inside, and dropped it to the ground with a scream, as if they were hurt.

"What's the matter?" said Miss Crimson Lake.

"Sums," said Christmas.

"Arithmetic," said Easter.

"Take it away, take it away," said Summer.

"There are some sums, I know," said Miss Crimson Lake, rising from her seat and picking up the book, "but you need not look at them. Try the other end of the book."

But it needed some persuasion to get any of the fairies to touch the book again.

However, after a little time Christmas was induced to hold it in her hands, and Easter and Summer peeped at it cautiously.

"This is the Book of Betty Barber," read Christmas.

Then they all began to smile, then to laugh quietly, then to shout with laughter, and then all three tumbled to the ground and rolled over and over.

"Precisely," said the Major, "they consider the book absurd."

"Not a bit of it," shouted Christmas, "it wasn't the book at all. I was thinking how awfully funny you looked playing at Mulberry Bush round the tree."

"And I was beginning to think," said Easter, "only Summer tickled me."

"You tickled me," said Summer.

"You both tickled me," said Christmas.

The Major rose from the ground.

"It seems to me," he said, "that we are exceedingly unlikely——"

"All right, we beg pardon," said Christmas.

"We do," said Summer and Easter.

The Major sat down again very slowly.

"Let us all stand up," said Christmas, "perhaps we shall get on better if we stand."

"We should get on all right," said Summer, "if it didn't look so like a lesson book."

"Never mind," said Easter, "open the book the writing end, not the sum end, and let us try."

And the three sisters really did try hard; but they could not keep still two minutes together, and something kept happening which made them laugh or tumble or play, or do anything but keep their eyes on the book. The Major began to get very much annoyed, and Miss Crimson Lake was pouting. Lucy did nothing but yawn and gape and rub her eyes, she was so desperately sleepy.

At last the Major rose once more from the ground. He said never a word, but he bowed to each fairy, to Lucy, and Miss Crimson Lake, and was about to walk away, when a shower of acorns, stones, and twigs came tumbling on his head.

"Dear me, dear me, a sudden storm!" said the Major.

"What is it?" said Miss Crimson Lake, looking rather alarmed.

"Bother," said Christmas.

"Brother, you mean," said Easter.

"And he always upsets everything," said Summer.

"I rather like him," said Lucy. "It's the boy Half-term Holiday," she whispered to Major C, "the others think he is a nuisance; but he never makes me feel sleepy, he's so energetic and jolly."

"How's everybody?" called a boy's voice, and Half-term came tumbling out of the tree, turned a somersault in the air, and dropped neatly on his feet.

"Hullo, here's a book," said the boy, "a lesson book, too. No, it isn't. Well, I never!" And down sat the boy under the tree, and began to read the book as hard as he could.

"Isn't he queer?" whispered Christmas. "Last time I saw him—and that's some time ago, for nobody sees him very often—but last time I saw him he told me he hated books. He said the only thing he cared to do was to play cricket all day long."

"You never know what he'll do," said Easter.

"Well, never mind, he won't put that book down until he has read every page of it," said Summer, "and then we'll make him tell us

about it, so that we shall be saved the trouble of trying to read it."

Half-term never smiled, never spoke, only moved to turn the pages over.

"He doesn't think it is nonsense," said Miss Crimson Lake.

"You don't know what he thinks," said Lucy.

"Wait until he has finished," said the Major, "he won't be very long."

The three sisters were playing with one another, from time to time trying to tease and disturb their brother; but he only waved them away, and went on reading the book.

Nothing moved him until he had finished. Then he jumped up and looked about him.

"Well?" said the Major.

"What do you think of it?" said Miss Crimson Lake.

"I believe I could get to the top of that tree if I tried again," said Half-term thoughtfully, "though it certainly is the very, very tallest tree I ever saw."

"Hold him, don't let him begin. If he once touches the tree, we shall hear no more of the book," cried Christmas.

"Stop him, hold him!" shouted Easter.

The Major stepped forward, placed himself in front of the boy, and bowed low.

At once the boy began examining him carefully from head to foot.

"Major C, I believe," he said. "Now, I suppose you come from Music Land, Major C Scale?"

The Major smiled and bowed most amiably.

"And you have a great many relatives, I believe," said Half-term.

The Major bowed again.

"Then do *you* find it very dull without any Sharps or Flats?" asked Half-term. "There are those who seem to think you may find it dull."

"Well, as a matter of fact," said the Major, "I never tried——"

"Oh," said Half-term, "if I were you I think I should try. Now, I find it a good plan to try everything."

"I never tried to get into three verses," said Lucy. "Perhaps Betty Barber would not be sick of me if I only had three verses."



"A bit of a chit of a pink girl!" shouted the fa'ries in chorus" (p. 64).

"Try it," said Half-term, "it would be a most interesting experiment. Try it, will you, to please me?"

Lucy nodded. "I must try," she said, "I must do something."

"Thank you so much," said Half-term. "Now, let me see, what was I going to do? I know, get to the tip-top of this very tall tree. Good."

"One moment," said Miss Crimson Lake, smiling sweetly. "One moment."

"The tip-top of the tree," said Half-term, examining the tree carefully. "Yes, this is certainly the best side to attack. I never saw such a tall tree. I can't even see the top. Still, there must be one."

"Mr. Half-term, I want to speak to you," said Miss Crimson Lake.

But the boy would not listen to her, his

thoughts were entirely occupied with the tree, and though she touched his arm he shook her off almost rudely, and set to work to climb.

Miss Crimson Lake was very much annoyed; but Easter, Summer, and Christmas began to laugh.

"He won't stop for you," shouted Christmas.

"He's horribly energetic," said Summer.

"He does everything as hard as he can," said Easter.

"A very rude fellow!" said Miss Crimson Lake, frowning crossly.

"He's nothing of the kind," said Christmas indignantly.

"He's a jolly fellow," said Easter.

"He's a rude fellow, and a perfect nuisance," said Miss Crimson Lake, "you said he was a bother, you said he upset everything."

"Oh, well, we may say anything we like about him," said Christmas, "he's our brother. That's different. But we won't hear him abused by a bit of a chit of a pink girl."

"What?" shrieked Miss Crimson Lake.

"A bit of a chit of a pink girl!" shouted the fairies in chorus.

"Lucy, Major," screamed Miss Crimson Lake, "do you hear them? They called me a—Oh! Oh! Oh!"

Miss Crimson Lake waved her arms and threw herself down on the ground in her excitement. But though she almost sat down on the Major, he only moved out of the way, and did not speak to her. He was lost in thought.

Lucy, too, paid no attention to Miss Crimson Lake. Lucy had buried her face in her hands, and was sitting in a heap on the ground. She did not seem to hear Miss Crimson Lake's screams.

The fairies were delighted. They joined hands, and danced round and round in a circle, calling at the top of their voices, "A bit of a chit of a pink girl."

When Miss Crimson Lake found that nobody was troubling about her, she picked herself up from the ground, stopped screaming, and walked away.

"She's a silly young thing," said Christmas.

"So stuck up and conceited," said Summer.

"Hullo! Hullo!" shouted a voice.

"Who is it?" asked Summer.

"Half-term, of course," said Christmas. "He's up the tree."

"Hullo! Hullo!" shouted Half-term again. "Come up, come up. It's fine up here. I can see Paint Land, Music Land, Rhyme Land, Sum Land, Nonsense Land, ever so far. Come up, come up."

"Don't think we will," said Christmas.

"No, thank you," called Summer.

"You come down," shouted Easter.

"All right, I'm coming," called Half-term.

"Now," said Christmas, "we'll tell him what the B. of a C. of a P. G. said."

"And we'll make him think of a way to pay her out," said Easter.

"Here I am again," said Half-term, dropping to the ground. "Oh, you are here still," and he walked across to the Major. "I saw

your street from the top of the tree. Twelve houses there are, I counted them. Is yours the first?"

But the Major did not move or speak.

"What is the matter with him?" asked Half-term.

"I don't know," said Christmas; "but, I say, Half-term, you know that bit of a chit of a pink girl who was here a few minutes since?"

Half-term shook his head. "Don't remember her," he said.

"Miss Crimson Lake, from Paint Land," said Easter. "She called you a rude fellow and a perfect nuisance."

"Paint Land," said Half-term; "I saw Paint Land from the top of the tree, and paint-paint—where did I see something about painting? I know, it was in that book, 'I shall let my children paint all day long.' I think I should like to try it. It would be fun to paint all day long, wouldn't it?"

"Yes," said Christmas eagerly, "let us all try it, and tell all the children to try it."

"A grand idea, I'm off," cried Half-term, and he bounded away.

Christmas clapped her hands, and shouted "Hurrah!"

"What is the matter?" asked Easter.

"Don't you see, don't you see?" said Christmas. "He'll paint all day long, we'll persuade the children to paint all day long, and then we'll see how our young friend——"

"The B. of a C. of a P. G.," cried Easter.

"Likes it," said Christmas.

"We'll pay her out," said Summer.

"We will," said Easter.

The three sisters ran after their brother, laughing and shouting "Hurrah!"

All the time, through all the noise, Lucy and Major C. never moved.

For a little while all was quiet, and when the Fraction came strolling through the wood, to see if the Holiday Fairies had gone, he found the two still sitting under the tree.

He spoke to them, he touched them—they took no notice of him.

"What shall I do?" he said. "I must rouse them somehow."

He picked up a bit of stick, and poked first the Major with it, then Lucy; but still they



did not move. Then his eyes fell on the Book of Betty Barber, lying on the ground where Half-term had left it.

"I'll try that," he said, and he turned over the leaves quickly. "'I think C Major is very dull,'" he read out of the book.

The Major jumped up, straightened himself, saluted, and began to speak quickly. "He shall be dull no longer," he said. "I will inquire into the matter. I will return to Music Land, visit my relations, Major D and E, and F and G, and consult Minora, my ward. I will find out everything about these Sharps and Flats. Excuse me," he said, bowing to Thirteen-fourteenths, "I must leave you. I have important business on hand. Attention! Quick march! Forward!" And the Major marched away.

"Now, what is he talking about?" said Thirteen-fourteenths. "He's going back to do something in Music Land, that's pretty clear; but what he is going to do is not quite so clear. Anyway, I've roused him. I'd better try the book on the lady now."

Once more he turned over the pages.

"'No piece of poetry ought to have more than three verses,'" he read. "'I, for one, am heartily sick of 'Good Little Lucy.''"

Lucy rubbed her eyes, and stared up at the Fraction.

"I *will* try," she said; "I never thought of trying until Half-term suggested it. I

will try to get into three verses; then perhaps the boys and girls won't be sick of me."

"Oh, it's Half-term's been putting these ideas into your head, is it?" said Thirteen-fourteenths. "I know him, a most energetic young man. Tell me what are you going to do?"

"I am going home," said Lucy. "I shall have so much to cut out to get into three verses." And Lucy walked away.

"Well, well," said Thirteen-fourteenths, "we can only hope they'll be better soon. Somehow I can't help thinking—Hullo, I must be careful, or I shall be lost in thought, too. It is this book, of course," and he dropped the book promptly and prepared to march away. Then he stopped, stooped down and picked it up again.

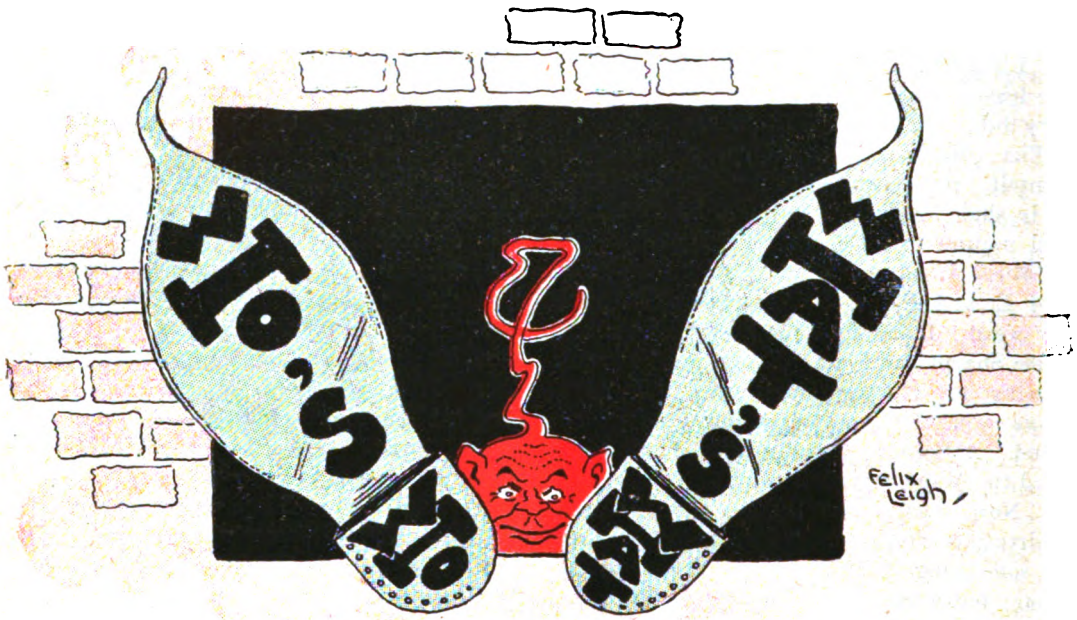
"I wonder what I had better do with it," he said. "I don't know where it came from, but I don't think I'll leave it lying about. It seems to upset everyone, and make them quarrel. I know, I'll hide it somewhere near this tree. Why, I do believe the trunk is hollow. I'll put it inside the trunk."

And having climbed into the branches, and dropped the book inside the hollow trunk of the tree, he marched away, feeling very pleased with himself, and thinking himself very clever; never guessing that he had put the book back exactly where Betty Barber, its owner, had hidden it a short time before.

(To be continued.)



COMING HOME FROM SCHOOL.



#### What the Ostrich Cou'd Not Digest.

Happy ostrich, that can eat almost anything and yet reach to a good old age! There was found in the gizzard of one of these birds that had died in the Zoo, besides fifty bronze coins of the realm and other such delicacies, a portion of a copy of the Book of Common Prayer. Now what part was that? For it seemed strange this ostrich should have been able to consume all but a mere fragment of the volume. This question was addressed at a party by the eminent man who examined the gizzard. One guessed it was the brass clasp by which the book was fastened. A lady thought it might be the Marriage Service. But no one guessed rightly. For no one appeared to think the bird would have found it hard to swallow the thirty-nine Articles, which was the very part the ostrich could not digest!

#### Fame.

When the late Lord Playfair (then Dr. Lyon Playfair) was travelling in Canada several years ago, he went to inspect some curious crystals near Buckingham on the River Ottawa. He was stopped, however, by

a man who looked like a keeper, and who told him he had no right to be there. The keeper had taken him for an engineer come in the interests of some mining company, to "prospect" the land for mineral wealth.

"What's your name?" he asked with a broad Scotch brogue.

"Lyon Playfair," was the reply.

"What! Dr. Playfair of Edinburgh toon?"

"The very same."

"Oh, man, ye're welcome. Your name is kent [known] in mony pairs o' the world whaur your wee legs are no likely to carry ye."

Often afterwards Lord Playfair used to tell this story with great glee.

#### A Monkey that Swims.

We are so much in the habit of thinking that monkeys are found only in forests, that it comes as a surprise to learn of one that bears the name of the crab-eating macaque, common enough in the Zoo and "wild beast" shows. It is found throughout Burmah, Siam, and Malay Land, living among the trees that line the tidal creeks. Their chief food is seeds, insects, and crabs. In pursuit of the last-named article of diet, they must perforce take to the

water. However, use has become a second nature with them, as with other animals, and they are said to be able to swim uncommonly well.

#### An Athletic Judge.

When Chief Justice Marshall, of the United States, was a young man, he was noted for his skill in running and jumping. He could clear a stick laid across the heads of two men as tall as himself. His mother once knitted him a pair of blue stockings with white heels for a stocking race. He out-distanced his competitors, showing them such a clean pair of heels, that his friends afterwards nicknamed him "Silver Heels." Later in life he took to quoits, at which he became very skilful. When he was an old man he still played quoits with as great zest as ever, although his hand had, of course, lost some of its cunning and his eye its sureness of aim. In one match, played with much keenness on both sides, a Scotsman was asked to decide between the judge's quoit and that of his opponent. After duly measuring both, the referee gravely said—

"It's a close thing, but Mr. Marshall has it a leetle," although it was plain to everybody that the other man's quoit was nearer the tee or mark.

#### French Writers and their Pets.

It is commonly supposed that the French are cruel to animals. Certainly the Parisian cabbies seem to flog their horses with needless severity, and French scientific men are alleged to carry on experiments on animals without taking proper care to make them insensible to pain. But French authors offer a refreshing contrast, for most of them known to fame seem to have pets. The general favourite appears to be the cat. Marshal Canrobert, of the Crimean War, thought the kitten the most charming of creatures. M. Doppée's cat sits by the hour on his desk whilst he writes, walking amongst the sheets of manuscript without laying its paw on any portion where the ink is yet wet. Pierre Loti is another cat lover, and so too is M. Mézières, whose mother used to talk with her cats, which, of course, understood her. Alexandre Dumas, prince of storytellers, preferred dogs, though he liked all

animals, and had a higher opinion than most folks have of the intelligence of seagulls. On the other hand, his son, the dramatist, disliked dogs but admired cats. In this respect he was like Renan, who made an exception, however, in favour of his wife's poodle. George Sand's special pets were birds. Lamartine looked upon his dogs as his bodyguard and friends. Michelet had a beautiful white Angora cat that used to twine itself around his neck in winter like a comforter. When he took his walks abroad in the cold weather, he carried his hands in the sleeves of his topcoat like a muff. Do you know why? Because his cat was coiled up inside. Madame Henriette Ronner, whose brush has immortalised both cat and dog, and who is passionately attached to cats, which simply adore her, is not French but Flemish.

#### Dogs in Cricket Matches.

There are cases in which dogs have played in cricket matches. One match was played near Farnham between Lord Charles Kerr's valet and his water-spaniel "Drake," on the one side, and two gentlemen on the other. The valet went in first, and knocked up fifty runs. In reply to this the two gentlemen scored six, which were all got by the first batsman. The second gentleman hit his first ball hard, but "Drake" stopped it so well, and ran back with it to the valet so smartly, that the batsman's stumps were put down before he reached the wicket. The other match took place near Rickmansworth between two gentlemen of Middlesex and a farmer and his collie. In the first innings the two Middlesexians scored three runs, then the farmer responded with three for himself and two for the dog. The two gentlemen repeated their remarkable performance in their second innings, leaving the farmer only one run to tie and two to win. He preferred to win by scoring two, thus gaining the match by two wickets. The collie fielded near the farmer, and fetched and carried the ball so speedily that it was hard to score even from a long hit.

#### Jests as a Punishment.

Among the Hindoos it seems to be the correct thing to mock at a man when he is down,

especially through some fault of his own. Thus if one fellow gets the better of another in a fight, the victor claps his hands and bawls at the pitch of his voice, "Aga! Aga!" ("I have seen! I have seen!") thereby informing all and sundry that he has witnessed the humbling of an enemy. So annoying is this cry to the conquered that he will even make an effort to resume the struggle. Every braggart that fails to perform some loudly-advertised trick or feat, is greeted with this shout. When a man has been beaten in argument, or has made a fool of himself in one way or another, the bystanders salute him with jeers, and laugh and clap their hands till the victim is glad to get off. If a man loses his situation through his own blame, the folk hail him in the same way. Even David complained that his foes opened their mouths wide against him and said, "Aha, aha, our eye hath seen it."

#### A Fish Fishing for Fishes.

There is sometimes caught off the British shores a fish that varies in length from three to five feet. It is a monstrously ugly creature, whose great round head and shovellers, and staring eyes give it a rude likeness to a huge tadpole or frog, and have procured for it the name of the Sea Angler, or Fishing Frog. Another curious thing about it is that its head is furnished with two or three threadlike spines, of which it makes an artful use. Lying amongst sand or weeds, it gently works these spines about so as to attract the notice of silly fishes swimming around, which are finally drawn near to its big mouth, with sharp teeth well lined, and devoured. 'Tis such a glutton this Angler, that it will allow itself to be captured at times rather than release its hold on a wooden board. Foolish folk used to frighten their fellows by cleaning out a dead Sea Angler till it became quite transparent, and then lighting it up by a candle or lantern. The sudden exhibition of this hideous lamp might easily alarm people not usually nervous.

#### Wearing a Worried Look.

De Quincey, the famous essayist, worried himself about the smallest things. Like Carlyle, a still greater essayist, he must have been pretty ill to deal with. He could not bear to

have his study kept tidy; but let his papers gather and gather till, as he said, he was quite "snowed up." His people, therefore, lived in a constant dread of a fire, and it so happened that more often than not he did set light to something or other. "Father, your hair is on fire," was a warning repeatedly given, and always received with a meek, "Is it, my love?" as he brushed it out with his palm. One night when the room was well ablaze, he would not allow his daughters even then to use water, lest his papers might be damaged; but went into the room himself armed with a rug and locked the door behind him, so that no water might gain admittance. And yet this queer man who was so fond of a litter of papers, used to polish up a shilling before he gave it away until it shone again.

#### The Day She was Crowned.

Queen Victoria has always been fond of dogs. After she had been crowned she drove back in grand style from Westminster Abbey to Buckingham Palace, where the first sounds of welcome that fell upon her Majesty's listening ears were the joyful barks of "Dash," from whom she had been separated longer than usual. Hurriedly laying aside sceptre and orb and taking off her crown, she would hardly permit her ladies to disrobe her, so eager was the newly-crowned Queen of England to go and wash her little dog "Dash." It is an interesting story, and though hard to believe, is based upon the authority of the painter C. R. Leslie, R.A., who had means of knowing, and perhaps had the facts directly from her Majesty.

#### A Touching Scene.

When the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven was produced in Vienna, where it was played for the first time in public, the audience received it with the utmost enthusiasm. The great composer stood by the side of the conductor to indicate the "times," but heard neither his fine music nor the loud applause with which it was greeted. When the conductor made Beethoven turn round to face the people, the audience were much affected when they learned that the composer of such wonderful music could not himself hear a note of it.

# The Skaters

*Moderately quick.*

**VOICE.**

1. See, how mer - ri - ly the ska - ters go!    Gli - ding quick - ly o'er the  
 2. See, how mer - ri - ly a - round they play!    Sweep - ing gen - tly o'er the  
 3. Blithe and mer - ri - ly the time goes by—    There is beau - ty in a

**PIANO.**

ice and snow,    While like dia - monds in the for - est trees,    The  
 spark - ling way,    While the woods that are in spring so fair,    In  
 win - try sky;    Though the sum - mer wears a ver - dant hue,    The

**CHORUS.**

cry - tal drops are wav - ing in the breeze.  
 win - ter time their wild - er gra - ces wear.    See, how mer - ri - ly the  
 win - ter brings a mer - ry sea - son too.

ska - ters go!    Gli - ding quick - ly o'er the ice and snow.

# PAGES FOR VERY LITTLE FOLKS.

## WHAT BIR-DIE DID.



ON'T you come and play with us, Bir-die?"

"No."

"But we are having such a love-ly game.

Won't you come?"

"No."

Lit-tle Flit-ter turn-ed sad-ly a-way, and flew back to his play-fel-lows.

Bir-die heard the chor-us of voic-es, say-ing, "Well, will he come?" and Flit-ter's sad lit-tle an-swer, "I've ask-ed and ask-ed, but he *won't*."

They look-ed at the lit-tle blue bird sit-ting so dis-con-tent-ed-ly on a twig; then Dick-y cri-ed:

"I don't care—if he wants to be dis-a-gree-a-ble, let him;" and they flew back to their game.

For a long time Bir-die sat there, grow-ing more and more un-hap-py, and o-ver such a lit-tle thing, too!

He thought fa-ther and mo-ther lov-ed Flit-ter best, be-cause at break-fast time they had giv-en him the big-gest fly.

He sat still un-til the sky be-gan to grow dark, and he was just think-ing he must fly home to bed, when——

"Hiss-s-s-s!"

Bir-die jump-ed. What was that? A long, shin-ing thing, creep-ing soft-ly through the grass!

It was a snake, glid-ing to-wards the tree where Bir-die had his home.

For a mo-ment he was too fright-en-ed to move. Then——

"Flit-ter will have gone to bed," he thought; "the snake will eat him, for fa-ther won't be there. What can I do?"

He was just start-ing off when the thought came to him——

"Sup-pos-ing Flit-ter was kill-ed, fa-ther and mo-ther would love me more."

The snake was be-gin-ning to climb the tree, and Bir-die shook him-self im-pa-ti-ent-ly.

"I'm a nice sort of bro-ther!" he ex-claim-ed, "just as if I should-n't be aw-ful-ly mi-ser-a-ble if any-thing hap-pen-ed!" And like a flash he was off to the nest where Flit-ter was quiet-ly a-sleep.

"Wake up! wake up!" he cri-ed, and seiz-ing his wing Bir-die help-ed his sleep-y lit-tle bro-ther to fly to the next tree, where the snake could not come.

But it did not go a-way un-til Mr. Blue Bird came home and drove it off with his sharp beak.

When they were all set-tled in the nest a-gain, mo-ther said:

"I am so proud of you, Bir-die, dear; I knew my lit-tle son could be trust-ed."

"But I did-n't want to at first," said Bir-die, feel-ing ve-ry much a-sham-ed of him-self. "I thought you lov-ed Flit-ter best, and——"

But mo-ther must have un-der-  
stood just what he was go-ing to  
say, for she stop-ped him with a  
kiss, say-ing:

"My Bir-die must nev-er think  
that any more."

"No, mo-ther," said Bir-die, and  
he did not.

F. M. H.

## WHO IS IT?

Who can it be?

He's heaps of toys,  
Dolls, trumpets, carts,  
For girls and boys.

They say his gifts  
Delight will cause.  
Why, now I know—  
It's Santa Claus!



Who Is It?

WE have received Letters from the following:—D. Baldwin, "Pudy" (Princess A. Windisch-Grätz), E. Magnus, E. and M. Watson, E. Sutherland (with poem), J. Wright, M. Saunders, E. Morrish, A. Secretan, M. Green, D. Rose, E. Wilton, Q. Leslie, D. Cole, E. Gedge, B. Jull, E. and K. S. Brown, L. McFarlane, "Scamp" (J. C. B.), M. Allen, I. M. and M. Smith, E. Holtzer, A. Turner, A. Forster, E. M. and M. Clarke, G. Youell, V. Kenneth, E. Macgregor, B. Longhurst, R. Watts, G. Shepherd, C. Presse, "Tommy" (F. C. Bray), D. Radford, M. Vincent-Lloyd, G. Goodall, I. Campbell-Hickie, R. Speight, "Scottie" (M. Hunter), G. and P. May, E. and G. Durlacher, D. Matthews, F. E. C. Marshall, T. C. Hartley, G. Lee, A. Orchard, "Tiger" (M. Bayliss), E. Rigden, F. E. Sturgess, H. Gray, M. Hemingway, H. Scott (with poem), S. Luker, N. Lewis, L. Leatham, "Empress" (S. Wright), C. Whitehead, T. Tucker, G. Boome, M. Longman, B. and D. Perrott, I. Martin, P. Stokes, E. and H. Twyne, H. Craggs, L. G. Duke, N. Ambrose, D. Baker, D. Hayes, "Turk" (S. Smith), P. Morris, F. I., and R. I. Pearce, P. Cooper, R. Henry, K. Powell, B. Ledbrook, A. Hodgkinson, R. H. M. Harvey (with story), K. Green, D. Aitken, I. Tredwell, "Jinny" (V. Farrington), D. and I. Young, "J. C." (with poem), M. Ronsperger, K. and M. Baker, "Bob" (D. Reedman), I. Loyd, C. Schmidt, M. Sharp, H. Jenkins, C. Barnett, E. Teversham, N. Knight, "Oom Paul" (E. Satchell), "Rahy" (V. Fulton), G. and M. Isaac, B. Simms, E. West, W. Godfrey, S. Tirard, E. Parker, R. Gould, M. Bradley, B. Taylor, A. B. Seferian, B. Fanning, M. Seymour, C. Ellis, W. Dale, C. and M. Ingham, V. Legge, M. Kinloch, N. Davis, A. Terry, D. Grimling, "Buller" (A. Warren), D. Bell, E. Kirk, J. Varley, D. Rolfe, W. and K. Wells, G. Sanger-Davies, M. Reynolds, "Jaeger" (E. Grundy), L. von Stempel, G. McEldowney (with poem), J. Hunter, A. Rankin, E. Fowler, N. Williams, M. Griffiths, K. Ontons, F. Price, K. Gatenby, M. Brook, A. Wickens, A. Alston, R. Prentice, G. Rattee, G. Thompson, "Waddles" (J. MacColl), O. Bülow, K. Fraser, A. Shakespeare, E. Lockyer, M. Dembinska, A. J. Cooley, H. Goulden, A. Klaje, M. Watkins, J. H. Russell, M. Hardisty, G. and M. Peellaert, J. Kerswill, E. Ferreira, "A Silkworm Moth," G. Wynne, D. and M. Wilson, "Topsy" (E. Mayes), W. Best, "K. Hellen," "Marry" (N. Irons), A. Taffs, E. Walls, E. Woodman, E. Seth-Smith, E. Lockwood, D. and K. d'Alton, A. J. Ellis, D. Jessop, D. Dakin, M. Runk, M. Bucknall, M. Attenborough, L. Pullin, E. Surridge, D. Bennett, E. Halpin, I. Roberts, M. Tisher, J. Lambert, N. Green, P. Marshall Hill, M. Pocock, F. I. and G. Mason, G. Smyth, R. Biden, "Dot" (G. Murray), K. Daly, M. Walker, V. Burton, M. Andrewes, A. Robitack, A. Hosford, H. Herapath, "Mick" (E. Bellamy), G. Filliter, F. Bowes (with story), D. Osborne, L. Balabanoff, A. and B. Adams, Mary, Violet, and May, O. Heaver, A. Sargent, N. Hamerton, M. Hosford, B. Irons, M. Ricart (with photo), F. Sawyer (with drawings), M. Mann, G. Beckett, F. Davies, K. Scott, W. Robinson, N. Falk, M. Tate, B. Nicolson, O. Thomson, A. Satchell (with story), D. M. Dixon, G. Harris, K. M. Ball, M. McVey, A. Mitchell, I. Conybeare, E. Falkner, F. Lane, G. Hitchcox, E. Bowyer, D. Guthrie, E. Hearne, M. A. Woods, M. Freeman, A. Jenkins, J. Savill, P. Pethick, E. Ward, H. Spoor, E. and G. Whishaw, H. Bassett, H. T. Morley, P. Adam, P. Macgregor, M. Conway, N. Mills, "Smut" (F. E. Molony), "Maggie" (L. Dawnay), B. Hardwicke, "Beauty" (M. Phillips), M. Sebire, M. Dix, L. Ehrmann, M. Long, M. Heathcote, A. M. Bush (with poem), "Maggie" (B. Edkins), B. Posford, D. Brereton, "Trix" (M. McLeish), "Houpet, Wallis, and Fluffie" (M. Rymer), G. Richardson, M. Attenborough, A. Pagan, D. Bruce, V. Salter, F. Bentley, E. de Villette, H. Edwards (with story), N. Green, L. Cook, D. Terestchenko (with poem), M. Packham, D. Triscott, "Rag" (E. Trix), N. Cullingworth, G. Pearsall, D. Shoubridge (with story), E. Shardlow, B. Mawson, W. Nixon, N. Bourdillon, S. Hobday, "Froggie" (F. Petty), C. Dawe, L. Taylor,





Dyrne & Co., Richmond, phot.

### What Fun!

## WHAT FUN!

SUCH a merry game this  
is,  
Watch us while we play;  
"Sitting for your photo-  
graph"  
Is its name, they say.

There's a funny wooden box,  
With a little man  
Dancing up and down behind,  
As fast as he can.

Every now and then he  
hides—  
Just his head, you know—  
Underneath a big, black cloth,  
And we play "Peep-bo!"

Mamma tells me to keep still,  
But she doesn't see  
How that funny man enjoys  
A little game with me!

WE have received Puzzles and Answers from the following:—E. Foster, N. L. Green, R. Speight, I. Roberts, D. E. and M. Baker, E. M. Barber, G. and M. Peellaert, C. and J. Whitehead, E. and M. Durlacher, N. Ambrose, G. Lyons, K. and N. Williams E. Finaly, L. von Stempel, R. Fiori, E. R. Craske, K., A. S., and E. M. Brown, B. Harrington, A. D. Gordon, M. Freeman, M. Mac-kinlay, G. Sanger-Davies, L. Pedder, D. Bennett, L. E. Davies, H. M. Whipp, E. Surridge, G. Benson, M. Allen, D. Silverston, H. Farmery, M. Ingham, J. Streater, D. Downes, J. and L. Low, H. Orme, M. Attenborough, M. Le Verdier, W. Godfrey, E., P. and V. Bryden, G. Vivian, M. and J. Hardisty, M. Butcher, M. Runk, M. Earl, H. Marshall, V. Borton, I. Treadwell, D. Dakin, K. Saunders, C. Stephens, E. Dods, E. Teversham, L. Dawnay, A. J. Ellis, D. and E. Jessop, A. Cooper, M. Castier, K. Johnson, B. Jull, D. and E. Beaumont, J. Dickinson, D. Higgs, E. Phillips, N. Ambrose, L. G. Duke, K. Clifford, J. A. Taff, D. Hammett, S. Boulton, K. d'Alton, E. and I. Clarke, H. Gray, A. Stalker, E. Sturges, E. Lockwood, K. Atkins, G. Goodall, G. May, C. Boulton, E. Osborn, F. A. Bradley, I. M. Scott, D. and M. Bayliss, W. Jackson, E. Seth-Smith, E. Amphlett, E. Gedge, D. Cole, M. Devereux, J. Ross, A. and J. Clive, I. E. Tocher, J. Wright, A. McCreery, G. Pool, E. S. and M. Watson, E. Brown, E. Woodman, D. Sackville, A. Hodgkin-son, A. Soto, K. Buske, I. M. Smith, V. Hayward, F. Turney, W. Chave, W. Best, Q. Latham, A. Klaje, E. Lockyer, M. Griffiths, E. and K. S. Sutherland, F. F. Kipping, B. Greene, E. Brown, W. Dale, G. Isaac, E. M. West, D. and I. Young, K. Green, K. Hille, R. M. Henry, H. Craggs, G. Boome, L. Leatham, T. C. Hartley, I. Campbell-Hickie, E. Macgregor, A. B. Turner, E. Wilton, D. Clark, A. Satter, R. Blden, V. Isaac, Q. Farrington, I. Butcher, M. Clemens, M. Andrewes, R. vom Saal, H. Herapath, G. Bourne, F. Bowes, C. Stephens, H. D. H. Bell, H. Farmery, W. Corbett, I. Edwards, E. and M. Earl, W. Robinson, E. Paterson, N. Craven, M. Mackintosh, B. W. Bartram, F. Lane, M. Freeman, H. S. Palmer, E. Shaw, B. Murray, J. Savill, N. Lewis, E. M. Sayers, E. Cross, C. Bassett, F. Pearce, M. Mansbridge, N. Mills, E. Goodlass, H. and A. Ritchie, B. Hardwicke, E. Dun', M. Hanson, H. Harrington, P. May, F. Bentley, L. Finlay, H. Foden, P. Villemer, B. Mawson, A. Marzials, M. Butcher, M. Hanson, N. Green.

## ANSWERS TO OUR LITTLE FOLKS' OWN PUZZLES (Vol. LII., p. 474).

### BURIED NAMES OF TOWNS IN BELGIUM.

Spa. Mons. Charleroi. Arlon.  
Namur. Dinant. Ostende. Roche-  
fort. Liège. Malines.

### TRIPLE RIDDLE-ME-REE.

ZENOBI. BARBARA. REBECCA.

### MISSING LETTER PUZZLE.

Sunflower. Hollyhock. Sweet Pea.  
Marguerite. Arum Lily. Carnation.  
Canterbury Bell. Violet.

### TRANSPPOSITION PUZZLE.

PATMOS.

1. Portugal. 2. Albert. 3. Tiger.  
4. Missesippi. 5. Orange. 6. Smyrna.

### RIDDLE-ME-REE.

TRIENSTIN.

### TRANSPPOSITION PUZZLE.

ORLEANS.

1. Otter. 2. Russia. 3. Lobster.  
4. Edward. 5. Alcohol. 6. Nightin-  
gale. 7. Sofa.

## OUR LITTLE FOLKS' OWN PUZZLES.

### NUMERICAL PUZZLE.

MY 12, 10, 9 is a thing to catch fish in.

My 9, 7, 5 is a boy's name.

My 9, 11, 5, 4 is a part of the day.

My 5, 11, 8, 9, is a herb.

My 2, 11, 7, 8 is an animal.

My 6, 2, 3 is a girl's name.

My 4, 10, 2 is a fish.

My 9, 10, 12 is a number.

My 9, 7, 10 is a part of the foot.

My 6, 7, 10 is an enemy.

My 6, 11, 9 is an illness.

My 11, 9 is a pronoun.

My whole is a well-known place in Africa.

42, *Dolingbroke Grove*, N. HAMER (16½).  
*Wandsworth Common, S.W.*

### A "LITTLE FOLKS" STORY PUZZLE.

THE jumbled words are LITTLE FOLKS serials.

One day I went out for a walk with "Smoa" (1); he and I wore "yplamsea" (2), and we were "a rapi fo keplisc" (3); he lived in "hte tenx rodo sohue" (4). We went to see "Sabli Yelkerb" (5), who told us "het late fo a matrobu" (6). After that we went "yobedn het lebu tmosunnia" (7), where we saw "a lesl lidwlo yafmli" (8), who wore "nurngin yawa ot losoch" (9); we only stayed to have a game of "dinbig dan kesigen" (10), as they were trying to find out "hte retsee fo Glerygni rotows" (11). On our way home we had "a cera tihw tehda" (12), and were rescued by "luckpy xre" (13). He told us of "Boyt's rospmie" (14) to be "rust ot sih locuosr" (15), and after seeing "telitl sims xivne" (16), who lived with her brothers, "lal ni a saclet rafi" (17), we returned home to "het sohue yb hte moro" (18).

CARRIE INGHAM (15).

*The Lincens, Highwee',  
Newton Abbot, Devon.*

### IRENE.

DO you see this-picture ?

It's meant to be me :

I'm wearing my best

Hat and coat, you see.

The hoop and the stick

In the picture you see

Belonged to the man

Who photographed me.

But I liked them so much

(I look pleased, you will  
own)

That I made Mother buy  
me

A hoop of my own.



Irene.

# STAMP, POSTCARD, AND CORRESPONDENCE COLUMNS.

## STAMPS.

DOROTHY CORNER, Wolverton, Shorwell, I. of Wight; DORIS BALDWIN, Park Road, Auckland, New Zealand; WINIFRED ATTRILL, Hanover House, George Street, Ryde, I. of Wight; GERMAIN GABIN DE COCONATO, 17, Place St. Dominique, Nice, Alpes Maritimes, France (stamps, crests, and monograms); HENRIETTE GABIN DE COCONATO, same address; MAIDIE ELPHINSTONE, Pine Wood, Bagshot, Surrey (Norwegian, French, and other stamps for Canadian, Newfoundland, and West Indian); GLADYS M. VIVIAN, 35, Rua Alegre, Foz do Douro, Porto, Portugal (wanting Newfoundland, Bahamas, Bermuda, Barbadoes, Chili, Transvaal, and Orange River Colony); MAUD WYLDE, Royal Marine Barracks, Chatham (also illustrated postcards for foreign ones with stamp on, or one illustrated postcard for three stamps); ELSIE BIGGS, Station Street, Camberwell, Victoria, Australia (Australasian stamps or postcards for foreign stamps or postcards); NORAH AMBROSE, The Croft, Loughton, Essex (stamps and postcards with collectors in British and French colonies); BEATRICE GUBBINS, Kiwitahi, Auckland, New Zealand (stamps, not those in most common use from Bavaria, Baden, Denmark, Finland, Gibraltar, Greece, Holland, Hungary, Luxembourg, Malta, Monaco, Montenegro, Norway, Russia, Roumania, Sweden, Turkey, Wurtemberg, Asia, Africa, Central and South America, in exchange for New Zealand, Australian, and uncommon English ones; also postmarks for stamps from above countries); JAS RUTHER, Boordcrua, Port Fairy, Victoria, Australia (French, German, and Russian for Australian stamps); ERIC SMITH, 296, Dalston Lane, London, N.E. (with collectors in Asia and Africa); CHARLES CHAPLIN, British Vice-Consulate, Paysandu, Uruguay (Uruguayan or Argentine stamps for those of French, Spanish, or Portuguese colonies, German Empire, Liberia, or Oceania); LILIAN JOHNSON, The Rectory, Chapel St. Mary, Ipswich (postmarks); EDITH PATCH, The Rectory, Winchelsea, Sussex (crests and coloured advertisements); MARJORIE HUMPRAY, Black Bridge, Hutt, Wellington, New Zealand; DOROTHY FORSTER, Malverleys, Newbury, Berks (Indian, United States, and German stamps for Canadian and Spanish); MARIE THERESE HUSZAR, Szasz Regis, Abafaja, Hungary (American, Australian, and all English colonial stamps); MARGARET MANN, Rodney House, Frowbridge, West Wilts (postmarks); HENRY WRIGLEY, 76, Bishopthorpe Road, York (stamps with boys in South Africa and South America); FELIX COOK, Stanhoe, Lynn, Norfolk (good story books for stamps or birds' eggs); DOROTHY CLIFFORD, The Rectory, Colne, Lancs. (English stamps for foreign); S. P. RICHES, 17, Lyndhurst Road, Camberwell; NANCY JOHNSON, Orua Wharo, Takapanu, Hawke's Bay, New Zealand (stamps for stamps or postmarks for stamps); KATHERINE FITZGERALD, 13, Hobson Street, Wellington, New Zealand; TOM FITZGERALD, same address; CECIL HEWITT, 58, Oimmaney Road, New Cross, S.E. (with anyone in Jamaica or Tasmania); MISS JUDG, East Halsey, Newbury, Berks (with foreigners, beginners preferred); ADELINA ROBERTS, 273, Stanley Street, Montreal, Canada.

## POSTCARDS.

SAMIEH M. NEDIM (Miss), Vanikeny, Bosphorus, Constantinople; ALEXANDER RAE, Raeburn, Castle Hill Crescent, Hamilton; JESSIE RAE, same address (from everywhere but Scotland); FREDDIE TOM SAAL, 6030, Overbrook Avenue, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, U.S.A.; M. E. M. MILNER, Totley Hall, Sheffield; MARIA RICART, Disputacion 443, Barcelona, Spain (with girls in

India, Japan, Russia, Germany, Norway, Sweden, Italy, Turkey, France, or America); AGNES HODGKINSON, 17, St. James's Avenue, Brighton (from everywhere, particularly from Asia, Africa, Newfoundland, Portugal, India, Egypt, Greece, and Palestine); SUZANNE HAVENITH, Heleneveld, Contich, near Antwerp (with foreign girls, especially French, not living in Belgium); HELEZ TCHITCHERINE, 38, High Street, Tamboff, Russia; JEANIE BELFRAGE, Durham House, Portobello, Mid Lothian (with readers in England, Scotland, France, Germany, Russia, Italy, Austria, America, Australia, New Zealand, also stamps for postcards); DAISY HIGGS, Sussex Lodge, 19, Binfield Road, Clapham (with girls in Scotland and Ireland); K. VIVIAN EDWARDS, The Court, Axbridge, Somerset (wishes to change 350 green and 950 red half-penny English stamps for pennies [50 pennies not soaked off for every 100 halfpennies]); ERIC SMITH, 296, Dalston Lane, London, N.E.; LOUISE OSBORNE, Ivy House, Ashbourne, Derbyshire (cards of Ashbourne neighbourhood with girls living out of England); ISABEL TACHDJIAN, 115, Grande Rue de Pera, Constantinople; A. ADAMS, Hanover House, Ryde, Isle of Wight (especially with girls abroad and in Ireland and Scotland); SOPHIA PINTA BASTO, Quinta do Palyart, Villa Franca de Xira, Portugal; SUZANNE SALLE, 29, Rue Chanzy, La Roche, s/yon, Vendée, France (p.c.'s Paris Exhibition and local, for picture postcards of British colonies and America); N. A. HERRING, Kessingland Grove, Lowestoft (unwritten-on postcards); C. M. HERRING, same address (written-on postcards with foreign readers); C. DYSON, Barney Rectory, Beccles; ELSA MAY, 278, Stanley Street, Montreal, Canada (Canadian postcards for crests, monograms, or pictures of animals). ANNE DE HEYDER cannot continue to exchange postcards.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

ALBERTA PHILLIPS, 55, Kenilworth Road, Cadroxton, Barry, South Wales (with any boy or girl reader, living abroad, aged 10-18); MILLICENT RYSDALE, 23, Market Place, Boston (with French girl of 15); MARIETTA RONSPIRGER, I. Hohenstaufengasse 2, Vienna, Austria (with American or English boy, 18-15); ELLA DRUMMOND, Sandon, Dumfriesshire, N.B. (with English boy or girl, 14-16); DAISY LEWIS, Ty Maen, Oswestry, Salop (with English boy or girl, 11-13); DOROTHY STUART BROWNE, 26, Gildredge Road, Eastbourne (with English or Scotch girl, 10-13); NICOLA THOMAS, Grandsdale, Mont., U.S.A. (with E. CROWTHER, Huddersfield); GWEN YOUTELL, The Firs, Ormesby, Great Yarmouth (with girl of 10-12); WINIFRED MAY SMITH, 24, Gladstone Place, Aberdeen, Scotland (with girls of 13-16); VIOLA BAWTREE, Clapham Lodge, Sutton, Surrey (with English girl or English-speaking Spanish or Portuguese girl of 17); LYDIE BALABANOFF, Glinka Street 1, Petersburg, Russia; HENRY WRIGLEY, 76, Bishopthorpe Road, York (with boys in South Africa and South America); NESTA LEWIS, Ty Maen, Oswestry, Shropshire (with English girl of 10 or 11); FRANÇOISE GCELLIOT, 9, Rue du Marc, Reims, Marne, France (with girl [not French] of 16).

## NOTICE.

NORAH AMBROSE, The Croft, Loughton, Essex, has November, 1900, number and the March, 1899, number of LITTLE FOLKS. If any readers want either of these two numbers, will they kindly write to her?—MAY BUTCHER, c/o Maj. H. T. Butcher, R.G.A., Upper Colaba, Bombay, India, offers any reader six foreign stamps in return for the December, 1899, number of LITTLE FOLKS.

# Home, Foreign, and Colonial Competition.

## AWARD OF PRIZES.

### I.—"WILL HE BITE?"

FIRST DIVISION. *Half-guinea Book*: MARJORIE FERGUSON (16); 5, Bedford Place, Croydon. *Seven-and-sixpenny Book*: AUDREY E. FOLL (15), Abberley, Stourport. *Five-shilling Book*: EILEEN HYNES (14), 21, Hamilton Road, Ealing, W. *Half-crown Books*: MINNIE DEVINE (14), Mountain View, Outtrim, S. Gippsland, Victoria, Australia; LILIAN CLARKE (14), 131, Milton Road, Gravesend; KATHLEEN LESLIE (14), Witte Klip Cottage, Military Reserve, Port Elizabeth, Cape Colony; STELLA COURTENAY DAWSON (14),

c/o Misses Thomson and Spragge, Mecklenburg House, Putney Hill, S.W.; COUNTESS HANNA STRACHWITZ (16), Mamling, Post Minning, Innkreis, Upper Austria; MABEL BAYLISS (15), 126, Tufnell Park Road, N. *Honourable Mention*: MARJORIE SCHÖN (14), Greenwood, British Columbia; NETTA MURDOCH (14), 63, Dalziel Drive, Follockshields, Glasgow; ALICE SKINNER (15), 22, Bramshill Gardens, Dartmouth Park Hill, N.W.; ROMOLA GOULD (15), 41, Lower Hastings Street, Leicester.

**SECOND DIVISION.** *Half-guinea Book*: MAY BUTCHER (13), c/o Major H. T. Butcher, R.A., Upper Colaba, Bombay. *Seven-and-sixpenny Book*: CLARE HERRICK (13), Long Street, Wotton-under-Edge, Glos. *Five-shilling Book*: FRANCISCA BLAAUW (12), Oostende 27, Amsterdam, Holland. *Half-crown Books*: VIOLET BORTON (13), The Cedars, Long Cross, Chertsey, Surrey; HILDA LLOYD (13), Jhanjhapore, Tirhoot, Behar; E. RACHAEL CRASKE (13), The Manor, Borstal, Rochester; MURIEL THOMSON (13), Norman House, Brown's Town, St. Ann's, Jamaica; GLADYS MIALI SMITH (12), Dartmouth Park Lodge, Dartmouth Park Avenue, N.W.; KATHLEEN ANDERSON (12½), 9, Carlisle Terrace, Plymouth. *Honourable Mention*: INÈS RAVERAT (10½), 29, Rue Felix Faure, Havre; PHYLLIS MATTINGLY (11), The Chestnuts, Great Cornard, Sudbury, Suffolk; MARY COHN (13), 9, Hindersin Strasse, Berlin; DOROTHY THOMSON (13½), 5, Brooklands Avenue, Uddington West, near Glasgow; GLADYS VIVIAN (11), 35, Rua Alegre, Foz do Douro, Porto, Portugal; JESSIE HUGHES (12), Clarence Villa, Pontypool, Mon.; RHODA RENNIE (12), 21, Gow Street, Balmain, Sydney, N.S.W.

**THIRD DIVISION.** *Half-guinea Book*: LILIAN MATTINGLY (9), The Chestnuts, Great Cornard, Sudbury. *Seven-and-sixpenny Book*: MARY DEMBINSKA (7), Gory p. Pinczów, Russian Poland. *Five-shilling Book*: MARGARET BARTLETT (9), 36, Colberg Place, Stamford Hill, N. *Half-crown Books*: PETER STATHATOS (9), c/o Constantine Stathatos, Esq., Steamship owner, Braila, Roumania; MAYDAY METCALF (7), 57, Weaste Road, Manchester; BARONESS VERA VON REINHARDT (9), Altonaer Strasse, 6, Hansaplatz, Berlin; EVA NIX (8½), 6, Terminus Road, Eastbourne; MARJORIE DUKE (8), Newton Arbriol, Arbroath, Scotland; GLADYS WARREN (8), 17, Welbeck Mansions, Inglewood Road, W. Hampstead. *Honourable Mention*: CECIL MATTINGLY (7), The Chestnuts, Great Cornard, Sudbury, Suffolk.

## II.—“THE COMBINED SERVICES.”

**FIRST DIVISION.** *Half-guinea Book*: JOHN MOWAT (15½), 30, Belmont Gardens, Hillhead, Glasgow West.

*Seven-and-sixpenny Book*: RUTH PARISH (14), Holy Trinity Vicarage, Gateshead-on-Tyne. *Five-shilling Book*: EVELYN LOYD (15), Amwell Grove, Ware, Herts. *Half-crown Books*: ARMÉE LINTON (14), 13, Elmbourne Road, Upper Tooting, S.W.; DIANA WILSON (14), The Green, Sherborne, Dorset; NANCY KNIGHT (16) and DAISY KNIGHT (14), Royal Southampton Yacht Club, Southampton; GWEN GOODALL (14), 7, Stanley Crescent, Kensington Park Gardens, W.; MARY LANG (14), Christ Church Vicarage, N. Finchley.

**SECOND DIVISION.** *Half-guinea Book*: EVELYN OLVER FOSTER (12½), 1509, Federal Street, Allegheny, Pa., U.S.A. *Seven-and-sixpenny Book*: MONICA GIBBY (13), The Dene, Ware, Herts. *Five-shilling Book*: XENIA RATTNER (11), Rue Spasskaia, M 7 log. 4, St. Petersburg. *Half-crown Books*: GORDON L. DEVINE (12), Outtrim, S. Gippsland, Victoria, Australia; PHYLLIS PRESTON (12), Bradestone House, Brundall, near Norwich; MELITA A. MAY (13½), Abbey Mount, Belvedere, Kent; TEDDIE HOUSTOUN (11), Hillcrest, Cambridge Drive, Kelvinside, Glasgow; ELEANOR F. MARK (10), 6, Netherwood Terrace, Natal Road, Streatham, S.W.; A. MARJORIE HUTCHINSON (11½), Elderslie, Prestwich, Manchester. *Honourable Mention*: DOROTHY WHITTINGHAM (13), Hurstcroft, Freta Road, Bexley Heath; BETTY COLFOX (11), Coneygar, Bridport, Dorset.

**THIRD DIVISION.** *Half-guinea Book*: EFFIE WRIGHT (9½), Dornock Manse, Annan, N.B. *Seven-and-sixpenny Book*: PHILIP BENNETT (8), 48, Wheelays Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham. *Five-shilling Book*: ETHEL RAWLS (8), 90, Melody Road, Wandsworth Common, S.W.; GRACIE MANTACH (9), 2, Market Street East, South Melbourne, Victoria, Australia. Other prizes not awarded—three being only three entries.

*Note.*—All prize-winners receive, in addition to their prizes, Officers' Medals of the LITTLE FOLKS Legion of Honour. Those who have won Honourable Mention receive Members' Medals.



THE PLUM-PUDDING PROCESSION.



[Note.—Questions of general interest only can be dealt with in this column. Correspondents must not expect early answers to their questions; some time must necessarily elapse before the poor Editor can tackle all the queries.]

*Hester Marshall*.—1. If you have a question answered in this column, it does not count in the award for the Silver Medal. 2. Do I think it would be possible to have a Photography Competition? Well, I don't see my way to it at present. Perhaps we may later on.

*Edith Watson* writes:—"Don't you think a Poetry Competition would be very nice?" It depends on the poetry. But we'll try it some day.

*Countess Hanna Strachwitz*.—I am very much afraid I must give the same answer that I gave to A. Hodgkinson some time ago. I don't see how I can fairly extend the age limit. But I hope you'll continue to take an interest in us until you are at least 100.

*H. Dorothy Bell* (Cleeve House, Melksham, Wilts) wants to know if any LITTLE FOLKS reader can suggest a name for a baby rabbit. Please answer to her direct. I suggest Bunce. When you answer a question write to the person direct, if the address is given.

*Carrie Ingham*.—No, those readers who are fortunate enough to have their questions answered in this column don't get a memorandum book or medal or anything. They just get the answer. I don't take photographs myself, but I'm very good at skittles.

*Linda Rutherford* writes from Australia asking me to lengthen the dates for competitions. I am afraid that I cannot do more than is done already; some of our readers, I know, complain because we are such a long time in announcing results. We do sometimes have specially long dates for those living in the colonies.

*Kate Gatenoy*.—See answer to Linda Rutherford above.

*Bernard Jull* (Staplehurst, Kent) writes:—"Would any readers of LITTLE FOLKS like to buy silkworms' eggs (2d. a hundred), postage 1d. extra?"

## SOME CHARMING BOOKS.

READERS OF LITTLE FOLKS will hail with delight the volume of stories entitled "Tales Told in the Zoo," by F. C. Gould. They will recognise several old friends—"Gottling the Blackbird," "The Wheatear," "The Peewit," etc.—but there are many others with whom they should become acquainted at once; they are well worth knowing. "The Two Pools" is a pretty little story about Sticklebacks and Trout and Princess Noracarina, and all the rest of them. It is illustrated by the author, and should prove very popular. These are both published by Mr. Fisher Unwin. From Mr. George Allen come three pretty books for young people. "Barbara's Song Book" is perfectly delightful. Miss Hartog's little songs are just the right kind of thing, and very good music, too; all musical Little Folks should get this volume. "Old English Games," by Alice B. Gomme, is very dainty; and "The Child's Picture Grammar," by S. R. Praeger, is most amusing.

*Gwen Youell*.—No, there are no prizes given for correct answers to puzzles appearing in LITTLE FOLKS.

*Annie Forster*.—Certainly, all letters should be certified as original and unaided, and it is much better if they are written on one side of the paper only.

*Connie Presse* (11, Church Street, Colchester) wishes LITTLE FOLKS readers to write to her about their pets.

*Bertha Ledbrook* (Post Office, Fairbourne, near Dolgelly, N. Wales) writes:—"What must I do to my canary—he does not sing at all." Can any reader advise?

*Dorothy Baker and Gladys May*.—See answer to Gwen Youell above.

*Tommy Tucker*.—1. No. I don't think it would be at all a good plan to offer money prizes. 2. No; one reader cannot win more than one bicycle, but may get an extra prize.

*F. E. C. Marshall*.—Many thanks for your letter. I am sorry you do not like the boys in the stories you name. Don't you think you are a little severe upon girls? I don't think that, even if I did print your letter, you would be overwhelmed by an "avalanche of young ladies," as you seem to think. Most girls would smile and take no notice of it. You know there are other things in the world besides "footer."

*Frieda Kipping* (23, Mansfield Gr., Notts) would be glad if any one would tell her anything about cricket.

*Di Wilson* suggests a Painting Competition. Look in the Special Competitions for 1901, Di.

*Agnes Hodgkinson*.—I'm afraid your suggestion about paying for the insertion of notices in the Stamp and Postcard column, after you have passed the age limit, cannot be carried out. I shall always be glad to put in any notice of yours.

*Evelyn Kirk*.—Owing to limitations of space, I am obliged to make a very strict rule never to insert stories, poems, or drawings by any youthful reader. So it is of no use to send them up.

*Anfont*.—Many thanks. I am afraid I could not find room for the story.

*Dorothy Aitken*.—See page 1 of this number.



# AWARD OF PRIZES IN THE 1900 SPECIAL COMPETITIONS.

**THE** Editor prints below the Award of Prizes in the Seven SPECIAL COMPETITIONS for 1900. In order that all readers, young and old, might have equal opportunities of success, these Competitions were each arranged in THREE DIVISIONS—namely, the FIRST DIVISION, for those of the ages of 14, 15, and 16; the SECOND DIVISION, for those of the ages of 10, 11, 12, and 13; and the THIRD DIVISION, for those under 10. The number and value of the Prizes awarded are indicated in the list. It will be seen that several Extra Prizes have been given. All Prize-winners receive, in addition to their Prizes, Officers' Medals of the LITTLE FOLKS Legion of Honour; and all Competitors Honourably Mentioned receive Certificates of Merit.

## COMPETITION I.

### Essay—"How to Bring Up Children."

#### FIRST DIVISION.

*First Prize* (One Guinea Book).—Greta Milsom (15), Ardleigh, Craven Road, Reading. *Second Prize* (Half-Guinea Book).—Audrey Mason (11), Necton Hall, Swaffham, Norfolk. *Third Prize* (Seven-and-Sixpenny Book).—Amy Fenwicke-Clennell (15), Harbottle Castle, Rothbury, Northumberland. *Fourth Prize* (Five-Shilling Book).—Phyllis Green (14), Aldhurst, Leigham Court Road West, Streatham, S.W. *Honourable Mention*.—Gladys M. Wrigley (14), 76, Bishopthorpe Road, York; Gladys Burrell (14), 115, High Street, Portsmouth; Isabel Burgess (14), 43, Nicoll Road, Harlesden, N.W.; Dora Sansum (15), Anwell House, 72, Mount Pleasant Lane, Upper Clapton; Countess Hanna Strachwitz (16), Mamling, Post Minning, Innkreis, Upper Austria.

#### SECOND DIVISION.

*First Prize* (One-Guinea Book).—Mollie Houstoun (13), Hillcrest, Cambridge Drive, Kelvinside, Glasgow. *Second Prize* (Half-Guinea Book).—Daisy Peck (12), Glebe Cottage, Virginia Water, Surrey. *Third Prize* (Seven-and-Sixpenny Book).—Jean Montgomery (10), Nether Hall, Castle Douglas, Scotland. *Fourth Prize* (Five-Shilling Book).—Nora Pyemont (12), Oxford Lodge, Ryde, Isle of Wight. *Honourable Mention*.—Marjorie Moore (10), Parkside, Chisholm Road, Richmond; Frances Petty (11), Lingsted, Crosshills, near Kelghley, Yorks; Dorothy Burford (10), Ivydene, College Road, Bromsgrove, Worcs.

#### THIRD DIVISION.

*First Prize* (One-Guinea Book).—Florence Sutton (9), Westford, Knollys Road, Streatham, S.W. *Second Prize* (Half-Guinea Book).—Doris Neales (6), Crafnant School, Buckhurst Hill. *Third Prize* (Seven-and-Sixpenny Book).—Marjorie Duke (8), 4, Ellice Place, St. Andrews, N.B. *Fourth Prize* (Five-Shilling Book).—Hettie Heymann (7), Taunentzplatz 7, Breslau, Germany. *Honourable Mention*.—Violet King (9), 5, Old Steine, Brighton.

## COMPETITION II.—DOLLS.

#### FIRST DIVISION.

*First Prize* (Two-Guinea Doll).—Elsie Farmer (15), Brambletye, Nassington Road, Hampstead. *Second Prize* (One-Guinea Doll).—Mabel Hanson (14), Claremont, Elm Road, Wembley. *Third Prize* (Half-Guinea Doll).—Sophie Ralli (14), 10, Avenue Henri Martin, Paris. *Fourth and Fifth Prizes* (Seven-and-Sixpenny Dolls).—Mary Barnitt (14), 49, Alderley Road, Hoylake, Cheshire; Beatrice Gubbins (16), Kiwitahi, Auckland, New Zealand.

#### SECOND DIVISION.

*First Prize* (Two-Guinea Doll).—Mildred Meinhardt (13), Rose Bank, Sydenham Hill Road, Sydenham. *Second Prize* (One-Guinea Doll).—Mary Lobjoit (13), Heston Farm, near Hounslow. *Third Prize* (Half-Guinea Doll).—Gladys Sanger-Davies (12), Gensing Manor, St. Leonards-on-Sea. *Fourth and Fifth Prizes* (Seven-and-Sixpenny Dolls).—Queenie Farrington (13), 23, South Terrace, Cork; Nora Cowper (13), The Close, Ednaston, Derby. *Extra Prizes* (Five-Shilling Dolls).—Mollie Houstoun (13), Hillcrest, Cambridge Drive, Glasgow; Dorothy Piggott (12), Crafnant, Buckhurst Hill. *Honourable Mention*.—Maunie Adler (12), Obertresen, Austria; Nellie Lockhart (13), Hawthornden, W. Didsbury; Winnie Farmer (13), Brambletye, Nassington Road, W. Hampstead.

#### THIRD DIVISION.

*First Prize* (Two-Guinea Doll).—Florence Sutton (9), Westford, Knollys Road, Streatham. *Second Prize* (One-Guinea Doll).—Margaret McVey (6), 3, Linwood Terrace, Glasgow. *Third Prize* (Half-Guinea Doll).—Leebie Duffus (5), Crafnant, Buckhurst Hill. *Fourth Prize* (Seven-and-Sixpenny Doll).—Dorothy Shepherd (8), Cranleigh, Eudleigh Gardens, Surbiton. *Honourable Mention*.—Marjorie Wheeler (6), Hampton Court Road, Hampton Wick; Hattie Jenkins (9), Blenheim, New Zealand.

## COMPETITION III.—TOYS.

#### FIRST DIVISION.

*First Prize* (Two-Guinea Watch).—Marie de Beaufort (16), Molenbosch, Zeist, Holland. *Second Prize* (One-Guinea Toy).—May Butcher (14), c/o Major H. T. Butcher, R.A., c/o Messrs. Grindley, Groom & Co., Bankers, The Fort, Bombay. *Third Prize* (Fifteen-Shilling Toy).—Nigel de Grey (14), Brympton, Yeovil. *Fourth Prize* (Half-Guinea Toy).—Violet Legge (15), 71, Murray Street, Georgetown, Demerara, British Guiana. *Fifth Prize* (Seven-and-Sixpenny Toy).—Lilla Shadbolt (15), Crafnant, Buckhurst Hill. *Honourable Mention*.—Evelyn Loyd (15), Albys, Romford, Essex; Frances Sullivan (15), 8, Richmond Hill, Bournemouth.

#### SECOND DIVISION.

*First Prize* (Two-Guinea Watch).—Christina Hiles (12), 1, Melrose Terrace, Kate Lane, Liscard, Cheshire. *Second Prize* (One-Guinea Toy).—Amy van Beneden (13), 59, Quai des Pecheurs, Liege, Belgium. *Third Prize* (Fifteen-Shilling Toy).—Dorothy Piggott (12), Crafnant, Buckhurst Hill. *Fourth Prize* (Half-Guinea Toy).—Katie Steane (12), Moor Cottage, Earlsdon, Coventry. *Fifth Prize* (Seven-and-Sixpenny Toy).—Irene Tocher (10), Beechgrove, Melrose, N.B. *Honourable Mention*.—Arthur Neales (10), Crafnant, Buckhurst Hill; Ada Coombe (13), 73, Woolwich Road, E. Greenwich.

#### THIRD DIVISION.

*First Prize* (One-Guinea Toy).—Muriel Hall (6), Crafnant, Buckhurst Hill. *Second Prize* (Fifteen-Shilling Toy).—Gwendolen Beach Campbell (9), The Beeches, Suffolk Square, Cheltenham. *Third Prize* (Half-Guinea Toy).—Morgan Sanger-Davies (4), Gensing Manor, St. Leonards-on-Sea. *Fourth Prize* (Seven-and-Sixpenny Toy).—Duncan Gillies (5), Crafnant, Buckhurst Hill. *Honourable Mention*.—Allan Bateman (5), Crafnant, Buckhurst Hill; Hazel Busby (6), Yoxford Board School, Suffolk.

## COMPETITION IV.—SCRAP ALBUMS.

#### FIRST DIVISION.

*First Prize* (One-Guinea Album).—Maude Hanson (16), Claremont, Elm Road, Wembley. *Second Prize* (Half-Guinea Album).—Muriel Ward (14), Holcombe Vicarage, Wellington, Somerset. *Third Prize* (Seven-and-Sixpenny Album).—Gladys Barrell (14), 115, High Street, Portsmouth. *Extra Prize* (Five-Shilling Album).—Gladys Wrigley (14), 76, Bishopthorpe Road, York.

#### SECOND DIVISION.

*First Prize* (One-Guinea Album).—Marjorie Neame (10), c/o Miss Ackery, Elmhyrst, Westgate-on-Sea. *Second Prize* (Half-Guinea Album).—Gladys Burt (11), 7, Highbury Grove, Highbury New Park, N. *Third Prize* (Seven-and-Sixpenny Album).—Ruth Lang (12), Christchurch Vicarage, N. Finchley, N. *Honourable Mention*.—George Coates (10), Crafnant, Buckhurst Hill; Gertie Lee (12), Adrienne Villa, St. George's Road, Forty Hill, Enfield; Mildred Meluhardt (13), Rose Bank, Sydenham Hill Road, Sydenham.

#### THIRD DIVISION.

*First Prize* (Half-Guinea Album).—Henry Wrigley (9), 76, Bishopthorpe Road, York. *Second Prize* (Seven-and-Sixpenny Album).—Leslie Meinhardt (6), Rose Bank, Sydenham Hill Road, Sydenham. *Third Prize* (Five-Shilling Album).—Edmondo Edinann (6), Praia da Granja, Portugal. *Honourable Mention*.—Alice Swift Dagge (8), Praia da Granja, Portugal; Doris Lewis (9), Benenden, Carlisle Road, Eastbourne; May Hall (4), Crafnant, Buckhurst Hill; Duncan Gillies (5), same address; Tata Gloukhoff (8), Brians, Government Orel, Russia.

## COMPETITION V.—COOKERY.

#### FIRST DIVISION.

*First Prize* (One-Guinea Book).—Mary Kathleen Freer (15), Kitebrook, Moreton-in-the-Marsh. *Second Prize* (Half-Guinea Book).—Elfrida Hopkins (16), 5, Mill Bank Terrace, Bishopthorpe Road, York. *Third Prize* (Seven-and-Sixpenny Book).—Selina Bridgeman (14), Neachley, Shifnal, Salop. *Fourth Prize* (Five-Shilling Book).—

Nancy Leslie (14), The Lodge, Old Hunstanton, Norfolk. *Honourable Mention*.—Florence Osborn (14), Ivy House, Ashbourne.

#### SECOND DIVISION.

*First Prize* (One-Guinea Book).—Edith Hopkins (11), 5, Mill Bank Terraces, York. *Second Prize* (Half-Guinea Book).—Kathleen Onions (12), Bleak House, Willenhall Road, Bilston. *Third Prize* (Seven-and-Sixpenny Book).—George Schack-Sommer (10), The Cottage, Worsley, near Manchester. *Fourth Prize* (Five-Shilling Book).—Katie Steane (12), Moor Cottage, Earlsdon, Coventry. *Honourable Mention*.—Nellie Craven (13), Ashleigh, Selborne Grove, Bradford, Yorks; Vera Carter (12), 97, Salisbury Road, High Barnet.

#### THIRD DIVISION.

*First Prize* (Half-Guinea Book).—Leonard Hirst (5), Crafnant School, Buckhurst Hill. *Second Prize* (Seven-and-Sixpenny Book).—Florence Sutton (9), Westford, Knollys Road, Streatham. *Third Prize* not awarded.

#### COMPETITION VI.—KNITTED ARTICLES.

##### FIRST DIVISION.

*First Prize* (One-Guinea Shawl).—Evelyn Loyd (15), Albans, Romford, Essex. *Second Prize* (Half-Guinea Shawl).—Bessie Steane (16), Moor Cottage, Earlsdon, Coventry. *Third Prize* (Seven-and-Sixpenny Shawl).—Louisa Say Inicta Villa, Howley, near Dartford. *Fourth Prize* (Five-Shilling Shawl).—Trixie Piggott (16), Crafnant, Buckhurst Hill. *Honourable Mention*.—Minnie Devine (15), Outtrim, S. Gippsland, Victoria, Australia.

##### SECOND DIVISION.

*First Prize* (One-Guinea Shawl).—Blanche Piggott (10), Crafnant, Buckhurst Hill. *Second Prize* (Half-Guinea Shawl).—Edith Dobson (12), 222, High Street, S. Wimbledon. *Third Prize* (Seven-and-Sixpenny Shawl).—Eve Busby (12), Yoxford Board School, Suffolk. *Fourth Prize* (Five-Shilling Shawl).—Amy van Beneden (13), 50, Quai des Pecheurs, Liège, Belgium. *Honourable Mention*.—Winnie Clark (11), G.W.R. Crossing, Bradford, Taunton; Alfred Busby (13), Yoxford Board School, Suffolk; Dorothy Dannon (10), 46, Marylebone Lane, W.

## OUR LITTLE FOLKS' OWN

*Ashburnham, Shortlands.*

MY DEAR CHILDREN.—I have to thank you very much indeed for the kind way in which you have answered my request for shells for East-end children. From early in August until a few days ago boxes of all sizes have been arriving, and it has given us the greatest pleasure here to open and go over them all.

All sorts of kind letters and messages were sent too, and, with one exception, the shells were well and carefully packed, some being separately wrapped in wadding.

Several little girls were thoughtful enough to make nice little bags for their shells. Muriel Robins made twelve very pretty ones, for all of which I am very much obliged. One little girl made a charming little necklace of very tiny shells. If any of you take in the *Mansfield House Magazine* you will like to know that this pretty necklace is going to be sent to the little "Martina" who is mentioned in the July number. And it is to children connected with Mansfield House, Canning Town, that most of the shells will be sent.

I have four little girls living with me who will help to make the bags, and if any of you would like to help further by making some too, may I say that they should be about 4 inches by 5 inches when finished—with a hem at the top and a ribbon or cord run in to tie? We make ours of any pretty, bright cotton, and the work ought to be rather strong. I shall want at least 150, so help from anyone will be very welcome. We hope to send them off by Christmas or the New Year.

As a reward for their work—and they will have to work very perseveringly—I am sure none of you will mind my giving a few of the shells to the four little girls I spoke of, and I am going to send some to an invalid lady who has been in bed for nearly three years, to whom they will give very great pleasure.

Several of you were kind enough to hope that I enjoyed my stay in Switzerland. We were not able to go after all; but we went to Newquay in Cornwall, and were thus able to get a good many shells ourselves.

And now for the names of my kind little unknown friends, with whom, after all, I feel to some extent acquainted. They are:—Dorothy Weightman, Sylvia de Zoete, W. G. Briene, Dorothy Weington, Rose Commin, Marguerite Beaumont, Elsie Dennis, Muriel Robins, Cecilia Cozens-Hardy, Pearl O'Halloran, "Nurse," Pauline Belcher, John Wane, Nessie Constantine, Freda Bowring, Millicent Salmon, Nita Mannell, Katherine Heathcote, Nellie Burrows, Stella Benson, Gladys Elliston, Hilary Turner, Audrey Turner, Lila Price, Maud Sayer, Janet Harper, Joan Balfour, Cicely Bacon, B. L. Williams, Marjorie Bruce, Margaret Webb, Dorothy Wayte, E. Scott, Maud Milman, Cuthbert Dawnay, E.

#### THIRD DIVISION.

*First Prize* (One-Guinea Shawl).—Ann's Track (94), Police Station, Bradford, Taunton. *Second Prize* (Half-Guinea Shawl).—Lebbie Duffus (5), Crafnant, Buckhurst Hill. *Third Prize* (Seven-and-Sixpenny Shawl).—Dorothy Busby (8), Yoxford Board School, Suffolk. *Honourable Mention*.—Hettie Heymann (7), Taunzenplatz 7, Breslau.

#### COMPETITION VII.—PLAIN NEEDLEWORK.

##### FIRST DIVISION.

*First Prize* (One-Guinea Workbox).—Ethel Parker (15), 2, St. Stephen's, Stamford. *Second Prize* (Half-Guinea Workbox).—Lilla Shadbolt (15), Crafnant, Buckhurst Hill. *Third Prize* (Seven-and-Sixpenny Workbox).—Constance Fenwick-Clennell (15), Harbottle Castle, Rothbury, Northumberland. *Honourable Mention*.—Beatrice Gubbins (15), Papakanui, Kitiwhi, Auckland, N.Z.; Selina Bridgeman (14), Neachley, Shifnal, Salop; Nina Bettison (14), Glentworth Vicarage, Lincoln; Eleanor Steele (15), Blackfriars House, Perth; Ruth Cassels (15), Quinta do Montinho, Candal, Villa Nova de Gaya, Portugal.

##### SECOND DIVISION.

*First Prize* (One-Guinea Workbox).—Sybil Clarke (12), Crafnant, Buckhurst Hill. *Second Prize* (Half-Guinea Workbox).—Eve Busby (12), Yoxford Board School, Suffolk. *Third Prize* (Seven-and-Sixpenny Workbox).—Katie Steane (12), Moor Cottage, Earlsdon, Coventry. *Extra Prizes* (Five-Shilling Workboxes).—Dorothy Lewis (11), Sochia, near Smyrna, Asia Minor; Katharine Metcalfe (13), The Hall, Cheddar, Somerset. *Honourable Mention*.—Ethel Bryden (12), Bembridge, The Avenue, Surbiton Hill; Gladys Wilson (13), Fairholme, Sheffield, Yorks; Joyce Chambers (11), Charterhouse, Godalming; Lily Handforth (11), Whangarei, Auckland, N.Z.; Pauline de Mot (12), 16, Rue Bosquet, Brussels.

##### THIRD DIVISION.

*First Prize* (Half-Guinea Workbox).—Doris Neales (6), Crafnant, Buckhurst Hill. *Other Prizes* not awarded.

## POST OFFICE.

Clinton, Marjorie and Jack Leigh, Di Wilson, Kathleen Mildred, and Allan Christie.

Among those sent with no name were boxes bearing postmarks St. Andrews, Thornton Heath, London, E.C., Gullane, Colwyn Bay, Clifton, and two or three unfortunately too indistinct to read, notably a small box of beautiful shiny cowries, which shall be spread over as many bags as possible.

If I should have omitted any name, it is because some of the boxes were opened before I returned home, and letters from them may have been lost, for which I should be very sorry.

This is a long letter, and I must not take up any more room.

Thanking you all again most warmly,—I remain, yours very sincerely  
JULIA C. TEBB.

*Marks, Daintree, Essex.*

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—I thought perhaps you and your readers would be interested to hear a rather strange experience which happened to my cousin, a boy just a little younger than myself. I have an uncle in South Africa who had to leave his home and belongings in Johannesburg last October just before the war began. He had his son, the cousin of whom I speak, at school in Bloemfontein, and when my uncle wrote to his mother about his coming home before the war began, he, in reply, was told that if he left the boy at school he would be taken care of until the war was over. After a time the school was wanted as a hospital, so the boys had to turn out, and most of them were sent to farmhouses round, but my cousin left Bloemfontein, and went on his own, and travelled with some Boers who were going to the front. A Boer named Van Heenden met him at a laager about three days after he left Bloemfontein. He thought it queer for an English boy of that age, so he talked to him, as my cousin talks Dutch like a native. Mr. Van Heenden said to him, "You had better come into Ladybrand with me, and stay with my wife until this trouble is over." Accordingly he found my cousin a horse, and they rode two days' journey into Ladybrand. I may as well add that now Mr. Van Heenden and one of his sons have been taken prisoners by the English, as they were fighting with the Free State Boers. Miss Heenden, the daughter, has written to my uncle not to worry about the boy, and when communication is opened up they will see him safely into Bloemfontein, and the boy writes that he is well and happy. Fancy this for a boy of twelve years old! Here, Mr. Editor, I must conclude. I wrote this to show you that there are Boers and Boers, and I think I have done so. Hoping this is not too long for me to hope to see it on your page for such epistles, believe me, dear Mr. Editor, your interested reader,

MARGERY E. SEABROOK (aged 12).



## “Little Folks” Special Prize Competitions for 1901.

**AGAIN.** the LITTLE FOLKS Competitions have proved a great success. The Editor has much pleasure in announcing a fresh batch for his readers: it will be seen that the PRIZES are just as attractive as ever, and the Editor hopes every LITTLE FOLKS reader will go in for some, if not for all, of the Competitions.

It may be as well to mention here, for the benefit of newer readers, that *no article sent in for competition can, in any circumstances, be returned.* All the articles received from Competitors are sent to different hospitals throughout the Kingdom, and readers may be interested to know that the Editor sent off last Christmas nearly 100 good substantial packages, all of which were highly appreciated by little people in the hospitals.

The Competitions are arranged in THREE DIVISIONS: in the FIRST DIVISION all those aged 14, 15, or 16 may compete; the SECOND DIVISION will include all those aged 10, 11, 12, and 13; and the THIRD DIVISION all those under the age of 10.

### I.—An Essay, not to exceed 500 words, on “THE HAPPIEST DAY OF MY LIFE.”

There will be FOUR PRIZES in each Division, of BOOKS, value £1 1s., 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., and 5s.

### II.—Doll Competition. SINGLE DOLLS (including BABY- and RAG-DOLLS) in Ordinary Clothes, or in Costume.

[N.B.—Clothes should be made to take off and put on.]

In each of the FIRST and SECOND DIVISIONS there will be FIVE PRIZES of DOLLS, value £2 2s. £1 1s., 10s. 6d., and two of 7s. 6d.

In the THIRD DIVISION there will be FOUR PRIZES—DOLLS, value £2 2s., £1 1s., 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d.

### III.—Toys Competition.—TOYS MADE OF ANY MATERIAL (including RAG and STUFFED ANIMALS), and WOOL PLAYTHINGS as shown in WOOL BALLS, KNITTED and CROCHETED REINS.

[Toys of any kind suitable for sending to hospitals will be allowed.]

In each of the FIRST and SECOND DIVISIONS there will be FIVE PRIZES. FIRST PRIZE, A WATCH, value £2 2s.; OTHER PRIZES, TOYS, value £1 1s., 15s., 10s. 6d., and 7s. 6d.

In the THIRD DIVISION there will be FOUR PRIZES—TOYS, value £1 1s., 15s., 10s. 6d., and 7s. 6d.

### IV.—Scrap Albums.—In this Competition the Albums may contain Coloured Scraps and Plain Pictures, Pressed Flowers, etc., and all sorts of Cards.

[The Albums may be either bought or home-made.]

In each Division there will be THREE PRIZES. In the FIRST and SECOND DIVISIONS, PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS to the value of £1 1s., 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., and in the THIRD, ALBUMS, value 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., and 5s.

### V.—Illuminated Texts or Mottoes. Suitable for hanging in the Wards of Children's Hospitals and kindred Institutions.

N. B.—The Texts or Mottoes are to be limited to from Three to Nine Words. Designs are not to be necessarily original, but printed outlines will not be allowed.]

In each Division there will be THREE PRIZES. In the FIRST and SECOND DIVISIONS PAINT-BOXES to the value of 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., and 5s.; in the THIRD DIVISION, PAINTBOXES value 7s. 6d., 5s., and 5s.

### VI.—Knitted or Crocheted Articles useful in Children's Hospitals, such as Shawls, Jackets, Undervests, Crossovers, Socks, Bedroom Slippers, etc. etc. In each of the FIRST and SECOND DIVISIONS there will be FOUR PRIZES—SHAWLS, value £1 1s., 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., and 5s.

In the THIRD DIVISION there will be THREE PRIZES—SHAWLS, value £1 1s., 10s. 6d., and 7s. 6d.

### VII.—Plain Needlework, such as Nightdresses, Cotton or Print Frocks for Children and Infants in Hospitals.

[Woollen articles are not eligible. Machine sewing and the washing and ironing of articles are not allowed.]

In the FIRST and SECOND DIVISIONS THREE PRIZES will be given—WORKBOXES, value £1 1s., 10s. 6d., and 7s. 6d. In the THIRD DIVISION there will be THREE PRIZES OF WORKBOXES, value 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., and 5s.

[N.B.—Winners of Prizes of the value of Half a Guinea and upwards in the 1900 Competitions are not eligible to take part in any Competitions in the above list of the same description as those in which they were successful in 1900.]

Subject to the conditions named, all readers of LITTLE FOLKS, whether girls or boys, may take part in any or all of the above Competitions. The following are the Regulations:—

- (1) Every article to be certified by a Parent, Minister, Teacher, or other responsible person, as the sender's own *unaided* work, including the cutting-out of the Rag Animal shapes and of the Needlework of every kind. The age of every Competitor must also be attested. (2) All work, etc., to be marked with the Competitor's name, age, and full address, and to be sent, accompanied by the Certificate, carefully packed in a box of cardboard or other material, *carriage paid*, addressed to “The Editor of LITTLE FOLKS, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.” (3) The Work, etc., for each Competition to be in a *separate* box or parcel; and no two Competitors to send work, etc., in the same box or parcel. (4) All Competitions to close on **Saturday, the 28th of September, 1901** (except for Competitors residing abroad, for whom an extension of time to the **15th of October** will be allowed), and for Competitors residing in America or the Colonies (Australasia, etc.), to whom an extension to the **2nd of November** will be allowed.

Once again the P. P. Editor has the pleasure to announce

## A SPLENDID BICYCLE FOR A POSTCARD.

As usual, the Competition is extremely easy, and the youngest reader will take part in it with as much interest as the oldest one, and all will have equal opportunities of success. The first thing for you to do is to read this number of *LITTLE FOLKS* right through, and particularly the following Twenty-One Contributions:—

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|--|--|--|
| 1. <i>The Farmer and the Cuckoo.</i><br>2. <i>The Rising Moon.</i><br>3. <i>Valour for Victoria.</i><br>4. <i>Faithful unto Death.</i><br>5. <i>The Sunshine and the Rain.</i><br>6. <i>Cosey Corner.</i><br>7. <i>Baby Jane's Adventures.</i> | 8. <i>Heroes of Faith.</i><br>9. <i>The Spider Wife.</i><br>10. <i>Love Me, Love my Dog.</i><br>11. <i>Der Kleiner.</i><br>12. <i>The Happy Forest.</i><br>13. <i>The Sad Effect of a Poet Mind.</i><br>14. <i>Artistic Peter.</i> | 15. <i>Through Time's Telescope.</i><br>16. <i>The Book of Betty Barber.</i><br>17. <i>Who's Who and What's What.</i><br>18. <i>The Skaters.</i><br>19. <i>Pages for Very Little Folks.</i><br>20. <i>Stamp and Correspondence Columns.</i><br>21. <i>Prize Competition Pages.</i> |
|--|--|--|

Then write on the back of a *postcard* the names of the **TWELVE CONTRIBUTIONS** (selected from the above list) which you like best. Don't write the Twelve you choose in the order you really prefer them, but in the order they appear in our list. Add your Name, Age, and Address very plainly, and forward your postcard to The P. P. Editor of *LITTLE FOLKS*, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, by **THURSDAY, JANUARY 31st, 1901**, unless you live abroad, when the closing date will be February 18th, 1901.

The **BICYCLE** will be awarded to the sender of the postcard who most correctly names the Twelve Contributions which receive the greatest number of votes, according to all competitors' lists. *Only one postcard may be sent by each competitor*; and the P. P. Editor's decision as to the winner must, of course, be final. The *LITTLE FOLKS* Machine, an up-to-date one in every respect, will be supplied by A. W. Gamage, Limited, the well-known outfitters of Holborn.

## THREE GOLD-MOUNTED FOUNTAIN PENS

are also to be awarded in an Easy Competition, which I know you will like. By means of dots, write on the back of a *postcard* the phrase: **P. P. EDITOR**. I print here a rough idea of what I mean; and remember that only ink of one colour is to be used, while each Competitor must be sure to add Name, Address, and *Class*. The Prizes will be given to the senders of the most neatly written "dots," **ONE** in each of the Three Classes:—Class I., for those over 14 years of age; Class II., for those over 10 and under 14 years of age; Class III., for those under 10 years of age. The closing date of the Competition is January 5th, 1901, except for those living abroad, for whom it will be January 19th, 1901.



N.B.—**CONSOLATION PRIZES** will be awarded in both of the above Competitions.

## PICTURE STORY WANTING WORDS RESULT (Vol. LII., p. 398).

### LIST OF HONOUR.

**FIRST DIVISION PRIZE** (*Half-Guinea Book, with Officer's Medal of the "Little Folks" Legion of Honour*): —**MILLY YOUNG** (14), The Ferns, Dartmouth Road, Paignton. **SECOND DIVISION PRIZE** (*ditto, ditto*): **DOROTHY WHITTINGHAM** (13), Hurstcroft, Fretts Road, Bexley Heath, Kent. **THIRD DIVISION PRIZE** (*ditto, ditto*): **NORMAN FRANK BOYDEN** (9), Merton House, Penrith Road, New Malden, Surrey. **HONOURABLE MENTION** (*with Members' Medals*): **BERTHA DRAFFEN** (16), 6, Royal Crescent, Holland Park, W.; **BARBARA CHRISTIAN** (7), 20, Thornton Avenue, Streatham Hill; **IVY V. HUNTER** (13), 7, Haysleigh Gardens, Anerley, S.E.; **EVELYN LOYD** (15), Albans, Romford, Essex; **KATHLEEN ROWNEY** (9), 3, Glenmore Road Minehead, Somerset;

**CLAIRE DE BEAULIEU** (12), Chateau de Cerny, par Laferté Alais, Seine et Oise, France; **EDA MILLS** (15), Abbot's Leigh Vicarage, nr. Bristol; **RUTH WILKS** (8), 1, Elm Park Road, Church End, Finchley, N.; **KATHLEEN ENID WILSON** (11), Lancing College, Shoreham, Sussex; **IRENE HEMANS** (15), Ursuline Kloster, Carlowitz bei Breslau, Germany; **CHARIS URSULA BARNETT** (8), Heatherleigh, Spring Grove, Isleworth; **COUNTESS HANNA STRACHWITZ** (16), Mamling, Post Minning, Innkreis, Upper Austria; **ALICE SMITH** (9), Cranfant School, Buckhurst Hill; **GERTRUDE FIELD** (10½), 9, Montague Place, Worthing; **MARION CLARKE** (13), 16, Montague Street, Russell Square, W.C.

## THE FARM-YARD TEA PARTY.

By MRS. M. H. SPIELMANN.



OR a long time Mrs. Turkey had been thinking of nothing but giving a tea party to her friends at the old Farm-yard.

"Much better do a thing than think about doing it," she wisely decided; so she fixed the date for next Monday,

and talked over the matter with her friend, old Mr. Gander.

It was a little difficult to decide who should be present. Of course, she would invite Sir Grandtail Peacock and Lady Peahen, who lived in the Gardens. Master Donkey, too, a very hee-haw fellow; the Ducks, the Geese, the Hens, with the little ones, must come, they said. And Mr. Chanticleer ought to have a separate invitation all to himself, he was such a prominent member of the community. Mrs. Dobbin, in her bran new sun-bonnet—the envy and admiration of the whole Farm-yard—would be both welcome and ornamental; and Miss and Master Pigeon must also be of the party.

"Shall I ask the Dog and the Cat?" Mrs. Turkey inquired, and hesitated. "What do you think, Mr. Gander?"

Mr. Gander thought certainly not, for they were always fighting together, and the younger guests risked getting drawn into the fray. It might give offence, too, were one invited without the other.

And they also decided against the whole Pig Family, because of the ugly grunting noises they make when they eat, standing with one trotter in their plates. There were several other neighbours, besides, whom she did not care to invite. But Mrs. Sheep happened to be alone and, Mrs. Turkey said, must not be forgotten, for she required cheering up. That, however, would prove no easy task, as she was always so shy.

Now that all was settled, old Mr. Gander

very politely undertook to summon the guests by word of beak; and off he went at once, very full of business.

Well, on the Sunday, whilst Mrs. Turkey was resting quietly, there was the noise of a lot of chatter, and up slowly waddled the whole Goose Family, followed solemnly by Master Donkey.

"How do you do?" said Mrs. Turkey, much surprised.

"Where are all your other guests?" they asked, looking around.

"Invited for Monday," she tartly replied.

"Clack, clack! We thought to-day was Monday!"

"Haw, haw, yes, hee-haw, so did I!" added Master Donkey.

And they went away looking more stupid than usual.

The next day, when Mrs. Turkey was receiving in grand style, the Stupid Ones never put in an appearance at all, for they had quite forgotten about the great tea party; and I may tell you now, that they never got invited again. Sir Grandtail Peacock and Lady Peahen had sent the excuse that they were previously engaged. And, unfortunately, the imprudent Mr. Gander was prevented from attending through a sharp attack of collygobbles.

The hospitality of the Farm-yard had provided food to suit all tastes, and tea had just been announced when an uninvited guest actually came trotting up—no other than Tiny Piggywig, who had heard the grand news of the party, and wanted to be in the fun.

But the Pig Family was a very untidy one, so Tiny Piggywig had of course forgotten to remove the curl-paper from the tip of his tail (which was the secret of its curling so beautifully). This vexed Mrs. Turkey so much that she would not listen to him when he begged to stay. So he turned that tiresome little tail of his and went home squeaking all the way.

The tea party was laughing and enjoying

itself very much, when all at once the voices of the Farmer and his wife could be heard speaking together at the other side of the hedge.

"Come," said Mrs. Turkey, bristling her feathers with natural curiosity, "let us go and listen to what they are saying."

The others were as anxious to hear as their hostess; all except fat Mrs. Dobbin, who did not care to move about when she could keep still, and besides, she felt that her sun-bonnet had gone crooked, which troubled her and affected her spirits. So after watching the merry band approach the hedge and stand all in a row, she went on nibbling the nice green meat provided, and blinked her eyes in peace and contentment.

Soon she raised her head again in their direction and left off eating, for she saw a strange sight, which puzzled her the more, as she could not hear—as you are going to do—the reason for such funny conduct.

The Farmer's wife happened to have received news from her sister, who had just been married to a very rich man in London, and all at once she remembered that she had told her husband nothing about the grand wedding feast. So, in order to aid her memory, she now brought forth from her pocket the printed menu which had been sent to her.

"Just look, John," she said, "cockscombs are here. Have you ever tasted them?"

Mr. Chanticleer darted his head forward, jerked it round, and listened with his right eye, in amazement. At first he did not seem to understand, but when the truth became clear to him, he cried out, "Cock-a-doodle-don't!" in a piercing voice, and a very superior manner, and then he fainted with horror and fell flat on his back, his two skinny legs sticking straight up in the air.

Mrs. Turkey, who was next to him, looked at the hero of the Farmyard, gave a little sniff of contempt, and added, "Stuffing nonsense!"

"Roast turkey," continued the Farmer's wife, reading.

"My goodness me!" faintly groaned the great Mrs. Turkey, quite overcome in her turn, and she sank down next to him in the same position.

"Cold boiled fowls.

"Chucky-cluck-cluck!" cackled the Hen Family flutteringly, and, thoroughly helpless, not knowing what to do, they copied their lord and remained quite still on *their* backs with *their* legs sticking straight up in the air.

"Roast ducks."

"Great Quacks!" screamed all the Ducks together, and collapsed in the same way.

"Irish stew."

Shy Mrs. Sheep, who was of a political turn, and now roused for the first time, spoke up with indignation—

"Ba-ba-barbarous na-a-tion," she stammered, as she fell back on her opinions, and took up the same position as the rest.

"Cold pigeon pie."

From the frightened way they went on when they heard this, Miss and Master Pigeon might have been mistaken for Miss and Master Quail, and they, too, fell back and lay quite still with *their* skinny legs sticking straight up in the air.

"Nay! These are not party manners—Neigh!" said fat Mrs. Dobbin slowly, as she stood staring at the goodly company lying thus all in a row.

"Wait a minute, Maria," said Farmer John, suddenly, "from the noises I hear, I do believe those worrisky animals have all got together again, instead of being where they should be. *I'll* teach them something!" And he shouted back to her as he clambered over the hedge, "A very good dinner too!"

That second, and before you could say "Jack," let alone "Robinson," the whole row of animals was on their respective feet again, perturbed and flustered, and fleeing wildly before him. Mrs. Sheep bounded off madly, with knees bent tight and high, her feet scarce touching the ground — the very picture of hurry. The others, with fluttering wings and flying feathers, with outstretched necks, and mouths wide open, loudly cackling, crowing, screaming, quacking, and gurgling, their legs running, and wobbling, and waddling for all they were worth, raced on, whilst Farmer John puffed and snorted behind them.

"*I'll* teach you something!" he cried again, his round face very red, and his whole body

very hot. Away they all scurried, and away scurried Farmer John after them, until he had scattered them in every direction, each to its own proper home.

Then he stopped, wiped his forehead, and retraced his steps. Coming up to fat Mrs. Dobbin he said, with a laugh, "What are you doing here, old girl? Why, your bonnet is all on one side!" He patted her affectionately, set it straight, and so relieved her mind.

"What's that I hear?" called out his wife in angry, jealous tones from the other side of the hedge.

But Mrs. Dobbin said nothing, for she was thinking, "Upon my word, this is the very queerest tea party I've ever been at!"

And having realised that she had to be a tea party all by herself, she continued her meal. She really preferred to enjoy it thus alone in the quiet peacefulness of that sunny afternoon, while she thought deeply over the affair. But only for a little while, for she became more and more puzzled; so, getting restless, she trotted up to the hedge and suddenly jumped over it, frightening out of her wits the Farmer's wife, who had slyly stood by listening and wondering to whom her husband had spoken.

Then Mrs. Dobbin took another jump, this time at the following inelegant conclusion—"Serve them all right!"

And so the tea party ended.



## A NARROW ESCAPE.



It was a little disappointing for Ella, when Mother really settled, once for all, that she must not go for the picnic—perhaps it was a little disappointing for Mother, too, but if you had told Ella that, she would only have stared, and opened her blue eyes very wide, as if she found it impossible to believe. Ella and her mother lived in India, and as it was getting hot in the plains, and the punkahs were going, and the hot winds shrivelling up the parched shrubs, they had hurried up to the beautiful cool hills, and left Father to do his duty in heat and discomfort below, which is the way soldiers earn their pay out in India.

Ella was twelve years old, and this was her birthday, so it was particularly disappointing that she should have caught cold and had a little touch of fever, so that it really would have been very unwise to sit out in the cool evening air, helping the jhampanies build up a delightful fire to boil the kettle. All day they had hoped she would feel better, but at last four o'clock had come, and Mother had reluctantly decided that the birthday treat must be put off till another day. All the same, as the guests had arrived, she settled to go for a ride with them, and have the tea as they had intended, and she faithfully promised to come back to her disconsolate little daughter before dark. Ella flew from one

pony to another, helping everyone to mount, partly because she was really a very sweet-tempered little girl, and partly to hide that her eyes were bright and her cheeks wet. She packed the tea into a basket, too, and watched the coolie heave it on to his back, held on by a broad strap round his forehead, and then she stood back on the verandah, and waved her hand, and nodded and smiled, until the last pony was out of sight. After that she turned and went slowly into her own little room, telling the ayah, rather crossly, to wait on the verandah, and threw herself face downwards on the bed! She lay there for a long time, crying softly to herself, and counting the loud ticks of the clock, whilst all sorts of miserable discontented thoughts went through her mind. Her book was on a chair, but she did not want to read, and the sheets she was hemming for her doll's bed were waiting half finished; but still she lay there in sulky idleness, whilst it grew darker and darker outside, and she could hear ayah shuffle off, muttering to herself that she would not be gone a minute, and it was necessary for her to have some tea. For a few minutes there was a great silence, then Ella heard a small voice at the door:

"Miss Sahib."

She lifted her face and listened.

"It is I—Gunga. I have waited until the Miss Sahib should come out, but your honour hides in the darkness, and I have placed the quoits ready."

"Oh, it is you, Gunga," said Ella, in a muffled voice. "Go away, I cannot play quoits; I have had fever, and the Mem Sahib's orders are that I am to keep still."

"Ah-la," said the little voice outside, with a sharp click of the tongue, "the Miss Sahib has bad luck, but it is the will of Allah. The Miss Sahib can come out on the verandah, nevertheless, with warm garments on her, and watch the stars come out. Allah leaves always something for our pleasure."

Ella lifted her head and sat up. It was growing dusk, but it looked lighter when she lifted the bamboo curtain and peered out. Close to her feet was a little white figure crouched upon the floor of the verandah, that tingled with the clink of silver as it

moved, and bangles and chains flashed in the grey light. The flush on Ella's cheeks had dried her tears, and already she was beginning to feel sorry. She had wasted two beautiful hours of daylight in babyish tears, whilst Fido had been whining on the verandah, and Gunga had been patiently waiting on the other side of the curtain. It seemed so funny to hear her say that about its being the will of Allah; she said it about every little thing, and very likely she didn't mean it, but anyhow Ella made up her mind to come and sit on the verandah too, and not be cross any more. Gunga had risen to her feet, and was salaaming very low, with her hand to her forehead, and Fido had stretched himself in the comfortable basket chair, and had left off whining. So Ella dragged the fur cloak round her and sat down on the steps of the verandah, whilst Gunga crouched on the gravel at her feet. It really was very pretty. The sun was setting behind the purple hills, and a bright yellow light was reflected on the opposite side. All up the hillside opposite, there were dots of radiant light from innumerable bungalows, and overhead the stars were twinkling out, one by one, as the darkness deepened.

"See, I have brought my treasures, by the Miss Sahib's order," said Gunga, and she unknotted the corner of her sheet, and laid a handful of funny trifles in a row upon the steps. Ella stooped and looked at them, and turned them over with her finger—a broken shell box, a tiny looking-glass unframed, a few white beads, and a little coloured advertisement of Pears' soap—such a funny little collection of rubbish that she almost laughed, but Gunga's face was so serious that she felt it would be impossible. So she leant a little lower down, and said, "Where did you get them all? Tell me."

Gunga pushed her finger against the shell box. "That Mem Sahib went to England," she said, "and the ayah who went with her to Bombay gave me this as a present. The Mem Sahib had cast it away; she said she had no use for it! The looking-glass was one of my mother's, but she got a bigger one, and I use this to clean my teeth, and to see that my hair is well oiled. The beads were given me

one *barra din* by my mother's last lady, and the picture is a beautiful picture that the padre gave me for a present! Do you see the baby, Miss Sahib? Just like a real white baby, with eyes and nose like yours; and the soap? and his fat hands? that is the best of my treasures." In the dusk, Gunga's white teeth gleamed, and her eyes danced, and she hurriedly put her little collection together again, and knotted it into her sheet. Ella had risen too, and was yawning.

"It is getting cold, Gunga. Mother would like me to go in. We will play with my dolls."

She had walked into the moonlight at the end of the verandah, and Fido had jumped off his chair and followed her. Close behind the house the dark figure of an animal came leaping down the hill and startled her. It was so noiseless, and it crept so close to the verandah, that she could hear its panting breaths as it plunged past. Fido leapt upon her, and she caught him in her arms.

"Oh, Gunga, where is it? Is it a jackal?"

"No, no; it is a leopard," cried Gunga. She tore off her sheet and waved it about with shrill cries. "It is for the dog he has come down, the wicked one; they love to eat fat dogs on the verandahs when there is no one by. I will call the servants, and they will frighten him, for he is very bold."

The dark shadow dashed by again, and up behind the bungalow, amongst the rocks and pines. The servants came scurrying out of their houses at Gunga's shrill cries, and Ella, breathless and shaken, with Fido in her arms, plunged headlong into the lighted drawing-room, and got as close to the lamp as she could.

"I was only one minute away," she heard the ayah say outside. "I left the Miss Sahib in her room, and I went to drink a little tea — not one minute gone — and I find this wicked child has frightened the Miss Sahib so that the fever will come upon her again, and the Mem Sahib will say it is my fault. Oh, thou naughty one, what dost thou do with the daughter of the Sahibs? Art thou an ayah, that thou shouldst sit at their doors? Go to thy house, and hide thy face. Here

is the Mem Sahib. Saice! The Lady Sahib has come back, and I have to tell her about the Miss Sahib's fever."

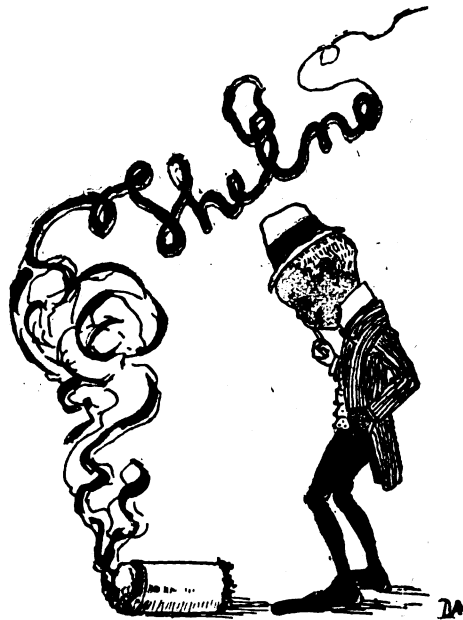
But Ella had burst out of the drawing-room with Fido in her arms.

"Mother, I saved his life. I am so thankful I could not go. The leopard came on to the verandah, right between Gunga and me, and if I had not been here he would have eaten him. They like fat dogs, and oh, Mother, it would be so dreadful to be eaten."

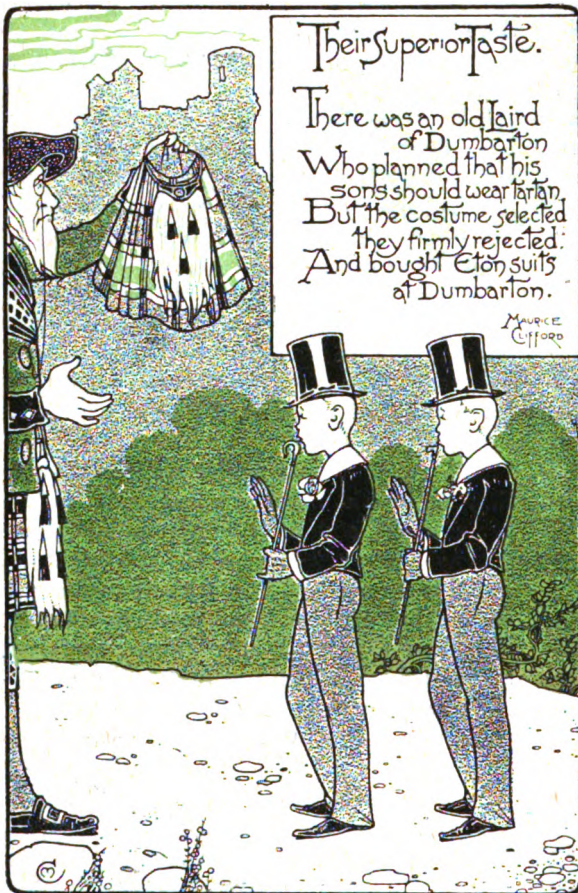
Mother was quite as pleased as Ella was, and Fido had more love and much more cake lavished on him that evening than was at all good for him, and Mother said afterwards that it certainly was an ill wind that blew nobody any good!

Ella resolved that night, quite seriously, that she would never cry and make a fuss again about any little disappointment, because you never knew what the end might be, which is a very good resolution to make, and to *keep*, but whether Ella kept it, or whether like other children I have known, she tried and failed, and tried again, I really should not like to be quite sure.

GERALDINE K. GLASGOW.







## THE STORY OF THE BLACK CAT AND THE CANARY.

**T**HE Black Cat and the Canary lived in the same house. There was a Grey Cat too, but he was Miss Lucy's favourite, and stayed in the drawing-room most of the time, and never got into mischief or got scolded. The Black Cat said he was a sneak. The Black Cat was nobody's favourite. He stayed in the kitchen, the coal cellar, or the back garden. He was not allowed to sit in the drawing-room, or even to walk about the stairs. If he did, someone was sure to come

out and say, "Scaat." So it was hardly worth while troubling to go anywhere. Indeed, he would never have thought of stirring beyond the kitchen door but for the Canary.

The Canary lived on the first landing, halfway up the stairs. He had a beautiful brass cage to himself; it stood on a table beside the staircase window, and when he sang you could hear him all over the house.

Now, no one believed it, but the Black Cat—he had no other name—people just said "the Black Cat" when they spoke of him—though they would not have believed it, the Black Cat was rather fond of music, and used to hide behind the hatstand and listen to the Canary. It made him feel happy inside. He could shut his eyes and forget the cross cook and the troublesome boys, and dream of a land full of birds and fishes, and mice and sunshine.

He used to talk to the Canary too, though no one believed that either. The Canary liked to hear what was going on in the house, and from his table he could not see beyond the corner of the stair up, and the stair down. So the Black Cat, who saw and heard all that went on in the kitchen, was a welcome visitor when he got a chance to come up and talk.

"I believe something's going to happen," remarked the Black Cat one morning. Everybody was busy, and he had whisked up from the lower regions unnoticed, and now was sitting looking up at the Canary's cage.

"What?" chirped the Canary, hopping up to his highest perch.

"Well, I don't quite know, but the Grey Cat's shut out of the drawing-room, and there's a lot of boxes standing in the hall, and coats and umbrellas and things. And I heard that dreadful Tom say he was going for a cab. I believe they're all going off somewhere; Miss Lucy too, that's the worst of it; she never says 'Scaat,'" ended the Black Cat, with a sad sigh.

## The Story of the Black Cat and the Canary. 87

"Oh, dear," chirped the Canary, "and are they going to leave us behind? I'd rather like to go."

"Oh, we shall be left, sure enough. They did just the same last year. You weren't here then—I was."

"What do they go for?"

The Black Cat shook his head. "How do I know? I know they left some woman in the house, and she was always forgetting to give me my dinner. I expect it'll be the same this time. I saw her in the kitchen just now. There's someone coming; I'm going to get under the table."

The Black Cat was perfectly right. Tom—he was the worst of the boys—came back mounted on the box seat of the cab. The people, the boxes, and umbrellas and things were packed away inside, the street door shut with a great bang, and the Grey Cat, the Black Cat, and the Canary were left to spend their holiday time alone with the strange woman.

She did not trouble them much. Once a day—sometimes it was every two days—she came up and gave the Canary some seed and a fresh cup of water. There were whole plots of chickweed out in the back garden, but none of it found its way to the brass cage, and as for sugar—well, if there were any lumps in the kitchen, they stayed in the kitchen.

And the Black Cat had been right about the dinners also. The woman forgot them very often. Sometimes she was out for hours and hours, and the kitchen door was locked. That would not have mattered so much in fine weather, but it wasn't fine; the rain came down day after day, and the Black Cat had to take refuge under a dripping laurel in the corner, where he sat and shivered, and tried his hardest to dream about blazing fires and fried fish.

Altogether it was not at all a cheerful holiday, either for the Cats or the Canary. "If it wasn't for Miss Lucy," the Black Cat told the Canary one day, "I'd run away, I would, indeed."

"And what about me?" inquired the Canary. "Here I've forgotten what sugar tastes like. You'd be tired yourself of nothing

but seed and water, water and seed, and no one to speak to. You never came up once yesterday."

"I'd have been only too glad to get my nose inside the door," groaned the Black Cat. "Do you see that bush? No, you can't, it's round the corner. Well, I had to sit underneath it in that pouring rain till my legs are quite stiff to-day."

"I'd not mind a drop of rain if I could get out," grumbled the Canary. "Up here, not a sound of any kind to be heard—What's that?"

There was a very loud sound of someone banging at the front door. The Black Cat looked cautiously down between the banisters; the Canary tried to squeeze his head through the brass bars.

"What is it? Be quick and tell me."

The Black Cat turned slowly round, his tail bristling with disgust. "It's somebody in a cab, and I do believe it's that Tom and some more boys with him. Isn't this dreadful? and Miss Lucy not here! Goodbye, I'll have to hide."

He made a dash down the stairs, the Canary heard a sudden shout, "Hi! there's the Black Cat—*Scaat!*" and then the pounding thump of a football along the back lobby. However, he saw the Black Cat speaking to the Grey Cat on the wall later on, so the football could not have damaged him very seriously.

There were great doings in the house that afternoon. The strange woman fried ham and eggs in the kitchen, the best china was set out on the dining-room table, and six grown-up boys, as bad or worse than himself, arrived to keep Tom company. Even the Grey Cat thought it wiser to keep out of sight, while the Black Cat crouched behind the coal cellar door, wishing with all his heart Miss Lucy were back again.

Neither the Grey Cat nor the Black Cat got any share of the feast. There were sardines as well as ham and eggs—nice, oily sardines in a tin box—but not even the tail of one came their way. The Black Cat was used to being overlooked, but the Grey Cat wasn't. It made him feel dreadfully hollow inside;

it seemed whole weeks since he had had a really satisfactory meal.

"I can't go on for ever without food," he said to himself indignantly, after two weary hours behind the sofa. "I'll just have to go up and get that Canary for my supper. It's a pity, for he's not much of a supper, but I can't think of anything else."

He stole up the stairs. The Black Cat down in the coal cellar little guessed what was going on up above. Those dreadful boys were still in the dining-room. By and by the Black Cat took courage and slipped softly past the door, to go and talk over this shocking state of affairs with his yellow friend.

Alas! the poor Canary would listen to no more stories, sing no more songs. The brass cage fell with a crash as the Black Cat crept up the stairs. There was a shower of yellow feathers fluttering about the window sill, a tiny battered body lying in the corner of the cage just beyond reach of the Grey Cat's claws.

With an angry growl the Black Cat dashed to the front. Oh, why couldn't Miss Lucy see her wicked favourite now; this was her good, gentle cat who never did wrong, and was a pattern to all other cats.

In the very middle of the fray the Grey Cat suddenly pricked up his ears and shot away up the attic stairs. He heard the dining-room door opening; the Black Cat didn't, until it was too late to run. Ruffled and breathless he was caught beside the overturned cage, and naturally got the entire credit of murdering his small friend.

"Well, I declare! if that old Black Cat hasn't gone and killed the Canary," shouted Tom. He was the first to appear on the battlefield. "I always said he was a fraud."

The six boys came tearing up the stairs behind, and then the chase began. They did not exactly mean to be cruel; it was more for fun than downright ill-nature. Still, justice was justice; there was the dead bird, and there was the Black Cat, and no one to say one word for him; it was quite right he should be punished. The Grey Cat was far away on the top of a wardrobe, and took care not to show even the tip of his tail. Who was to

guess that he could know anything about the dark deed?

Shaking and shivering the Black Cat was dragged down the garden, and a brick tied round his neck with Tom's best pocket-handkerchief, and then the cover of the old well was lifted. There was a push, and a splash in the dark water, and the Black Cat's troubles were over.

"Well, he deserved it," said Tom, breaking a rather uncomfortable silence that had suddenly fallen on the little company of executioners, "and Lucy's sure to make a row about the bird, but I think we'd better fish him out again, Will, and bury him properly. He's been punished, and he's certain never to do it again."

"All right," agreed Will, "and we'd better bury the Canary with him, and then if anybody finds them, there'll be no mistake what it was for. Here, you fellows, dig a hole over there."

They would not have owned it on any account whatever, but perhaps all the seven felt a little ashamed of themselves. Seven to one was hardly a fair fight; what chance had the cat?

They put the Black Cat into his grave, and Will tucked the Canary under one wet paw, and Tom emptied half a barrowful of green leaves over the unfortunate pair. Then they flattened the earth into a neat little mound, and stuck a piece of broken slate at the head for a stone, and Will played two bars of the "Last Post," he didn't know any more.

Miss Lucy came home a week or two later, and her first proceeding was to go up the garden. The Grey Cat went with her; he felt that life was worth living once more. No forgotten dinners and locked doors now.

"I don't understand it," Miss Lucy said, looking soberly down at the little mound; "he might not be pretty, but he was a good-natured cat. I never once saw him try to touch the Canary, even when he had the chance."

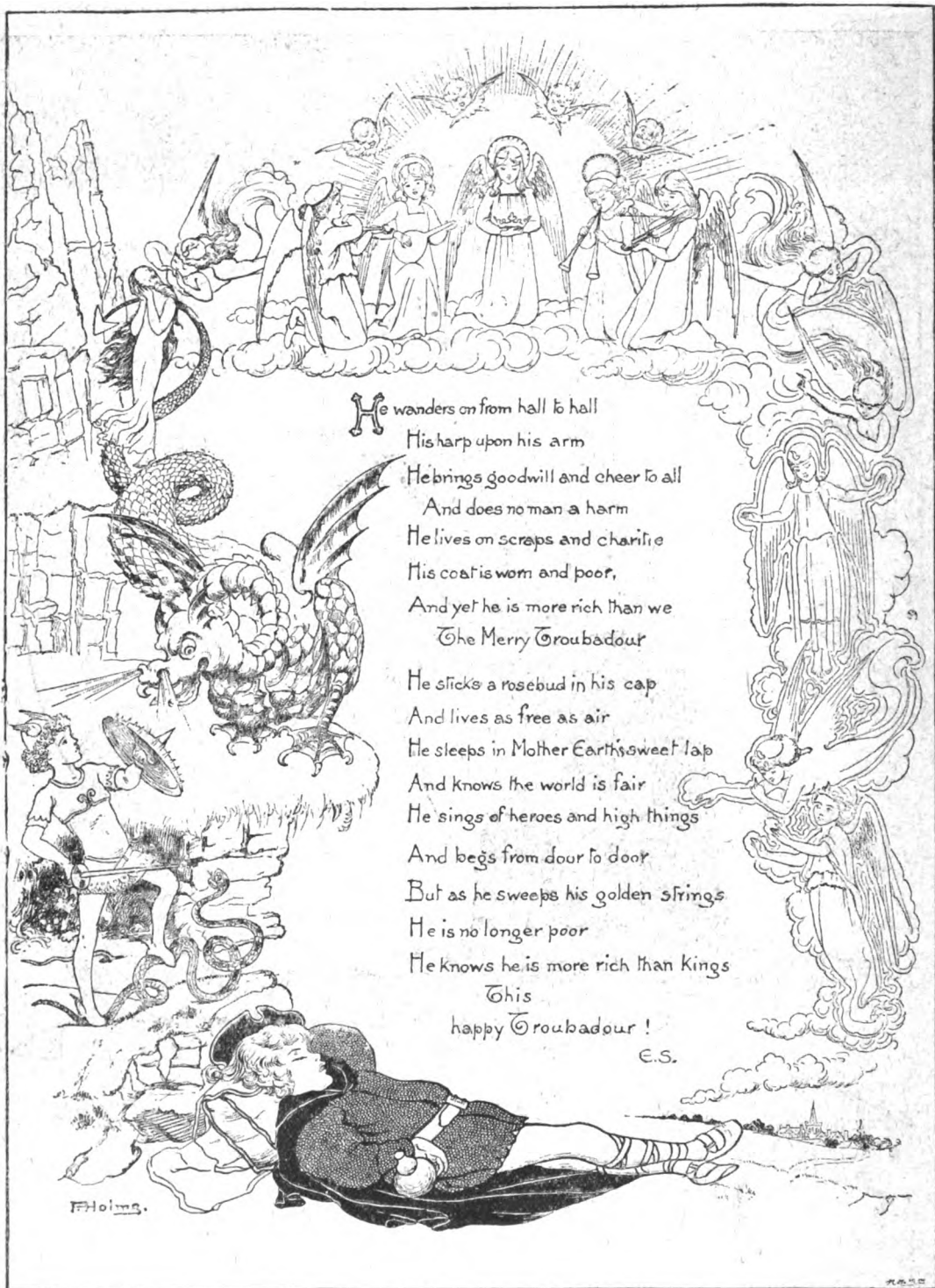
And the Grey Cat, who could have explained it, just looked on cheerfully, and purred, and purred.

SARAH PITT.





# THE TROVADOVR



He wanders on from hall to hall  
His harp upon his arm  
He brings goodwill and cheer to all  
And does no man a harm  
He lives on scraps and charity  
His coat is worn and poor,  
And yet he is more rich than we  
The Merry Trowbadour  
He sticks a rosebud in his cap  
And lives as free as air  
He sleeps in Mother Earth's sweet lap  
And knows the world is fair  
He sings of heroes and high things  
And begs from door to door  
But as he sweeps his golden strings  
He is no longer poor  
He knows he is more rich than kings  
This  
happy Trowbadour !

E.S.

## PERCY PRICE.

SAID Percy Price one morning in the larder,

While peeping for the pickle and the jam,  
 " 'Tis sad that boys, for want of working harder,

Should lose the great reward of our exam.  
 There's James Carew, who talks about his dinner ;

He's fond of sweets and very fond of games ;  
 Now, I should labour hard to be the winner,  
 If I were James."

Said Percy, while he tied his crumpled collar  
 (He'd lost the stud that held it round his throat),

" 'Tis sad that Tommy hopes to be a scholar,  
 Yet never cares to brush his dusty coat.  
 But shabby Tommy kicks at interference,  
 In peevish rage exploding like a bomb ;  
 Now, I should take a pride in my appearance,  
 If I were Tom."

But Percy Price will never get up early.  
 I've never known him clean his muddy shoe :  
 And yet he cries, " If I were Harry Burleigh,  
 It's wonderful the things that I could do."  
 He spends his idle day thus idly sighing ;  
 To Harry, Tom, and James he gives advice,  
 But never shows what he could do by trying,  
 As Percy Price.

JOHN LEA.

## A WILD INDIAN.

By K. E. V., Author of "*Perry's Pilgrimage*," "*Colonel Kit*," "*'Twas in Trafalgar Square*," "*A Wonderful Christmas and other Stories*," "*Benedict's Stranger*," etc. etc.

ALFRED VATCHER rang the breakfast bell vigorously, and Guy, Fred, and Charlie came running in, but Walter was not to be seen. The French windows of the dining-room stood open, and

Mrs. Hampshire was too busy with her letters to notice how late the boys were.

"Where's Wallie?" asked Fred.

Just then Walter came up hot and out of breath. "My bike wanted seeing to," he explained, and then the five boys tumbled into the room.

"Gently, boys," said Mrs. Hampshire. "Alfred, say grace; presently I have something to tell you."

"You've heard from Mother," Guy said, looking at the letter; "hasn't she written to us?"

"No, but I have a message for you," said Mrs. Hampshire; "only get on with your breakfast first."

The boys were very eager, but they knew Mrs. Hampshire meant what she said, so they did not dawdle, and were so well behaved that it was not long before she took the letter out of its envelope.

"Your mother sends her dear love to you all. She says, 'Give my boys my dear love, and tell them I am sending them something to take care of for me. I have not time to write to them now, but you will explain.'"

"It's a monkey," cried Alfred, who was most anxious to possess such an animal.

"A French poodle that can do tricks," said Fred.

Charlie suggested a tame bear, Guy a parrot, and Walter a pony, and there was such a babel that Mrs. Hampshire had to tell them they would have to go to school without knowing if they were not quiet; then there was dead silence.

"How would you like to have a little sister?" asked Mrs. Hampshire.

The boys' faces fell. "A baby!" said Guy disconsolately.

"No, not a baby," Mrs. Hampshire hastened to assure them, "and not really a sister; you have heard a good deal about your mother's brother, Captain Wyldes?"

"I should think so," said Walter. "I've got his name."

"Yes, and you know he has a dear little girl who has no mother; she and your uncle

have always been together, but now he is very anxious about her, as she does not seem well. So she is coming to England, and we are to take care of her; she is just Fred's age, eight."

"When is she coming?" asked Fred.

"It may be this week," said Mrs. Hampshire. "She has started, and I shall have a telegram when the boat comes in; but now you must go."

The three elder boys rode off on their bicycles. They went to a school some miles off, staying there till four. They brought back no home work, so had a good deal of time to themselves afterwards. Walter and Guy, who were eleven and ten, had been to school for some time, but it was Fred's first term, and he was very proud of his new bicyclé. Charlie and Alfie, looking almost like twins in their white blouses, stood on the steps side by side, watching them off, then ran to get ready for their governess, Miss Wood.

Mr. and Mrs. Vatcher had been obliged to go away and leave their boys. Mr. Vatcher had had a bad accident, and his only hope of complete recovery lay in going abroad for some time. Mrs. Vatcher knew it was right to go with him, and knew Mrs. Hampshire would take care of the boys, yet it was very hard to leave them. They had such high spirits that they often got into trouble, though they were generally sorry afterwards. It was rather a risk to send poor little Esmeralda Wylde among them now, yet there seemed nothing else to be done.

"I expect she'll be able to tell us lots of jolly things about fighting," said Guy.

"Not she," said Walter; "and she was afraid of snakes, of course."

"They do kill people, though," put in Fred.

"Oh, well, she wouldn't like that sort," admitted Walter.

"I say," called out Guy, suddenly, "she's a Wild Indian; her name is Wylde, and she comes from India; let's call her that."

"Jolly," assented Walter, and rather comforted they settled to dub the new cousin "Wild Indian."

Three days later little Esmeralda Wylde was seated at tea, being gazed at by her five cousins. She was a pretty little girl, though

much too delicate-looking, rather quaint, with long, fair curls that fell nearly to her waist, big blue eyes, and darker eyebrows and lashes. She wore a white frock with a blue velvet waistband, and blue velvet to keep back her curls.

"You'll take care of your cousin," said Mrs. Hampshire, as they rose from tea, "and don't tire her."

"Did you like being in India?" Walter asked as they went into the garden.

Esmeralda's face quivered. "I like being with Daddy always," she said.

Walter feared she was going to cry, and made haste to show her the guinea-pigs, but could not refrain from trying to catch her with the time-honoured joke, "If you hold one up by the tail its eyes will drop out."

"Oh, how dreadful," said Esmeralda, cuddling up one of the little soft things.

The boys burst out laughing, and the little girl joined in when she found out that guinea-pigs have no tails.

Esmy was not very talkative, but now and then came out with little bits of information about India and soldiers, which the boys retailed to their companions. Though they felt it rather irksome to look after the little girl, they were rather proud of her all the same, and very proud indeed of their uncle, who was a V.C., and of whom his little daughter could talk tirelessly.

Esmy had been used to such care and courtesy from her father that she took as a matter of course the attentions her cousins bestowed on her, but they soon grew tired of looking after her. It was so tiresome to have to be careful, to stop and help her over stiles, and to comfort her when she was terrified by the broad-horned oxen that were really very gentle.

"I can't think how you managed in India with snakes and tigers," Guy told her one day.

"Daddy always took care of me," Esmy said with that wistful tone in which she always referred to her father, "and I didn't ever see a tiger, though he did kill one that had eaten a dear little black baby."

That was very interesting, and the boys crowded about Esmy to hear all she could tell



of the tiger hunt. They were disappointed that she had not seen the dead creature, but Captain Wylde had been afraid of frightening his timid little daughter.

"You ought not to be a soldier's daughter, you're frightened of everything," said Guy.

"Daddy said it isn't being a coward to be afraid of things, only it is to be afraid of being afraid of them," Esmý said, eagerly repeating words that had comforted her.

Walter was lying on the grass reaching up for the blackberries that hung round him. "Uncle Walter couldn't ever have been afraid of things," he said.

"Once he told me he was in a funk," said Esmý, the expression coming strangely from the dainty little person; "my pony ran away with me, and he couldn't stop it."

"My, and weren't you in a pretty funk, too?" exclaimed Guy.

"I didn't have time to think about it," Esmý said simply, "and I fell on my head, and didn't know anything at first, but when I did Daddy had me in his arms and was crying."

The boys sat silently trying to digest the idea of their V.C. uncle crying. Then Fred said suddenly, "I say, Esmý, wouldn't you like to be not afraid of things when Uncle Walter comes home?"

"Yes," said Esmý.

"Well, s'pose we help you? You'll have not to scream if we put a caterpillar down your back, and you can cross the field where the cows are. Won't it be nice?"

"I don't know," Esmý said doubtfully. "Daddy used to cuddle me up when I was afraid."

"But he isn't here to do it now," Fred said thoughtlessly; "wouldn't you like to be brave when he comes back?"

"Yes," Esmý said with a kind of feeling that Captain Wylde loved his little daughter just as she was.

"You've got an earwig on your frock now," said Charlie.

Esmý looked so white and frightened that Walter hastily removed the creature, while Fred said, "You haven't begun yet."

"I do want to," Esmý said, trembling.

"Look here," said Walter, "we'll have to find some other way; she isn't going to be tormented."

"All right," Fred said, rather sulkily, "it was only to help her;" but Esmý gave Walter's hand a little squeeze.

That night Fred woke up very thirsty, and when he went to the water-bottle it was empty; they had been told not to drink the water from the jug, and he thought he would get some from Esmý's room. When he opened the door he heard a sound that nearly sent him scuttling back to bed, but it came again, an unmistakable sob, and he said in rather a shaky voice, "Is that you, Esmý? What is the matter?"

"My tooth aches so," said poor Esmý.

"Why don't you call some one?" asked Fred.

"I didn't want to disturb anyone," said Esmý, "but I'm so glad you've come."

Fred could not help thinking of the night he had waked the whole household for his toothache, and he still had some of the stuff that had done him good. So he rubbed Esmý's face with it, and stayed beside her till she fell asleep.

Winter came early that year, and lasted long. Esmý felt the cold very much, and had to be kept indoors a great deal. The boys thought it silly that she might not join in their snowball games, and might not linger about watching them slide. All the small Vatchers were strong and sturdy, and they could not understand why Esmý needed such care.

Just as spring came Esmý had a bad attack of bronchitis, and was kept in one room for more than a fortnight. Mrs. Hampshire was anxious about her, and felt she should be very glad when Mr. and Mrs. Vatcher returned.

At last one mild day the little girl was told she might go out with her cousins. "Be sure and take care of her," Mrs. Hampshire said. "and, boys, don't take her near the water."

"All right," answered Walter, though he was disappointed, since they had intended going that way. However, he thought there could be no harm if they went to the other

side of the field through which the brook ran. It was early in the year, but in sheltered places a few pale yellow blossoms were unfolding, and Esmý cried out with delight as she saw her first English primroses.

"We'll get you a big bunch," Guy said, and presently he, Walter, and Fred ran off, leaving Esmý still looking for more primroses.

It was very quiet and peaceful. The pale blue sky, the dark branches with tender buds unfolding from them, the soft air, were all just as Father had so often described to her; how she wished he were there, but she could send him one or two primroses in a letter.

A terrified cry brought Esmý's thoughts back. It was Charlie who had called for help, and he was stooping over Alfie, who had slipped from the bridge over the brook, and was hanging on by his hands to the footboard. The other boys were not in sight, and Esmý ran to the bridge.

Charlie had hold of Alfie's sleeve, but could not draw him up, and the poor little boy's fingers, white with their fierce hold, were beginning to give way. The brook was not very deep, but there were great stones in it which showed through the clear water.

Esmý stooped and took hold of Alfie's arms, but felt she could not get him up. "Fetch the others," she said to Charlie; "be quick."

Charlie sped off, calling as he ran, and before he was half across the field his brothers heard him and ran up. Then they all tore back, but just as they arrived Esmý, by a mighty effort, drew Alfie up, turning on the bridge, and nearly falling the other side.

"Bravo!" cried Walter, but Esmý shivered so and was so white that they made her sit down on the grass. Alfie was getting over his fright, but when Esmý got up she limped and said her foot hurt her.

"You've twisted it, I suppose," Walter said gloomily. "Won't Mrs. Hampshire be cross! She said if we got into trouble again she would not let me go beyond the garden for a week. I'd rather have a thrashing."

Esmý never could understand how it was that schoolboys could talk so lightly of thrashings, and she said earnestly, "Don't tell her, she needn't know."

"But she'll see it hurts you," Walter objected.

"No, she needn't; help me now, and I'll get on all right presently."

They reached home without being noticed, and the boys made their cousin very comfortable in a low chair, and waited on her, making much of her.

They were not old enough to understand that using the foot might injure it seriously, and Esmý was so glad to do something for them that she concealed her pain, and managed so that Mrs. Hampshire did not see her limp. But she grew more white and weak; the doctor had said that she did not need him longer, it was care and nursing that would set her right, and Mrs. Hampshire was very glad that it would not be long now before Mr. and Mrs. Vatcher returned.

No one knew how often the poor little girl sat up in bed and cried with the pain that would not let her sleep, nor how much she longed to feel her father's arms round her those long miserable nights.

"I must ask the doctor to come in again if you can't eat," Mrs. Hampshire said one morning as Esmý picked at her breakfast.

"No, I'm all right," Esmý said, and by a great effort she managed to eat her egg.

"I say," Walter said afterwards, "does it hurt you so very much? Perhaps we had better tell."

"Oh, no," cried Esmý, "I don't want to."

"Well, you are a brick, anyhow," said Walter, and Esmý felt quite rewarded.

That very evening a telegram came to say that Mr. and Mrs. Vatcher would be home next day, and were bringing a surprise for Esmý. The little girl said her father must be coming, that was the only nice surprise they could bring her.

The boys were doubtful, but Esmý was right; when the carriage drew up there was Captain Wylde looking out. There was such a joyful confusion of greetings, so much that everyone wanted to tell, that it was only the Captain who noticed how ill his little daughter looked.

Late that night, after sitting talking, Captain Wylde went in to look at Esmý, think-

ing to find her asleep. But she was sitting up in bed moaning with pain, too worn out not to be glad to tell her father all about it.

The boys woke next morning to find trouble in the house. The doctor, whom Captain Wylde had called in at once, thought very badly of the foot. If it had been rested at first it might have been well, but now Esmý must be laid up for a long time.

It seemed that the little girl had kept up as long as she could, but now she was very ill. So ill that one day three doctors came, and Guy, in bitter sorrow, told his brothers that they were going to cut off Esmý's foot.

The miserable boys fled down the garden, where an hour later Mr. Vatcher found them, sitting in a little heap, with tear-stained faces. It was not as they had thought; the doctors hoped to save the foot, but they had been obliged to operate on it, and the little girl would be laid up for a long time.

No one blamed the boys; indeed, no one quite understood the part they had had in the matter, but one day Walter told Captain Wylde all about it.

The boy never forgot his uncle's kindness; he was not a bit angry, but seemed to understand all about it.

"So my little girl showed that she could be brave," he said presently.

"Rather," said Walter; "she's a little brick, and I wish she was our real sister."

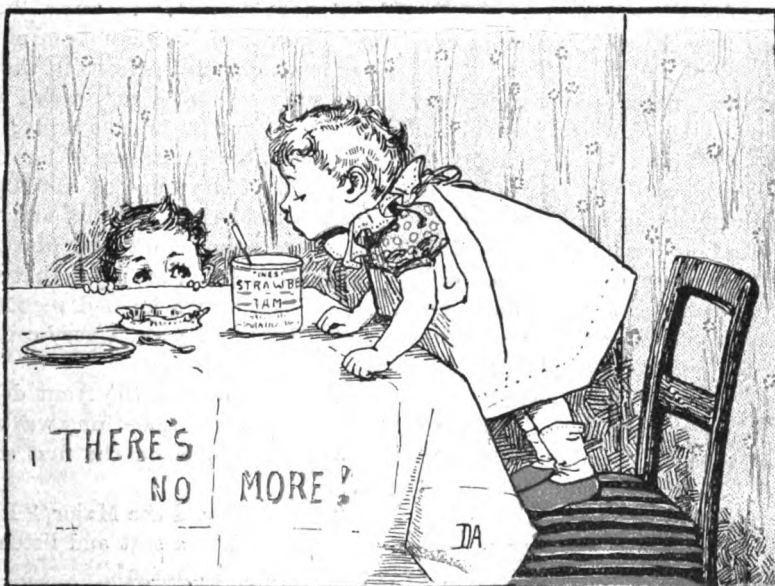
"You are very good brothers to her," the Captain said as the other boys ran up.

"We called her a Wild Indian," said Guy.

"But she bore the pain like a story Indian," said Fred. "I couldn't have done it, or not told about the toothache that night. I shan't ever think that girls are not brave again," continued Fred. "Uncle, we're all going to be Esmý's horses when she may come out, and we won't call her a wild Indian any more."

"She rather likes it," said Captain Wylde.

And when Esmý was able to be drawn about the garden she found five very willing slaves; and when Captain Wylde had to go away again he left her quite happily. The foot was soon to be well, and the Captain had plans of coming home and settling near the Vachers before another year had gone. His health was not good, and he was advised to leave the army, while his five nephews rejoiced at the thought of having him near them.





## THE BOOK OF BETTY BARBER AND THE TROUBLE IT CAUSED.

By MAGGIE BROWNE, Author of "*Wanted—a King*," "*The Surprising Adventures of Tuppy and Tue*," etc.

### CHAPTER III.

#### MAJOR C GOES A-VISITING.

**T**HE Major reached home much troubled in his mind. For the first time in his life he really looked at the houses which stood so close to his own.

There were twelve houses in one street—seven on one side, five on the other. Twelve narrow houses, for there were no rooms in them, only two long flights of stairs in each house.

The Major had never been inside any house but his own. The children kept him so busy going up and down his own flights of stairs, that when he had any spare time he was glad to go right away from them.

Now he looked up and down the street curiously. He examined his own house carefully; then he compared it with Major G's, the house next door. They were very much alike. Major G had more steps in front of his doors, and Major G had a door-plate—a door-plate with queer lines on it. Major C marched up the steps to look at the door-plate more closely. There were four lines on it, one pair crossing the other pair.

"Seems as if he wanted to play noughts and crosses all the time," said Major C, as

he went down the steps again. He looked at the house next door but one. Major D had a door-plate with more lines on it. Major C examined one house after the other. Every house had a door-plate, only his was without.

As he walked to his own house he seemed to hear Minora's voice, "I wish we had a door-plate. Why haven't we a door-plate?"

Minora, the Major's ward, lived with the Major, and Minora was not one of the happiest and most cheerful persons in the world. She was supposed to be very much afraid of her guardian, but she wasn't a bit; and, though she had a back staircase of her own, she was very often to be found on the Major's, for she liked someone to talk to and grumble at. She tried sometimes to stir him up and make him discontented too; but that was not easy to do, for before he had seen the Book of Betty Barber he was a very contented, easy-going old gentleman.

When he opened the front door, however, Minora saw that something was wrong.

He sank down on the first staircase, and began.

"Minora," said the Major, "I want to consult you. Take a seat and listen to me. Do you know the Sharps?"

"Well," said Minora, dismally, "and a fine bother they are."

"Do you know the Flats?" asked the Major.

"No, I don't know anything about flats," said Minora decidedly, "I prefer a whole house myself, and I'm quite certain a flat would never suit you. No staircase at all, and you with your passion for going up and down. No, if you want to make a change, and very desirable it is, too, that you should make some change——"

"Minora," said the Major, "you are labouring under a misapprehension. I did not say a flat, I said *the* Flats, the family of Flats."

"Oh, they live over the way," said Minora. "I believe there is more than one family, and each house has a door-plate. Now, don't you think we might have a door-plate?"

"Minora," said the Major, "we'll see about that door-plate by-and-by. At the present moment I wish to talk to you about the Flats and the Sharps. I am thinking of paying a few visits to my relatives."

"And about time, too," said Minora. "I shall begin to enjoy myself at last. How often have I tried to persuade you to go about a bit! It would do you good, and it would do me good."

"I must find out about these Sharps and Flats," said the Major. "I myself think my house is very charming, very comfortable. The stairs are so clean, so white, so even."

"And so dull," said Minora. "I never saw a duller house."

"There are those who seem to think the house dull," said the Major. "Minora, come along. We will start at once and visit these Sharps and Flats."

The Major opened the door, and stepped outside briskly. Minora followed him, looking more cheerful than she had ever done in her life. Once in the street, however, the poor old Major looked quite bewildered. Minora was quite equal to the occasion.

"We'll go and call on the Flats first," she said, taking his arm. "Come across the road. We'll look at the door-plates and go into the house which has most of those quaint-looking sixes on the plate"

"Sixes on the plate?" murmured the Major. "Oh, I see, that door-plate has no cross-lines on it."

"Of course not," said Minora, "lines mean Sharps. Even I know that, and troublesome things Sharps are. Why, sometimes one of my Sharps——" then she hesitated and looked at the Major, "but I daresay you don't notice, you never come up my staircase, do you?"

The Major was not listening to her. Minora talked so much that the Major rarely listened to her.

"Three sixes," he said, "then that means three Flats."

"We will go to the last house of all," said Minora. "I believe there are five Flats living there."

"My dear Minora," said the Major, "how uncomfortably crowded the stairs must be. The Major, his ward, and five Flats! Why, they will scarcely be able to move."

"Let us come and see how they manage," said Minora, and she boldly tapped at the door.

A military gentleman opened it. He saluted promptly, and the Major bowed politely; but Minora, the doleful, dismal, grumbling Minora, began to giggle.

"My ward, Minora," said the Major, staring in astonishment at that young lady, and giving her arm a shake. "I am Major C."

"Major D Flat, at your service," said the owner of the house.

"Look at his face," whispered Minora, as Major D Flat stepped aside to allow the strangers to enter. "He's forgotten to wash it."

And, indeed, the Major's face was quite black.

"Come in, come in," he said cheerfully. "I am pleased to see you. Can I do anything for you?"

Major C looked at the staircase. It was nearly as black as its owner's face.

"I wanted——" he began.

"Well, you must know," interrupted Minora, "he has very sensibly come to the conclusion that his own staircase is a bit dull."

"Minora, be quiet," said Major C.



"He was pinched, poked, beaten, and pushed down the steps" (p. 99).

"Would you walk up my staircase?" said the black-faced Major pleasantly.

Major C put one foot on the first step, up sprang a little black head. The Major stepped back in astonishment, right on the top of Minora, and down they tumbled together.

"Only one of my Flats," said Major D Flat, "I'm so sorry; I hope you are not hurt."

"Not much," said Major C politely. "Might we perhaps sit on your third step?"

Major D Flat said, "Certainly." But to reach the third step, which looked so white and inviting, they had to pass the second, and as soon as Major C's foot touched it, up sprang a second little black head, and once more down slipped the Major. He rolled over and over, and once more arrived on the top of Minora, knocking her right down.

"I'm going home," said Minora, "I'm sorry I came, you've hurt me."

"I really think," said Major C, rubbing his arms and legs, "we won't go further."

"Just as you please," said Major D Flat haughtily. "You don't seem accustomed to Flats."

"Indeed, he doesn't," called a small voice. "I believe he's broken my toe," called another.

"Let's pelt him," called other voices.

It seemed to the Major as if black heads appeared on every step.

Major D Flat opened the door hastily. "I think, if you don't mind," he said, "you had better go." And he almost pushed Minora and Major C out of the door and down the steps.

"Well, well, well," said Major C, "if this is visiting, and if those are Flats——"

"I'm going home," said Minora. "It is all your fault. You would spoil anything. Anybody would have thought that, whatever you couldn't do, at least you ought to be able, after all the practice

you've had, to walk upstairs."

"Minora," said Major C, "go home."

And Minora went rather quickly.

The Major stood still, thinking.

"I begin to think," he said, "that Betty Barber's fondness for the Sharps and Flats is a great mistake. But I have not yet visited the Sharps, perhaps that was an unfortunate beginning. I will try again." And Major C marched across to the other side of the road. The door of the last house stood ajar, and the Major walked up the steps and tapped gently.

There was no answer, so the Major peeped in. The staircase looked every bit as black as the one on the opposite side of the road, and the Major felt very much inclined to turn round and go away; but he heard foot-steps on the stairs, so he pulled himself together and coughed twice. At once the door was flung wide open; black heads appeared on the staircase, and a black maiden stood before him.

"You want to see Major F Sharp," said the black maiden. "Well, he's out, and if you take my advice you won't wait until he comes home."

"You won't indeed," shouted the little black Sharps.

"He's never in a good temper," said the black maiden.

"Never, never, never," screamed the Sharps.

"We're none of us in good tempers in this house," said the maiden, "and it is the children's fault. They tumble up and down this staircase."

"Step on your toes," shouted one of the Sharps.

"And fingers," screamed another.

"All day long," said the black maiden, "the nasty little things."

"The children are dear little things," said the Major indignantly. "If you hadn't so many of these black things about to crowd your staircase they wouldn't tumble up it. If you will allow me to give you a bit of advice——"

"We won't," screamed the Sharps.

"They won't," said the maiden. "Sometimes they won't even allow me to speak."

"She has to be quiet sometimes," said one of the Sharps.

"And you are Sharps?" said the Major.

"We are indeed," shouted the Sharps.

"Then you are every bit as bad as Flats," said the Major. "I wonder your master can stand you. No wonder his temper is bad!"

But his voice was drowned in a chorus of shouts and screams and yells.

"Bite him, pelt him, turn him out!"

In a moment Major C was surrounded. He was pinched, poked, beaten, and pushed down the steps, and the Sharps were following him out into the street, when there was a cry from the black maiden of "He's coming, I can see him." In a moment every Sharp ran inside the house, the black maiden vanished, and the door was shut.

Major C rubbed himself, shook himself, and tried to remember where he was and what had happened to him.

Then he felt himself touched on the shoulder, and turning round saw the master of the house, Major F Sharp.

"I hope my ward and my little Sharps were polite to you," he said. "They are rather rough sometimes, and I have to scold them. The fact of the matter is, they have much to

try their tempers, all the children are so very stupid. They tumble about on our staircase in the most careless way."

"Stupid?" gasped Major C, "Stupid?"

"So very stupid," said Major F Sharp.

"I'm going home," said Major C, "I can't talk to you; you make me so angry. Did you really mean to say the children are stupid? Why, the children are dear little things. It is you who are stupid, to have such a crowded staircase."

"Come home, come home," whispered a voice. It was Minora, and she took Major C's arm.

"And you go home," she said, turning on Major F Sharp, "and scold those Sharps of yours. Try to teach them how to behave, I'll have them punished."

"Thank you," said Major F Sharp, "I'll trouble you not to interfere with my household."

"Come away," said the Major, who was feeling very bruised, very sore, and very depressed.

"It is a shame," said Minora. "Did they hurt you really?"

"Why were they so angry?" said the Major.

"It was those Flats over the way," said Minora, "didn't you see them?"

"See what?" said the Major.

"I was going home," said Minora, "and I happened to turn round. I saw the Flats at the end house making signs to the Sharps, and one of them slipped across to the side door."

"I didn't see him," said the Major.

"You were busy," said Minora, "and he was very careful not to let you see him."

"But why were the Flats angry with me?" asked the Major, "why should they want to pelt me?"

"You walked on their toes, and you tumbled over them and scolded them," said Minora, "and, if you'll excuse my mentioning it—well—you are heavy."

"Poor Minora," said the Major. "He tumbles over her and hurts her, and she thinks his house is dull; but she comes to help him when he is in trouble."



"Of course," said Minora. "I can't help grumbling and groaning, that's the way I'm made; but I'd help you any way I could any time, Major dear."

"Well, I've quite made up my mind about one thing," said the Major, "I'll never have a Sharp or a Flat on my staircase. Whatever Betty Barber may say, I'll have nothing to do with them."

"They certainly were very rude and disagreeable this morning," said Minora, "but sometimes they are quite pleasant. I have two."

"Then keep them out of my way," said the Major.

"Go and have a rest," said Minora, for the Major spoke quite angrily, "you'll feel better presently."

"I'll walk up and down my own clean white staircase," he said, "that will make me feel better."

And Minora heard him tramping up and down all that day. She did not go near him, but left him alone to get rested and forget his troubles.

"It was a pity," she said as she walked up her own staircase. "He began badly by hurting their feelings, and their toes, and their fingers; and they ended by hurting his feelings and his toes. He wouldn't have minded his toes, but his feelings are serious, and when anyone abuses the children his feelings are very much hurt."

She found her own two Sharps on the way down her own staircase, and told them all about it.

"His staircase must be very dull," said one of the Sharps, "I find this one dull sometimes, and have to run out and get a change."

"I stop at home," said the other. "I'm always comfortable; but I must say I shouldn't be comfortable on Major C's staircase."

"You'd better keep out of his way," said Minora. "He'll never have a Sharp or a Flat on his staircase now. I don't know what's to be done. If Betty Barber thinks his staircase is dull, other children may think so too, and may keep away, and without the children he will never be happy."

"He'll do something, if he thinks the children would like it," said one of the Sharps.

"Of course he will," said the other, "he's so fond of the children."

"I must think about it," said Minora, "perhaps I shall think of some plan."

"You'll think of something," said the two Sharps in chorus.

"He's not much quieter yet," said Minora, "I can still hear him tramping up and down stairs, murmuring 'Preposterous! Betty Barber! Sharps! Flats!' What shall I do? I know, I'll go and ask—of course I will, he's sure to think of something. I'll go this very minute."

"Where are you going, Minora?" asked one of the Sharps.

"Let me come, too," called the other.

Minora did not answer, and the side door banged.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### "TIME—DECORATOR."

UP the staircase, down the staircase, tramp, tramp, tramp. Major C was beginning to feel better. He stopped shouting, and started thinking instead. The longer he thought about it, the more determined he became never to allow a Flat or a Sharp on his beautiful, clean white staircase. Yet something must be done.

Minora thought his house dull, Betty Barber thought he was dull, perhaps other children would think him dull, too.

The Major looked up and down his staircase and sighed. Then he heard sounds of shouting outside the house. He walked to the window and looked out.

Quite a number of men and boys were gathered round a cart, which was drawn up opposite the front gate.

Major C threw open the window wide.

"Now, then, look where you're throwing. One, two, three, are you ready? Here, catch these bars."

Major C could hear the shouts, as the men began to unload the cart and carry the things to his own side door. The Major could scarcely believe his eyes, and almost tumbled out of the window in his desire to get nearer.



"THE MEN WERE STILL BUSY UNLOADING THE CART" (p. 102).

Were the things for Minora? Major C looked at the cart again more carefully.

On the side was painted in large letters: "Time—Decorator."

"Decorator?" said Major C, very much puzzled. "Can Minora be thinking of decorating her staircase without consulting me?"

The Major hurried downstairs and threw the front door open.

The men were still busy unloading the cart, and all kinds of queer things were being carried to the Major's side door—curved black bars, straight black bars, round black balls, large numbers fastened one above the other,—which Major C knew were time signatures—and big signboards with long names painted on them.

The Major coughed loudly. The men and boys were far too busy to notice him.

"May I ask——" he began.

The unloading of the cart went on steadily.

"Would you kindly tell me——" said the Major, trying again, and speaking more loudly.

He had made himself heard at last.

"The master will be here directly," said a smart little black boy, who moved very quickly, and spoke very quickly.

"Excuse me," said Major C, "but the master is here. I am the master, I am Major C."

"That's all right," said the small boy, "we were to bring the things to Major C's, and pile them up at his side door. It's all right, boys," he shouted to the others. "He says he is Major C, so this is the right house. You see, we couldn't be quite sure of the house," he said, addressing Major C, "as you haven't a door-plate; but we'll soon put all that right for you."

"Excuse me——" began Major C. Then he looked up the road, and saw Minora walking towards the house with a very old-looking gentleman, whose hair was very white, and whose beard was very long. Minora hastened up the steps to the Major.

"I am so sorry I couldn't get back before," she said.

"Minora," said the Major, "I think you

ought to have told me you were thinking of getting your staircase decorated by this gentleman."

"I'm very sorry," said Minora meekly.

"Never mind," said the Major. "I will forgive you; but I should like to speak to the gentleman myself."

"Of course," said Minora, "but let me tell you first——"

"Fetch the gentleman, and let me speak to him," said the Major, so decidedly that Minora hopped down the steps without another word.

"He wants to speak to you himself," she whispered to the old gentleman. "Come up the steps."

"Mr. Time, I believe," said the Major.

"Father Time I am usually called, sir," said the old gentleman.

"I beg pardon, Father Time," said the Major. "May I ask you to step inside. Father Time? I was thinking perhaps you might be able to assist me——"

Minora opened her eyes very wide.

"To decorate my house," continued the Major. "I myself think it is quite satisfactory as it is; but there are those who consider it dull."

"I can promise you the most careful and prompt attention," said Father Time. "May I be permitted to view the premises? Then I will furnish you with plans of decoration, hoping that one may meet with your approval. Excuse me one moment," and he ran down the steps.

"I'm so glad," said Minora, "I'm so glad. I thought——"

"Never mind what you thought, Minora," said the Major stiffly.

"Here I am, at your service," said Father Time. "I have spoken to my people."

Major C waved his hand, and invited Father Time to enter.

"You will observe——" he began.

But Father Time hurried up the staircase, and before the Major had time to object he was down again.

"Pardon me," he said, "I am a very busy person. I am quite prepared to propose several schemes. What would you think of



building up chords on each stair, and adding a bass?"

The Major frowned. "I should tumble over the cords," he said.

"You don't take to that scheme," said Father Time. "Very well, then, we abandon it at once. I must strongly recommend you to try a signature. That seems an absolute necessity. Which kind do you prefer? Before you decide, I should very much like to give you some idea—of course, it can only be a rough one—of the general effect. Just one moment, and, needless to remark, when I say a moment I mean a moment."

Once more he tripped down the steps and spoke to the men, sending one here, another there, and all his directions were quickly and silently obeyed.

"They were making such a noise before he spoke to them," said Major C, "he certainly is a wonderful old gentleman."

"And such a clever one, too," said Minora. "He'll make your staircase look grand."

Father Time appeared at the front door once more, carrying a long wand in his hand.

"We will first try three Crotchets," he said, and he waved his stick in the air.

Immediately all the men and boys placed themselves in a long line in the most orderly way.

"Three-four," called Father Time.

Three smart boys, dressed all in black, stepped forward and bowed.

"Crotchets, you know," said Father Time. "Now, do you prefer Legato or Staccato? Minim, fetch a slur, Semibreve, three dots, please."

A round-faced fat boy, so fat and round that he seemed to be all face and body without legs, rolled to the pile of things heaped up at the side door, picked up a curved black bar, rolled back again, and held the bar over the Crotchets.

"Are you ready?" called Father Time, waving his stick.

The Crotchets joined hands and glided smoothly over the ground.

"Legato," explained Father Time. "Now, please, Staccato!"

The Crotchets each took a black ball, held

it over his head, and jumped suddenly in the air.

"Now, if you have a Staccato Crotchet on each stair," said Father Time, "the house would be no longer dull."

"No," said Major C, "but I should have a great many Crotchets."

"And too many Crotchets in any house are not pleasant," said Minora.

"Really," began Father Time, looking quite annoyed. "Well, well, I must think of something else," he added quickly. "Perhaps you would like to try common time, and use Semibreves only, they are slow. Then, to avoid dulness, you might label each bar differently, one 'Presto,' one 'Andante.' That would give great—Excuse me one moment." And Father Time put down his stick.

A messenger ran up the steps, whispered to Father Time, and ran down again.

"I'm very sorry," said the old gentleman, "but I shall have to leave you. There's a Russian gentleman wanting me at once. He is in difficulties; but it's the last scene of his opera, so I shan't be very long. Will you be trying experiments with the Semibreves? Good-bye, I'll be back very quickly." And Father Time hurried away.

"He is a very busy person," said the Major.

"What a pity he had to go," said Minora.

"Now, then, come along," said the Semibreve, "we had better begin. What did he say?"

"Common time, I think," said Minora, who had picked up Father Time's wand, and was holding it in her hand.

"Then two of us can manage each bar," said the Semibreve. "Fetch some labels."

"I'll come and choose them," said Minora, and she ran down the steps.

The boys and men moved out of the way. Directly she spoke her orders were obeyed. Minora had never before felt so strong and cheerful, so capable of giving orders. She chose labels, she ordered them to be carried up to the Major, she decided for him which would be best, in point of fact she managed everything.

The Major looked rather disturbed and un-



"Father Time's men and boys  
... were running up  
the road ... to meet  
the Sharps and Flats"  
(p. 106).

happy about it all, but Minora was thoroughly enjoying herself.

"Suppose we had two labels for each bar," she said, "the children would think it great fun."

"It would be very confusing," said the Major; "but it is all confusing."

"Oh, no," said Minora. "Let me show you. I will be back in one minute," she called to the men and boys. Then, putting Father Time's wand down on the top step, she ran indoors and shut the front door.

"Now, watch me," she said. "We will have two labels, 'Andante' and 'Presto'—slowly

and quickly they mean, you know—on the first flight of stairs. Then we should have to go slowly up the first two steps, and very quickly up the next two—Hullo! What is the matter outside?"

She threw the front door open and nearly tumbled over one of the Crotchets, who was standing on the top step waving Father Time's wand in the air, shouting at the top of his voice, "Come on, come on, I won't have Semibreves or Minims. I will have Semi-demi-semi-quavers, and see how the silly old man——"

Then he saw Minora and the Major.

"What are you doing?" said Minora.

"We are coming into the house," cried the Crotchet. "Come on, come on," he shouted to the others.

"You shan't come in," said Minora, and seizing Major C's arm she dragged him inside and banged the door.

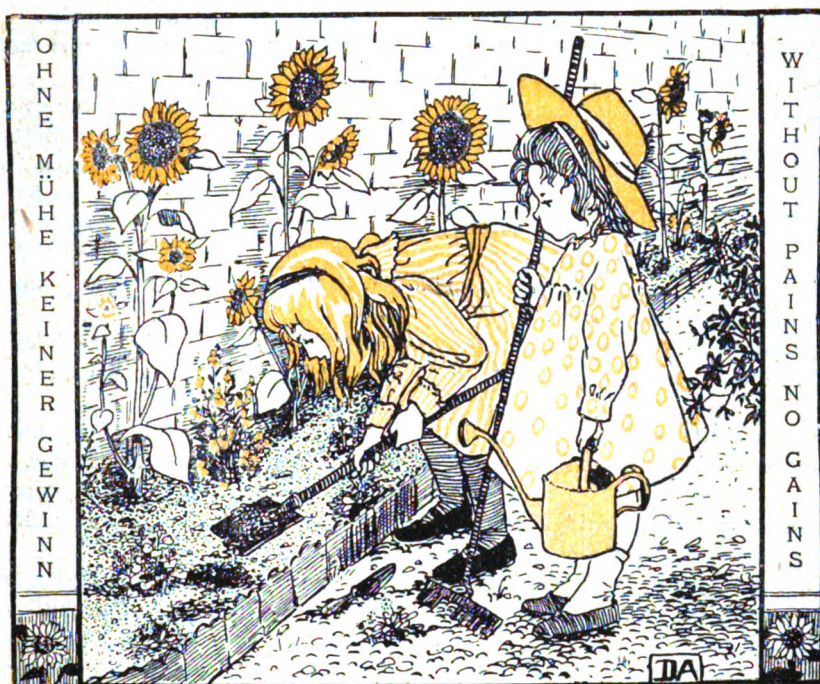
He sank down on the first stair.

"What is the matter?" he said.

The Crotchet was hammering on the door, and all the others were shouting.

"Tell them to go away, Minora," said the Major. "Tell them I will have nothing at all done to my house. Why, oh why, did you ever ask them to come?"

"They will batter the door down directly,"



said Minora. "I'll speak to them out of the window, if I can make them listen to me."

Minora ran downstairs, threw the window open wide, and looked down on the crowd.

They stopped battering at the door when they saw her, though they went on shouting as loudly as ever.

The Crotchet was still waving the wand in the air.

Minora tried to make herself heard, but it was useless.

"Is Father Time coming?" called the Major.

Minora did not answer. Minora was watching the wand waving backwards and forwards.

She shut the window, hid beneath it a couple of seconds, then opened the window suddenly. She stretched out her arm, grasped the stick firmly, and pulled it away from the Crotchet. Then she shut the window again, and ran down the steps to Major C, who was sitting with his head in his hands, looking white and old and worried.

"We shall never escape, Minora," said the Major, "they will batter the house down."

Minora laughed. She no longer felt a bit afraid.

"It's all right," she said. "Listen, they have stopped shouting. I know all about it now. Hold this wand."

The Major took the wand in his hand. It had a wonderful effect upon him. He pulled himself together, he sat up straight, then he rose and marched upstairs.

"I will speak to them myself," he said, "I will tell them to go away."

He opened the window and leant out; but the crowd had disappeared, only Father Time stood on the doorstep.

"There you are," said Father Time. "I'm sorry to trouble you, but I left my wand. Oh, thank you so much. I'll be back again directly. Hope you are getting on all right." And, taking the wand, the old man hurried away before the Major could say a word.

The Major stared after him, then he shut the window and hurried back to Minora.

"Dear, dear, what a pity!" said Minora. "I don't know what we are to do without the wand. Why didn't you tell Father Time?"

"Was it the wand that made me feel so strong?" asked the Major.

"Of course," said Minora, "it's a wonderful wand. There's a knock at the door. Now what's the matter? I hope they haven't all come back again. I'll peep, before I open the door."

Minora ran to the window, peeped without being seen, and hurried down to the Major.

"Anybody there?" asked the Major.

"Anybody there!" said Minora. "They are all there, and, what is worse, I saw troops of Sharps and Flats collecting together up the road."

"What shall we do? What shall we do? They will batter the house down!" cried the Major.

"They shan't get inside," said Minora.

"Oh, why did you ever bother about them?" wailed the Major. "Why did I ever think of altering my beautiful staircase. It's all your fault, Minora."

"We'd better get away as quickly as we can," said Minora. "I'll have another peep to see what is happening."

"I won't leave my house," cried the Major, "they would destroy it."

Minora peeped. Father Time's men and boys had left the steps and were running up the road, talking and shouting, to meet the Sharps and Flats.

"Now is our chance," said Minora, "if only I can get him out of the house, before they come back," and she ran to the Major.

He was sitting on the stairs, saying very decidedly, "I will never leave my house, I will never alter my house."

"Major," said Minora, "you said it was all my fault; but it isn't, it is Betty Barber's fault. Come with me. Let us go together and look for that book, which has brought you into all this trouble."

"We will," said the Major. "We will tear it up. Come along." And he jumped up quite briskly.

"We will go quickly too," said Minora, "we will prevent any other children reading the rubbish."

"But we must not let Lucy know that we have torn it up," said the Major.

The crowd in the road was busy shouting, each one trying to shout louder than everyone else.

In order to punish the Major and Minora they were all determined to pull the house to pieces; but were too much occupied to notice the departure of the owner, though the Major saw them.

"I should like to speak to them," he said, "to tell them they must not touch my house."

"If we waste time," said Minora, anxious to get him away, "some other child will read the book. Besides, look, I believe I see Father Time with his wand. He will quiet them."

"Then come," said the Major, "we will go and look for the book. I know exactly where to find it."

(To be continued.)





## A GREAT SCHEME FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

By BELLA SIDNEY WOOLF, *Author of "All in a Castle Fair," etc.*

"I owe you five farthings,"  
Said the Bells of St. Martin's.  
"When will you pay me?"  
Said the Bells of Old Bailey.  
"When I grow rich,"  
Said the Bells of Shoreditch.



HE old jingle rang in my ears as I found myself facing Shoreditch Church on a grey London afternoon. And after I had walked through a mile and a half of Shoreditch, I came to the conclusion that those Old Bailey bells are most probably still asking that question in vain, and that they had better give up the matter as "a bad job." For there are no signs of Shoreditch growing rich. In fact, it is a good deal poorer than in the days when a hunting-box stood where narrow courts and dismal alleys do now—and that was only 150 years ago, I am told!

No, Shoreditch is desperately poor, and it is because I do not believe that one out of ten of my readers has ever been there—or even has an idea about it at all, saving the one gathered from "Oranges and Lemons"—that I want you to come with me and see what I saw that afternoon.

Well, I walked along the Hackney Road, leaving Shoreditch Church behind me, and I soon decided that it was not the street you or I would choose for a constitutional. Grey, squalid shops on either hand, filled with all kinds of untempting food—sweet-shops, in which the approach of Christmas could be seen by the addition of silver tinsel ornaments and extra poisonous-looking sweets; cheap eating-houses, with dirt-engrained windows and doors, from which an overpowering scent of cabbage floated; cheap butchers' shops, in which terrible-looking bits of meat were ticketed 4d. and 3d., and disposed in wooden trays. Yes, we who never have a greater "food grievance" from one year's end to another than a pudding which we do not fancy, or a "tough joint," little think, as

we sit down to breakfast, dinner, and tea, of what is set before the children of the poor throughout the year. Little, starved bodies, little shivering limbs; that is the fate of thousands upon thousands of children of your age, and with feelings like yours.

But I must press on; some other day we will hark back to that subject. For the present come with me down this narrow little side street, Goldsmith's Row it is called, and ring the bell of that building on the right, which towers above its neighbours like Gulliver above the Liliputians—the North-Eastern Hospital for Children. This is our goal, this rather dingy-looking building, which, like some dully-bound book, contains dozens of absorbing stories—stories lying in little white cots, real *living*, boy-and-girl stories. I was so anxious to see these "boy-and-girl stories" that I did not ring the front door bell, as a visitor should, but I walked in at the out-patients' door, which sounds Irish, but is quite right when you examine it. There I found a flight of stairs, and I marched boldly up to a man in uniform and explained what I had come for, and that I had evidently come in the wrong way. And so I had. He marched me through the out-patients' department, and I had a good glimpse of them. What do you think they are, these out-patients? Why, boys and girls of all ages and sizes, but mostly tiny tots, brought by their mothers to see what the hospital can do for them. There they sit, in a large long room, on wooden benches—at least, the mothers sit on the benches, and the babies sit on their knees—and there is a great deal of talking and exchanging of confidences amongst some mammas, while others sit quite silent, holding a poor wee baby with such a small white face in their loving shabby arms. They are waiting their turn to see the doctor. If the case is a very bad one, it is taken into the hospital—that is, *if there is room*; if it is less serious, medicine and advice is given, while some children have been in the hospital and are

practically cured, only the doctor still "keeps an eye" on them.

The uniformed one takes me up to a little "den," and there in a few minutes I am introduced to the Secretary of the hospital. I have just had time to notice a large sack in one corner labelled H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany, Middlesex Needlework Guild, and this reminds me of the immense number of good works which the Royal Family manage to achieve in their busy lives. Then the Secretary, who knows that I have come to see what I can see to tell the readers of *LITTLE FOLKS*, takes me up to a door, opens it, and there lie some of the boy-and-girl stories in the medical ward of the North-Eastern Hospital.

"Oh, how pretty!" is the first thing you would say. On either side of the long, bright room with its polished boards, are ranged the cots and bassinets of the little ones, and down the centre are long tables covered with palms and flowers. The fire gleams and dances in the grate, and the nearest head on the white pillow is golden and curly, and the eyes are bright as they turn to look at the stranger. Surely this is not an abode of pain, but some huge nursery prepared for sleep.

But the illusion does not last.

At that moment a pitiful wail comes from a cot, in which lies a wee baby with a pinched, white face—a wail of pain. Sister Butt's kind face softens as she bends over the mite and whispers to me:—

"Poor darling, she's *very* ill. I fear she'll not get better."

Then, when the little one has been soothed, Sister takes me from one cot to another, telling the story as we pass—stories which would fill page upon page of this magazine. (No, Mr. Good Kind Editor, don't be alarmed, I shall save some for "next time.") Brown heads, curly heads, golden heads, smooth heads, there they lie—some sleeping, some tossing uneasily, many "almost better," gazing up with bright, shy eyes, while the "wellest" of all (as I heard a child once say) are sitting up with wooden trays in front of them, on which are dollies, ninepins, books, and other treasures.

"Ah! but come and see Bertie," says Sister, as I linger by one tiny, who will not even tell her name, but gazes solemnly up at me. And then I lose my heart to Bertie.

Oh, my readers, could you but have seen that half-pathetic, half-comical, wee figure! Bertie is three years old, but so small, and so painfully white and thin; and his hair is very fair—almost white—and quite straight and rather long. "They curled it once," says Sister, "but Bertie objected." His eyes look like the dog's in Hans Andersen's story—as big as teacups, in comparison with his wee, white face. He sits bolt upright in his little red jacket, and stares solemnly; his mouth is quaintly puckered. Poor wee Bertie, he will never be strong and well, they fear.

"Do smile at the lady, Bertie," says Sister.

But Bertie only stares with those "teacup" eyes of his. He looks like nothing so much as a brownie.

"Tell me your name, *do*," I hazard.

"Bertie," comes the answer, in the quaintest little voice, with no change of countenance, though.

"And what does the doctor call you?" says Sister.

"Mouse." And certainly Bertie is *very* like a white mouse.

"And shall I call you Mouse or Bertie?" I ask.

"Bertie." And a ghost of a smile flickers over Master Mouse's face. Then we became fast friends, and all I wished for was a camera to show my readers that quaint little creature. Perhaps some other time. When I can tear myself away from Bertie, who is everyone's favourite, I pass on to the next cot, and there lies a baby of just a few months—very white and ill. I cannot linger there, for by the bedside sits its mother, and the tears are rolling slowly down her cheeks. Happily there are few such cases to-day.

"You seem to cure most of your patients, Sister," I say; and she smiles brightly, and says, "Yes, we haven't many bad cases now."

There are many little ones by whom I should like to linger with you, but there is still so much to tell of the surgical ward up-

stairs that I must also leave this till "next time." So we must leave Sister Butt and her chicks, some of whom are singing, "God Save the Queen," like true Britons, while one boy whistles and waves a Union Jack as he lies on his pillow. Upstairs to the surgical ward, where curved spines and poor diseased hips, and accidents of all kinds are treated.

"I was runnin' home from school," says one small boy, "an' a cart runned over *me*." The poor broken leg has to be raised high above his head—a very trying and wearisome position. There are several who must lie like this in Sister Fowler's bright and cosy ward—a reflection of the downstairs one. One of these poor mites, whose leg was broken—you see a sister of eight was carrying her and let her fall, these are things which happen 'way down in Shoreditch—one poor mite is crying helplessly, and is only soothed by holding the Secretary's finger. As soon as it is withdrawn her face puckers up, and the tears begin to roll down again. They need, and receive, an infinite amount of tenderness and loving kindness, these little ones.

On the other side of the ward a rosy-faced urchin of four cries pitifully:

"I wants my muvver. Do tell my muvver to come—I wants my muvver."

"He has only just come in," says Sister Fowler, "but he will soon be reconciled."

And sure enough the mention of "tea," acts like magic for the moment.

"An' may I have an egg, Sister?"

Sister says, "Yes," and the rosy face clears like the sky after an April shower.

But that little glimpse of love for "muvver," in palace or cottage, was very sweet.

Next to him lies a very amusing little maiden, who tells me her name is Elizabeth *Tomkins* Mary Emily—a curious arrangement!—and many other things, for which I have no space this time. One poor wee thing has to have her bad neck sponged—poor little May—and she weeps piteously, for it is very painful. Soon it is over, and then, like many others, there is scarcely anything to be seen of May's face, for her head is enveloped in white bandages. How patient and good most of them are! In one corner of the ward lies a

general favourite—a sweet-faced little girl, "who never complains," as Sister says, though heavy weights are attached to her feet and to her head to cure the poor curved back. And there is another "pattern patient," Willie, who has suffered much and uncomplainingly, and looks up at us with such brave blue eyes.

There is, besides, a demure little maid—Annie—in one corner, who is too shy to answer, but helps me silently to look at her scrap-book, and breaks into a quiet smile when I pretend to discover her portrait among the scraps. And there are two bonny, jolly boys, nearly better—Harcourt (there's a fine name!) and Thomas—whose beds are side by side, and whose eyes sparkle with fun. Then there is a nice boy in "specs," who is reading—now this will specially interest my readers—LITTLE FOLKS to a small boy in the next bed, with whom he seems great friends.

I looked round on the ward, and on all the little "boy-and-girl stories," and I thought of all it meant to these little ones of our great London. True, here there is pain to be endured—long hours, days, even weeks and months of it; but oh! the difference to the dark and dreary "home" from which most of them have come. There—it is too often but one poor squalid room—pain is a hundred times less bearable; warmth and cleanliness and tempting food are unknown. "Too little of everything" is the keynote of their lives—too little food, too little clothing, too little air, too little sunshine, too little happiness—often, alas! too little love!

And when I had bid good-bye to the cheerful wards, the gentle sisters, to the kindly lady superintendent, Miss Curno, and the Secretary, who had shown me everything that could interest my readers, and the hospital was left behind, as I traversed the roaring, gas-lit streets—when I looked back on all I had seen, my heart gave a leap, for I felt that when the readers of LITTLE FOLKS hear of what I saw, they will rally round, and the plan which the Editor has asked me to explain to them will soon be carried out. For that I had an object in view, when I took you to the North-Eastern Hospital, I daresay you can guess; and a good, kind plan it is, as

you would only expect from the Good, Kind Editor. It is this. We hope that the readers of *LITTLE FOLKS* will make a mighty effort to achieve a work, which will be an unspeakable blessing to numbers of your less fortunate little "fellow-humans," and will be a satisfaction to you for all time. We want you to found a *Ward of Six Cots*,

#### A "LITTLE FOLKS" WARD,

in the North-Eastern Hospital for Children. Will that not be something to work for, something to strain every nerve to attain? The Governors of the Hospital say they will only need £2,000 for this, so if *every one* of you does his and her best, the good deed will soon be done.

Long years ago—twenty years ago—the readers of *LITTLE FOLKS*, amongst whom were maybe your own father and mother, started to collect a *thousand pounds* for the same purpose, but for a different hospital—the East London Hospital in Shadwell. And lo and behold! before a year was past *two thousand pounds* had streamed into *La Belle Sauvage*, and the good work was *doubled*! So do not let there be a falling-off in you, the younger generation; and now that Christmas, with all its pleasures, and treats, and parties, is past, set yourselves to this great and good task, and save the pennies that are often spent so easily and unprofitably—save them for the little ones of Shoreditch. Some of you may have novel ideas whereby you may aid the Fund, but for straightforward collecting you will find cards in this month's *LITTLE FOLKS*. If you want more, you need only write to the Editor, and he will send you as many as you want—the more the merrier. And every

month you and I will meet here in these pages, and I will tell you what is happening in the hospital amongst the "boy-and-girl stories," and how they keep Christmas there, and what work has been done and what work remains. I hope that next month will show that willing helpers are not wanting, but are waiting in thousands—and even *tens* of thousands! Any letters addressed to the office will reach me, *but remember to send all the money you collect to the EDITOR of "Little Folks," La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, E.C.*

So to work, all you boys and girls! I know you will throw yourselves gallantly into the work. Remember it is for the pain-racked little ones, whose lives are spent in the grey London streets, where even the sunshine loses some of its splendour, where there is little pleasure and less beauty in life, and where the only thing that makes the dreary days bearable is health to seize the few stray joys that are found 'way down in Shoreditch. Remember that many a time the small sufferer cannot enter into the hospital haven because there is "no room." So send in your "five farthings"—or better still your five shillings—not to the "Old Bailey," but to *La Belle Sauvage*, so that "Shoreditch" may be the richer by six white cots, and the world the richer by a good deed.

A new century has opened before us; we stand on the threshold of a hundred years—a hundred years to be filled with deeds, good and, alas! bad also. Then, work, one and all of you, so that what now exists only in words may by *this time next year* be a solid reality—so that one of the first golden deeds of the new century may be

#### THE "LITTLE FOLKS" WARD.

H.R.H. Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, has very kindly allowed us to publish the following message to the readers of *LITTLE FOLKS* :—

KENSINGTON PALACE, W.

*Princess Louise hopes that the young people who read "Little Folks" will try and help to get money for a few more new cots in the Hackney Road Hospital for Children.*

*All who have been lucky in getting money may be sure that it will all go to help to cure the little ones from sickness and suffering, and in making their young lives brighter and happier.*

December 20th, 1900.



*Byrne & Co., Richmond, phot.*  
 "He calls it 'Good-night!'" (p. 114).

## "GOOD-NIGHT."

**T**Y name's Peggy, and I'm six, and I'm going to tell you why I've had my photograph taken. So my big sister Sibbie's helping me to write this, because I can only write quite tiny words like "at" and "up," and those wouldn't make into a story. This photograph, which Sibbie says is called "Good-night"—those words are too long for me to read—this photograph was taken by my dear, darling Uncle Dick, who's a soldier, and has just come home from the war, and has a funny, ugly little medal, which is called the V.C., and makes people quite excited when they hear of

it, because it's the Queen—her Gracious Majesty, Nurse calls her—all in black, with a blue ribbon and a necklace and—and things—who pinned it on Uncle Dick, to show she was very pleased with him. I asked Sibbie to explain, but she wouldn't, because she said I was too small, and bothered so; and then—no, I won't put that in, because it hurts Sibbie, now that she's so very kind to me. Well, Nurse told me Uncle Dick saved a friend of his who was wounded, put him on his horse when the enemy was shooting hard at him, and brought him out of danger. Wasn't that grand?

I suppose I'd better begin at the beginning

It was just before Uncle Dick came to stay with us that I began to feel very lonely. You see, my dear mamma was away getting better in some place where it's always summer. Doesn't that seem queer? And Sibbie is much older than me, and she didn't love me as she does now, and there's no one for me to play with, no brothers or sisters or any boys or girls near our house, which is called The Park. I suppose it was partly through being lonely, and partly through what Nurse calls "pure love of teasing," that I bothered people a good bit. I was what Nurse calls "a pickle," though why I should be like those horrid greeny-yellow things which come up in a glass bottle with the cold meat, "beats me," as Jones, our gardener, says. I told him once it seemed a silly thing to say, and how did it beat him, and what beat him; but he said, "You shouldn't ask so many questions, little Missie, it takes half a body's day to answer 'em." My dear mamma doesn't mind how many questions I ask, and I'm always good when she is here, and I suppose it was through all the questions being bottled up, and people being rather cross, that I was not at all good just when Uncle Dick came. I heard Nurse say to him, "She looks as good as a angel, sir, but, oh! if you could only see behind the scenes."

I begged Sibbie to let me come down the first evening Uncle Dick came, and she did, but only because Uncle Dick asked too. You see, I had broken one of the bottles on her dressing-table, and she was rather cross with me. She had told me before not to play bat and ball in the rooms, and then her room looked so tempting that I ran in and—the glass bottle broke. I was dreadfully sorry, and cried and gave her my money-box with the ten shillings in, but she wouldn't look at me or forgive me. So directly Uncle Dick came I had to run and ask him to beg for me, and Sibbie couldn't say "no" to him.

She was very cross with me all the evening —I want to leave this out, but Sibbie says I must put it in—and I deserved it, I suppose. Uncle Dick told us some lovely stories of his adventures, and some very sad ones, which made us cry, and I longed to be like him.

"Oh, Uncle Dick," I said, "can't I be a soldier? And get the little cross, like you?"

"A pretty soldier you would make," said Sibbie. "Why, you're afraid to go to sleep in the dark, Miss Peggy."

I did wish Sibbie hadn't said that before Uncle Dick. The tears came into my eyes, and Uncle Dick took my hand in his.

"Never mind, Peggy," he said; "we can't grow brave all of a sudden, and there are thousands of people far braver than I; in fact I don't see that I'm brave at all—it was just duty, you know. You can be just as brave as a soldier, and will be too, I'm sure."

Now, when Uncle Dick said that I felt quite happy again, and I put my arms round his neck and kissed him. He seemed to like that, for he lifted me on his knee.

Then he whispered:

"Why are you afraid of the dark, Peggy?"

"I don't know," I whispered back. "I'm not so frightened when my dear mamma is home. She comes and sits by me for just a little while before I go to sleep, you know. But I *won't* be frightened to-night, Uncle Dick, I promise you."

"Very well, little Peggy," he said. "You'll be as brave as a soldier yet!"

Soon after I had to go to bed. Sibbie only gave me a tiny kiss—I could see she hadn't forgiven me yet for breaking the bottle. But Uncle Dick gave me a lovely one, so I didn't miss my dear mamma's so fearfully badly as I did other nights; but I missed it quite bad enough. Nurse put me to bed, but I couldn't go to sleep for a long, long while. I kept thinking of some brave thing I could do, and it bothered me so that I couldn't find one. I wished I could do something brave for Sibbie, so that she would love me very much. But no thought came, and I suppose I fell asleep. When I woke up Nurse was in bed. I knew that because I could see her by the moon, which was shining in. I sat up in bed. I was sure I heard a funny noise. Something inside me gave a jump. There it was again—under the window. I thought of Uncle Dick and said, "I *will* be brave."

Then I listened again.

Why, it was a dog whining.

I crept, oh! so quietly out of bed—I was so afraid Nurse would wake. I crept on bare feet to the window, and lifted just a teeny-corner of the blind. The moon shone on the path, and there I saw Sibbie's dog Carlos. Carlos was a prize dog—a toy terrier—and was to go to the show to-morrow. What would happen if he were left out in the cold all night? Sibbie would break her heart if he caught cold and did not take the prize. What was to be done? How had it happened that he was shut outside? First of all I thought of calling Nurse, then I suddenly thought that it would be lovely to go down and let Carlos in myself. It would be a brave deed, and also it would be doing something for Sibbie.

Then I thought of the great dark staircase, and I—I was afraid—for a moment. But then I thought again of Uncle Dick and the other brave soldiers, and Sibbie, and poor Carlos out in the cold, and I crept to the side of Nurse's bed and took her candlestick, because all grown-ups take candlesticks when they go upstairs to bed, and I thought it would be very dark. Even then I couldn't light it, for Nurse wouldn't let me strike a match; but "it was company," as Nurse would say. I was so afraid she would hear, but she didn't.

Then I crept out of the room—the handle didn't make a noise—and out on the landing. Oh! It was so dark and cold! I was all shivery, but I found the first stair and crawled down to the bottom. The stags' heads my dear papa had shot looked so "ghostly" in the moonlight, and the hall was, oh! so black and frightening! But I crossed it and found the handle of the drawing-room, and I wondered if any brave soldier had ever felt as frightened as I. I gripped the candlestick as tight as tight could be, and then I turned the key. The drawing-room was more frightening than the hall; all the chairs in their yellow dresses looked so pale and funny, and the clock on the mantelpiece ticked so loudly. The blinds were down, but I knew how to pull them up. There, with his nose pressed against the glass, was Carlos. The windows—long ones, you know, right down to the ground—were very easy to open, and in a moment he was in the room, shivering, but licking my

hand and barking. And all my fright vanished. I quite forgot the darkness in patting and comforting poor Carlos, till I thought suddenly I heard a noise and saw a flicker; and there in the doorway stood—Uncle Dick, with a candle and a large stick, and Sibbie peeping with a white face over his shoulder.

"Well——" said Uncle Dick. "What on earth does this mean?"

"Oh, Peggy!" cried Sibbie. "What are you doing here in your nightgown, and with bare feet, and in this cold? What a naughty girl you are! And what are you doing with Carlos?"

Then I began to cry, I couldn't help it. "Oh! Uncle Dick," I sobbed, "I heard Carlos b—barking, and I p—peeped out — and I s—saw that he was sh—shut out—and I knew S—S—Sibbie would be so unhappy—if—if he c—caught cold—d—d—didn't get the p—prize, and so I thought I'd d—do a br—brave deed—and let him in—and n—not be frightened of the d—d—dark, and so I have—and now Sibbie—— Come back, oh, my dear mamma."

But Sibbie rushed to me and caught me up in her arms, and said:

"Dear, darling Peggy; forgive me, you poor darling. How very brave you are—and sweet. Isn't she, Uncle? And how horrid I was to you. You've saved my Carlos. Oh, Peggy, dear."

And Uncle Dick came and closed the window and pulled down the blind; and then he petted me, too, and said I was growing very brave, and he was proud of me; only I mustn't run about the house at night to prove—what was it, Sibbie?—my courage, yes, that was it. And they told me when they heard Carlos barking they were afraid it was burglars. Oh! it was a "to-do," as Nurse calls it.

Then Sibbie carried me off to her room, and I slept with her, which was lovely, and had tea in the morning. And she was sweet—I made her put that in, she wouldn't at first—and I told her how I sometimes felt so lonely, and that made me naughty.

Next day Uncle Dick made me put on my nightgown and take the candlestick and stand



in the drawing-room, whilst he took a photo of me to send to a paper, he said. That's how you see it in *LITTLE FOLKS* to-day. He calls it "Good-night" because he can't find any other name for it; but now you know the story of it, don't you?

Uncle Dick says I'm to keep it always, for it's the beginning of my trying to be brave and good.

So, of course, I shall. And now Sibbie says we've written enough, so I'll say "Good-night."  
LADY ISGRIM.

## TO PHYLLIS.

### ABOUT FAIRYLAND.

TELL me, brown-eyed neighbour Phyllis,  
Where shall we keep holiday?  
I am weary of our old haunts,  
Let us find some untrod way.

I am weary of the river,  
Where we've been so oft, you know,  
I am weary of the country:  
Tell me, whither shall we go?

Shall we sail out towards the west, dear,  
When the moon is riding high  
On that sparkling silver pathway?  
Shall we try it—you and I?

For I wonder where it leads to,  
No one knows, it seems to me:  
But I *think* it leads to Fairyland,  
That path across the sea.

We will take a little boat, dear,  
Just a boat for you and me,  
With a white and gleaming sail, dear,  
And set out across the sea.

Oh! And will it not be lovely,  
All among the silver waves?  
We *may* hear the mermaids singing,  
Down in pearly ocean caves.

We shall glide out o'er the pathway,  
And the folk on shore will say:  
"Now I wonder where those people  
May be sailing far away."

They will little guess, my Phyllis,  
That to Fairyland we go;  
They will think we're merely "trippers,"  
Starting for a moonlight row!

'Twill be dreadfully disappointing,  
If we find that silver sea  
Only leads—well, say to France, dear,  
Or to Germany maybe.

Well, suppose we do not find it,  
"It," you know, is Fairyland,  
If it's not across the pathway,  
We will seek for it on land.

Yes, we will not waste our tears, dear,  
We will try another way,  
And this time we'll walk, not sail, dear,  
Not by night, this time by day.

And we'll seek this land of Fairies,  
Where the rainbow ends, you know;  
You must start, oh! *very* early,  
For we may have *miles* to go.

Not one friend of mine has been there,  
And no one can tell the way;  
We *may* have some strange adventures  
On this novel holiday.

But 'twill be too lovely, Phyllis,  
When we find our way at last,  
And when all the seeking's over,  
And when all the danger's past.

Whether silver path or rainbow,  
Whether near or far away,  
You will not be disappointed  
In your Fairy Holiday.

Then tie on your hat this moment,  
For the moon shines silver-bright,  
We'll set sail across the pathway,  
And just try our luck to-night.

BELLA SIDNEY WOOLF.

# THE ENCHANTED LOOM



\*

By HAROLD BALLAGH.

**A**MONG other tales that I heard from my dear old grandmother as we sat around the *hibachi* (brazier) on cold winter evenings, was that of the Enchanted Loom. She told it thus:—

Now, Hidé, if you will keep quiet long enough, your old *O-ba-san* will begin the tale you asked for. Once upon a time there lived in this very city a young man noted for that greatest of virtues, filial piety!

Was he good-looking, do you ask, Yasu-san? Oh, fie, my child! looks are of little consequence compared with the seven virtues.

Let us return to our story. The young man's name was Kikuchi, and he had neither wealth nor position to recommend him, but better than anything else, he was noted for his devotion to his parents.

His mother had lived and died with his tender offices enveloping her as with a robe, and now all his thoughts were for his father. He did not care if some of the silly youth of the city laughed at him, but continued to make his own plans and amusement secondary to his father's comfort.

As I said before, the devoted young fellow was not rich, and often he found it very difficult to provide for the old man those delicacies craved by the feeble.

One day he started for a walk, that he might be undisturbed in thinking of the best way to help out his finances.

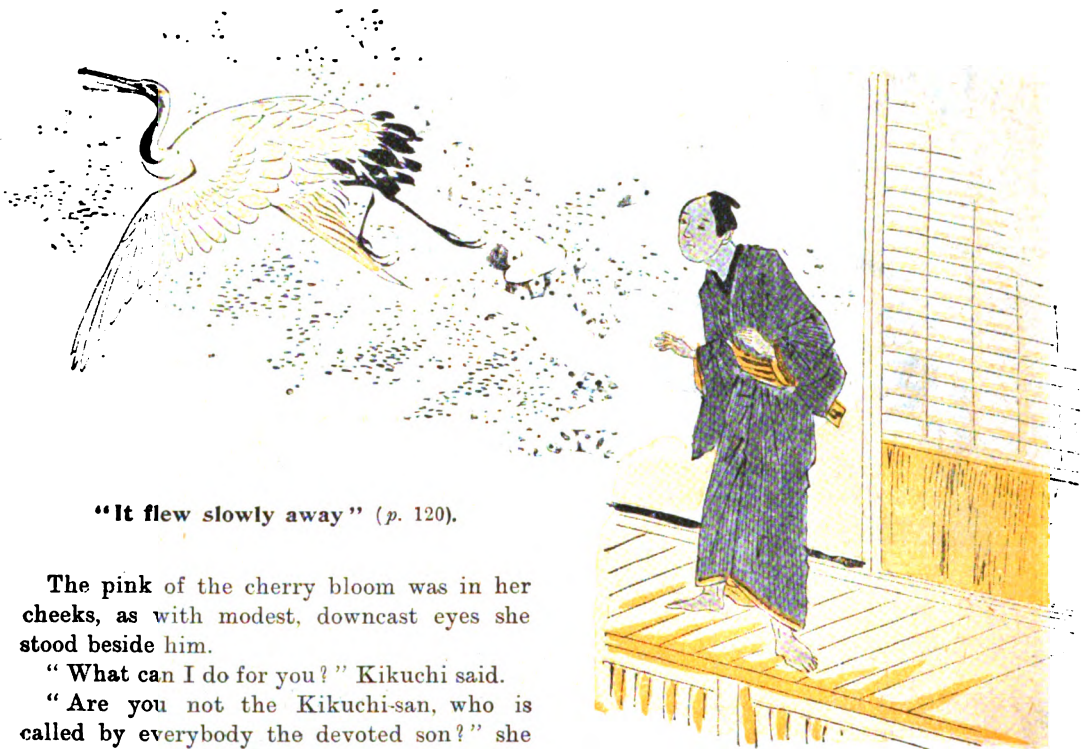
He passed down the city streets and out into the suburbs.

As he went into the valley, through the paddy fields, he did not even look up at the men and women standing in mud and water transplanting the rice.

He walked on until he reached a woodland through which chattered a frisky mountain brook, that led him to places cool and wild; but still he moved as if he were in a dream. He was at last aroused by a voice breaking the silence, and calling him by name.

Kikuchi stopped abruptly and looked around in surprise. On the other side of the brook, under a cherry tree in full bloom, stood the prettiest, sweetest girl he had ever seen. He bowed very low to her, and then watched her spellbound, while she crossed over the stepping-stones and came towards him.

\* [Copyright in U.S., 1900, by Carrie Elizabeth Harrell.]



"It flew slowly away" (p. 120).

The pink of the cherry bloom was in her cheeks, as with modest, downcast eyes she stood beside him.

"What can I do for you?" Kikuchi said.

"Are you not the Kikuchi-san, who is called by everybody the devoted son?" she replied, blushing.

Kikuchi blushed too.

"Those who flatter me may sometimes call me by that name."

The young lady looked up shyly and swiftly, "Oh, I have often heard of you. I, too," she said, with a note of sadness creeping into her voice, "have been called the devoted daughter; but, alas! I no longer have any parents: my dear mother has followed my father to the grave!"

Kikuchi looked at her sympathetically. There was a lump in his throat as he thought of his own lost mother, but fearing to distress her with his trouble, he smiled bravely.

"We are then *kyodai*" (brothers), he said.

"Yes, but you have at least your father to care for. As you provide for him, wait upon him, amuse him, your thoughts fly back to the days when he did all this for you, when you were a helpless infant and a thoughtless boy; you feel that no exertions on your part are too great, that with the most extreme devotion you yet fall short of paying your debt of love and gratitude to him."

"Ah! I see you understand it all!" said Kikuchi.

"Imagine then," she said, "how lonely I am, how barren my life has become, how unprotected I must live, now that I have lost both of my parents."

"Your case is very sad," said Kikuchi. "Can I not help you? Alas! I have not the means to do for you what I should like. Where is your country?"

"I came from Fukushima, my name is Tsuru Hoshino," answered the young maiden, simply.

"Well, O Tsuru-san (Miss Stork), you have come a long way: will you not go with me to my father's house? You can make it your home as long as you will."

Tsuru flushed rosy red.

"I will try to be useful," she said; "I would be delighted to attend upon your honourable, venerable father. In my own country I never lacked for anything, for I am a skilful silk weaver. If you like I will make you silk of the finest quality!"

Then Tsuru-san went home with Kikuchi, and he presented her to his father; the old man took a great fancy to her. Tsuru-san bowed low, and insisted on making herself immediately useful.

That evening Kikuchi's father said: "My son, why do you not marry this young woman? She is beautiful, and I am sure, if she was a devoted daughter, she will make a faithful wife."

So one of Kikuchi's friends was called in as go-between. She made all the arrangements, and finally this little adventure ended in a happy marriage.

Kikuchi was more than contented, for his wife was as devoted to his father's comfort and happiness as he himself. She proved indispensable everywhere: he wondered how he had ever lived without the joy of her presence, and the sweet solicitude she showed for his father.

One day she said, smiling, "You remember, Kikuchi, the day under the cherry-tree?"

"Very well, indeed," he said, smiling too.



"She stood beside him" (p. 116).



"She made all the arrangements."

"Well, I told you I could weave silk, and make quite a good living at it."

"Yes, but you already do so much for my father, you will not have time."

"Oh, yes, I will; but I can only work under certain conditions."

"What are they?"

"Well, I must have a room entirely to myself. There must be no chink, no crevice, and only one small door which will shut closely."

"I am afraid I cannot build such a room now."

"It is not necessary to build. The out-house where you have stored wood, tools, and the odds and ends of the place, will do very well; that is, if you partition off one end of it for me."

"All right, I'll begin to-day."

In a few days Kikuchi had put a partition where his wife wanted it, and helped her to move her loom (the one his mother had long ago used) into the bare room.

"Now," she said, "this is very nice, but I



"Sat down . . . to weave the silk" (p. 119).

cannot do anything if I am disturbed. You must not let anyone in. No one must come spying about."

"Can't I come in?" he asked plaintively, for you see he found it very hard to stay away long from his pretty bride.

"No, indeed," she said, smiling up at him. Then she became very serious. "Really, it is important that I should be unseen. It is impossible for me to work if I think anyone is looking at me. A single flaw in my work would ruin the whole pattern. You promised," she coaxed, "not to look at me, and not let anybody else come near me."

"I promise."

Then Tsuru went gaily into the house, and respectfully asked her father-in-law if there was anything he wished her to do, and if he would permit her to commence her silk-weaving.

"Go, my daughter," he said; "you have done everything you can think of for my comfort; go, now, and do whatever you wish."

• Kikuchi stood about outside like an awkward crane. He did not know what to do with himself.

As O-Tsuru-san came out and saw him there, she caught up her pretty crepe sleeve and held it to her laughing face. He could see nothing but her merry eyes.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, catching her robe, "you must let me in."

"No, no," she laughed back at him, "let me go, and remember you promised not to look at me. Besides, we need the money for our father."

Then Kikuchi reluctantly let her go. He wandered about in the tiny garden, with its little bridges, dwarf trees, smooth stepping stones, and properly behaved blades of grass which only grew where they were wanted.

Very soon he restlessly came back again and settled himself on the narrow verandah, which Tsuru kept polished like a mirror. He smoked his little pipe, all the time listening to the mysterious noises that came from that shut up room.

It is usually said that women have a great deal of curiosity; in fact, it is hard to tell if even *Saru-san* (Mr. Monkey) can excel them in that respect; but I have found that men possess curiosity, more unsatiable, if possible, than women.

Kikuchi was a devoted son and a pious man it is true, but, like every other human being, he had faults.

If one is naturally impatient, then the trials that most affect him are those of his patience, and so it is with every other weakness.

Kikuchi had never been accustomed to govern his curiosity, and now he found it a real trial not to know what was going on in that little room.

"I will not look," he said at last. He knocked the ashes out of his pipe, went into the house, and played a game of *go* (checkers) with his father.

At last the silk was finished: Tsuru-san showed it to the admiring family; the texture was even and fine, and the pattern quite different from the ordinary.

When she offered it to the silk merchants they accepted it immediately, gave her a good price, and ordered more.

Presently Tsuru-san went to work weaving

the second time. She said to Kikuchi: "You were very good before not to interrupt me; now I will do this lot as quickly as possible, and we will obtain as good a price as we did for the last."

Kikuchi saw her go in and shut the door as she did the first time.

He stood thinking to himself, "It was certainly the best silk I ever saw; I wonder how she does it, and what she makes such a secret of it for. I wonder if anything dreadful would really happen if I looked in. What a pretty, roguish creature she is. I have a notion to walk right in through the door. No, she might be very angry, and it would not do for me to provoke her, when we are all so happy together. Besides, my father can have everything he likes now, for good silk is something one can always sell. Still, I really would like to know. I can hear those queer sounds again; I never heard such strange noises come from a loom before. I wonder if I could peep through the door."

He tried it, but found he could see nothing, as he had made that door fit particularly well.

"Pshaw," he said, "why didn't I leave a peep-hole?"

The desire to satisfy his curiosity had now taken possession of him. He forgot his wife's sweet, but serious warning; he forgot his duty to provide for his father's comfort; and especially he left unheeded the fact that he was permitting an unworthy and undignified motive to master him.

"I'll get a gimlet from the shelf, and see what that will do for me."

He dropped his sandals by the verandah, went noiselessly over the fancy bridge, and began to bore through the thick plaster wall of the outhouse.

The loom was making a great noise, and he bored cautiously. Presently he glued his eye to the little hole he had made. The sound within had changed to those mysterious noises that had so whetted his curiosity.

What do you think he saw?

Nothing less than a great white stork flapping its wings against its sides. As it did so the air was filled with bits of silk floss as white as snow, the room was soon festooned

with spider-like threads, and then the stork paused. In a moment it had turned into Kikuchi's beautiful wife, who then sat down at the loom to weave the silk. Kikuchi could do nothing but stare in blank astonishment.

As the noise at the loom began again, he recovered himself enough to sit down on the verandah, and think over what he had seen.

"Am I bewitched? Can I believe my own eyes? I might have known it was not the ordinary lot of man to have such a charming and valuable wife.

"You may be sure I shall never tell her what I have seen. Dear me, was there ever such a thing heard of before? Perhaps this is a reward for being a devoted son. I wonder if I really saw a stork, or was it simply my disordered imagination?" Then Kikuchi, still burning with intense curiosity, tip-toed back again, and looked at his wife working away at the great loom. Suddenly she stopped, for her silk threads had given out, and before his very eyes turned again into a stork.



"A great white stork."

This mystery quite drove prudence from Kikuchi's head. He tried to make the hole bigger so that he could see better, but a bit of falling plaster attracted the stork's attention.

It turned and gave one reproachful look at

Kikuchi, and then flew slowly away with the broken threads of silk, through an open window in the roof that he had entirely forgotten about.

Thus you see, my little dears,

"Curiosity brings its own punishment."

## ON THE ICE.

THE Skates exclaimed, "Do come along!

'Tis silly here to stand;

It's much more pleasant on the ice

Than it is on the land."

The Feet replied, "Don't hurry so!

The surface looks all right,

But are you sure—*quite* sure, we mean—

That we are strapped on tight?"

The Skates retorted, "Pooh! Of course!

Why make so great a fuss?

We're wasting precious time while you

Are hesitating thus."

The Feet made answer, "What you say

Is doubtless very true,

But—er—be careful, if you please—

Imprudence doesn't do."

The Skates responded, "Trust to us!

What we're about we know;

You needn't be at all afraid—

Hurrah, away we go!"

The Feet cried sharply, "Not so fast!

Indeed, you're far too rash."

Then skyward flew both Skates and Feet,

And *wasn't* there a crash!

FELIX LEIGH.

## THE MUSICAL BOX.

HERE was once a musical-box which could play only one tune. You had to wind the handle round and round several times before it would begin, but if you went on long enough the little tune would come at last. It always went like this:—



The children were charmed with it when it first came to the nursery, and Baby never left off playing it. Nurse said it was a good thing, for you always knew where he was, and

he couldn't get into much mischief while he was playing his musical-box. And Mary said she should leave off practising; what was the good of playing five-finger exercises when the box played so much better than she did.

"It is such a pretty tune," she said, as she climbed down from the music-stool and shut up the piano. "My governess never teaches me anything pretty like that. I never play anything but five - finger exercises and 'Rousseau's Dream.' And my exercises are hideous! Doodle, doodle, dummy, dummy! Nobody ever wants a tune like that!

"Tinkle-te-ting, oh, tinkle-te-ting,  
Ah, that is the tune that is pleasant to sing!"

And she ran upstairs, singing the tune out of the musical-box.

Baby played with the musical-box all the morning. First he was an organ-grinder, and went round with one of the nursery



chairs and stood behind it playing the little red musical-box. People had to give him pennies to listen to him, and then they had to give him pennies to go away. Then Mary and Gwennie danced to the tune, and said they were beggar children dancing round the organ. And all this time Nurse sat trying to sew, and Mother was trying to write a letter.

Cook came in just then and said, "If you please, ma'am, are there any orders for the butcher to-day?" When to everyone's astonishment Mother said:

"Tinkle-ty-tink, oh, tinkle-ty-tink,  
Oh, do go away, for I really can't think!"

Jane ran out of the room without replying, and Mother wrote on in silence for some minutes. Suddenly she looked up at Nurse and said, "I am writing to the stores, Nurse; how much stuff should I order for the children's pinafores?"

Nurse thought for a minute, bit her lips, tried not to sing, but she couldn't help herself, and she also burst into song:—

"Tinkle-ty-tink, oh, tinkle-ty-tink,  
I'm sure I don't know, I'm not able to think."

"Nurse must have gone mad," said Mother to herself, but just then the luncheon-bell rang and she had to go downstairs to carve the children's dinner.

At dinner everyone ate in time to the music, and they sang like this:

"Tinkle-ty-tink, we say tinkle-ty-tink,  
Whatever we eat, and whatever we drink."

"Oh, this is too dreadful!" cried Mother. "Give me the musical-box, Baby. I want to put it away for a bit."

But Baby held on to it resolutely. "We want it for the nursery," he said resolutely. "Me going to play for the dolls'-house dolls."

Mary and Gwennie were going to play with their dolls' house, and they agreed to engage "the organ man" (as they called Baby) all the afternoon. They were going to have a dolls' tea-party, and the music was such a help. The tinkling little tune was just what the wooden dolls liked to dance to, and they waltzed to it gaily on the top of the polished nursery table. Next came a wedding, and the tune did nicely for the bridal party as they walked down the church. The tea bell was

rung for the wedding bells, and the musical-box was played at the same time:—

"Tinkle-ty-tink, oh, tinkle-ty-tink,  
It's quite the right thing for a wedding, I think."

But the next game was a funeral. The gentleman doll had broken his leg, and Mary said they might just as well bury him, then his wife could be a widow. She had got a nice black dress for her doll, and she had always wanted her to wear it. So they put the gentleman doll in a long match box, and dressed all the dolls in black, and decided that they would bury him in the window-box. And when the funeral procession set forth, Baby began to play his tune:

"Tinkle-ty-tink, oh, tinkle-ty-tink,  
It's not the right tune for a funeral, I think."

"Naughty box!" cried Baby, much offended. "Dat's not de way to play at a funeral!" And in his temper he threw the box on the ground with all his might, and all the works fell out.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Baby's broken his musical-box to-day," said Mother that evening when she was telling Father everything that had happened whilst he was away. "Baby's broken his musical-box. I can't help being a little bit glad."

(N.B.—This tale is meant for very little children, and the refrain should be sung whenever it appears.)



## THE WIND AND THE LEAVES.

COME out, little maidens, come out, I say,"  
Cried the romping wind to the leaves  
one day,

When autumn was smiling over the wold;  
The midgets shivered, and said they were cold,  
"Then put on your new mantles, red and  
brown,

Out in the forest we'll race up and down."

They donned their cloaks, while they tittered  
with glee,

And down they rustled from hedgerow and  
tree;

Ho, ho! What a whimsical madcap band,  
As off they went fluttering hand in hand;  
And the frolicsome wind—didn't he shout!  
As he raced his playmates all in and out.  
They pelted the squirrels—it was such fun!

With the nuts they had gathered one by one.  
The dormouse peep'd with his bright little  
eyes,

As the higgledy-piggledy troop swept by;  
All in yellow, red, or in russet brown,  
While sweet mountain ash wore a coral crown.

But when the sun call'd from the western sky,  
"Go home, little maidens," and closed his  
eyes;

"Just so," said the wind, "and I cannot  
stay,

"I must over the hills and far away,"  
Then didn't the leaflets quiver with fright,  
But a glow-worm came with his fairy light,  
And guided them home, the wee pranksome  
band,

All still running races, link'd hand in hand.

## VALOUR FOR VICTORIA.

### THE LANCERS AT OMDURMAN.

**F**UZZY WUZZY, of the Soudan,  
in the words of Rudyard Kipling, is a "pore benighted  
'eathen, but a first-class fighting  
man." Really, he and his  
mates are the bravest fellows that ever faced  
a Maxim, or crumpled up a British square.  
They know neither fear nor pity, showing no  
mercy to prisoners or wounded, and looking  
for none when they in turn are captured or  
injured. They rush on death as if it were a  
game of hop, skip, and jump they were playing  
in the sandy desert, so often watered with their  
blood. Though they are as cruel as they are  
courageous, Tommy Atkins has learned to re-  
spect them. He has met them on many fields,  
but he is not likely to see them any more. For  
Kitchener's army of Egyptians and British  
wiped them out at Omdurman on the 2nd of  
September, 1898, when, like the Flowers of the  
Forest at Flodden, the finest of the tribesmen  
were "a wede awa."

To find out how this terrible battle came to  
pass we must go back a few years. After

heroically defending Khartoum for nearly  
twelve months, General Gordon was killed on  
the 26th of January, 1885. The city there-  
upon fell, and soon the whole of the Upper  
Nile Valley returned to its old state of  
savagery. Now, as all this region was once  
under the Khedive of Egypt, and as Great  
Britain had promised to restore peace and  
prosperity to Egypt, the great work of re-  
claiming this vast tract of land from the hands  
of the brutal Dervishes became the first duty  
of British statesmen. It was a long time be-  
fore their patient labours bore any fruit, but  
at last it was clear that a better day was about  
to dawn upon the folk who had suffered so  
much from the iron rule of the Khalifa, as  
the leader of the Arabs was called. Regi-  
ments of Egyptian soldiers had been raised  
and drilled by British officers. Railways had  
been laid down by the banks of the Nile. Gun-  
boats had been placed on the river to keep  
the stream clear of hostile craft, and to shell  
the enemy whenever they became threaten-  
ing. The man who was the mainspring of all



"Managed to lift him on to his horse" (p. 124).

this energy, and who made all these wonderful improvements, was Sir Herbert Kitchener. Slowly but surely he advanced up the Nile, now and then turning aside to chastise the Dervishes, and even at times fighting bloody battles. Thus it was that he at length came face to face with the Khalifa's forces a few miles from Omdürman, the new city which the Dervish leader had built to take the place of Khartoum on the opposite shore of the river, which he had allowed to go to ruins.

Sir Herbert determined to waste no time. The day before the battle he ordered the gunboats to go up-stream and shell the batteries and some of the more important buildings of the city; but first of all he sent a message to the Khalifa urging him to convey the women and children to a safe place out of reach of danger—a message which the Arab chief treated with contempt. It looked as if the Khalifa intended to fight behind the shelter

of his town. But he quickly changed his mind when he saw the effects of the gunboats' fire, which smashed all his defences, drove daylight into the dome of the Mahdi's tomb, and treated palace and houses as if they were so many match-boxes. So the Khalifa thought it were better to come out into the open, rather than perish miserably amongst the ruins of the city, without a chance of striking a single blow for life and liberty.

Accordingly at daybreak next morning the Dervishes left Omdurman, and some three miles out felt the British fire. It was a Friday, but neither the Khalifa nor Kitchener seemed to mind fighting on a day to which some folk attach ill-luck. The Arabs were 50,000 strong, and the British and Egyptians numbered 22,000, but the latter were armed with several machine-guns, which more than made up for the want of men. A machine-gun is an awe-inspiring weapon. It is a huge

rifle, mounted on wheels, and is fired by turning a handle. Thus the man in charge grinds out death as if he were playing a hurdy-gurdy. Against this dreadful music the Dervishes stood no chance. Again and again they made the most daring attempts to come to close quarters with the British, but it was of no use. They were simply mown down, as one reaps a field of standing corn. "I am sorry for those brave men," exclaimed Count Calderari, of the Italian army, as he sat beside Sir Herbert Kitchener, watching the Dervishes in their brilliant but vain efforts to get at the foe. Literally they perished by the thousand, whilst scarcely one of their opponents fell. There was never any question of their frantic heroism. They rallied round the Black Banner of the Khalifa most gallantly. As fast as one standard-bearer fell, another seized the banner. After an hour of sheer destruction they realised that they had had enough of it, and retired defeated but not disgraced.

Seemingly the battle was won, and Kitchener therefore resolved to push on vigorously for Omdurman, and if possible cut off the fleeing Dervishes before they got under the cover of the town. But first of all he bade the 21st Lancers go ahead and clear out any Arabs that might be hanging about the other side of the hilly slope which lay between the British camp and Omdurman. This was the youngest regiment of cavalry in the British army. It had been formed after the Indian Mutiny, out of troops that had been in the service of the old East India Company. Moreover, the 21st Lancers had never been in action before. They had taken as yet no part in the present battle, and were burning to flesh their lances. It should be their own fault if their maiden tussle with the enemy did not prove a famous exploit. The regiment consisted of 350 men, and rode in four squadrons, the whole under the command of Colonel Martin.

Gaily they trotted off, hoping against hope for an adventure in which they might cover themselves with glory. As they rounded the hill they spied a few Arabs, whose retreat they endeavoured to stop, when their attention

was called to something more promising. For the scouts rode back with the tidings that some two hundred Dervishes were hiding in a hollow a little way ahead. To clear out these skulkers would do to begin with, and, the colonel leading, the buglers sounded the charge. But if these men were seeking shelter, they also meant business, for as the Lancers came on a ragged fire broke out from the rim of the ravine, wounding a few troopers and killing two or three horses. At the same moment, too, it was clear the scouts had blundered, for the hollow was full of Dervishes, at least 1,500 in number. However, it was too late to hang back now, and, besides, here mayhap was the very chance for which they had been thirsting all the morning. So hard a-tilt the Lancers went at the Arabs lying low in the rocky *khôr*, or ravine. In a minute the British troopers were on their prey. Heedless of the showers of bullets, they dashed into the hollow, taking a three-feet drop, and rode right through the dense ranks of the Dervishes, in some places as many as twenty deep. Then were seen many examples of splendid pluck. No fewer than 119 horses had already fallen, several officers and many men had been hit, some fatally. But the remnant rallied at once and faced round on the enemy.

Lieut. R. G. Grenfell, leading a troop in the centre, was thrown by his injured horse and continued to fight on foot. He drew his revolver and discharged every shot. This weapon being now useless he had to rely on his trusty sword, with which for a time he kept the crowd of screaming Dervishes at bay. At last the brave young officer was overborne by weight of numbers and fell dead, hacked at by dozens of swords and daggers. Then Lieut. the Hon. Raymond de Montmorency hurried to his help. He drove the Arabs away, and finding Grenfell was past aid, managed to lift him on to his horse, with the assistance of Captain Paul Aloysius Kenna. Just then the horse broke away and threw the body to the ground. The rescuers had to retreat, driving the pursuers off as best they could with their revolvers. Captain Kenna had already done notable work. Major

Crole Wyndham's horse having been slain in the charge, Kenna took the Major on his horse behind the saddle, thus enabling him to reach a place of safety.

Fine work was going forward elsewhere. Lieut. the Hon. R. F. Molyneux, of the Royal Horse Guards, who was attached to the Lancers, losing his horse, which dropped dead at the mouth of the *khôr*, joined the fight on foot. Two stalwart Arabs at once singled him out for special attention. Molyneux, nothing loth, did not deny them their chance, and shot one dead without ado. Unluckily, at that instant, the other one slashed his right arm with his long sword. The revolver at once fell from his grasp and there he stood, defenceless, in the middle of a bloodthirsty foe. Dodging the nearest of the enemy, he dashed for the opposite side of the hollow, chased by several swordsmen. The odds, in the opinion of Private Thomas Byrne, were too heavy, so though he was himself badly hurt, he went for the pursuing Dervishes, received a second severe wound for his pains, but by his gallant conduct enabled Molyneux to escape out of the clutches of the fierce men of the desert.

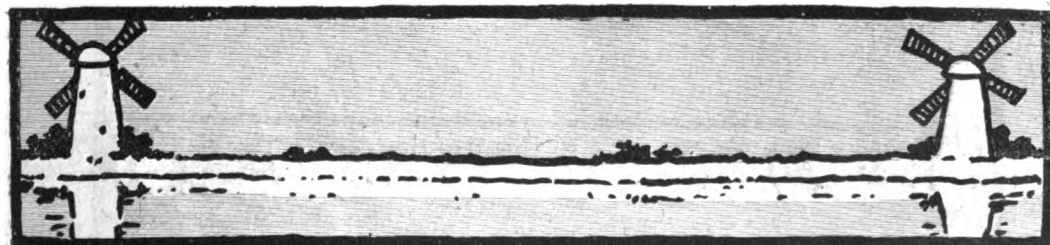
Not a man nor a horse in all four squadrons but bore some sign of the mauling they had got in the daring charge. They were not yet satisfied, however, and begged Colonel Martin to let them have just "one more go at the beggars." The Colonel knew they had done enough and more than enough to win glory and renown for the regiment, and he also felt certain that another charge would mean the blotting-out of the 21st Lancers. So he ordered the men to dismount and drive the enemy off by carbine fire. This proved effectual. The Dervishes were not only forced

to retire, but in doing so had to cross the front of one of Kitchener's divisions, which put the finishing touches to what the 21st Lancers had so well begun. For their brilliant services in face of the foe, Captain Kenna, Lieut. de Montmorency (who died at the head of his scouts during the Boer war), and Trooper Byrne, received from the hands of Queen Victoria, when they returned to Old England, the Cross for Valour. And all the world rang with the praises of the magnificent ride of the 21st Lancers.

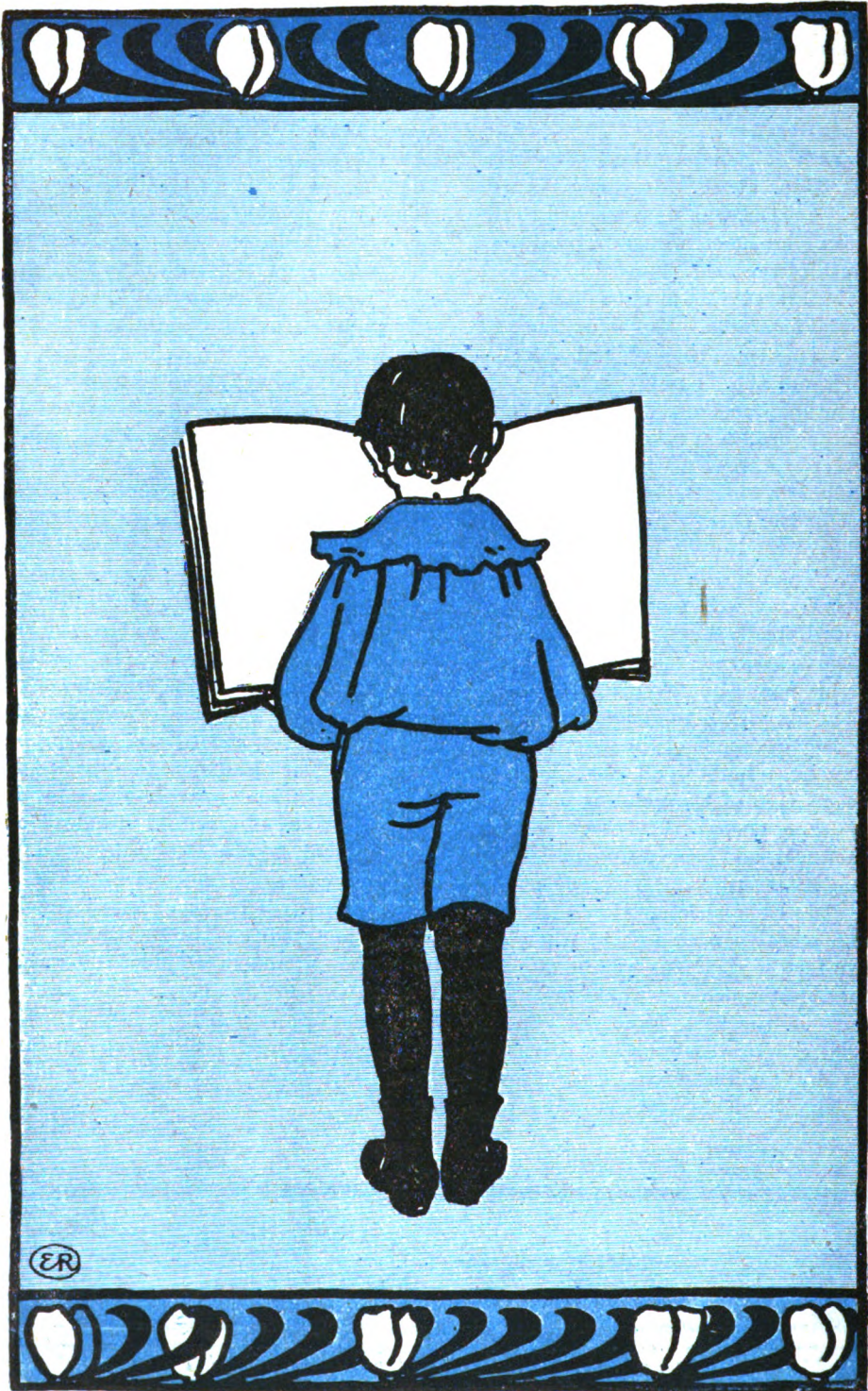
And this ended the battle of Omdurman? By no means. It was the second act in the drama. But the last act was at hand. The Khalifa made one supreme effort to save his fortunes, and flung a large force at the division of Soudanese soldiers led by "Fighting Mac," as General Hector Macdonald has been styled. These men bore the strain in the finest spirit, and by the time the other British divisions came up the fight was as good as over. For the Dervishes knew that having failed to smash up "Fighting Mac's" brigade they could do nothing more now that reinforcements had arrived. So they turned tail, leaving behind them that Black Banner which they had tried to defend and to save with such conspicuous courage. They also left 11,000 dead on the stricken field, besides 15,000 wounded. Such sickening carnage deprives warfare of all its glory. This will be even more strongly felt when it is stated that the British lost in killed twenty-seven, and in wounded 145; that the Egyptians and Soudanese had twenty-one killed and 229 wounded.

For his services in this campaign Sir Herbert was created Lord Kitchener of Khar-toum.

JAMES A. MANSON.







THE BOOK.

## THE BOOK.

MY name, gentle readers, is Jack,  
I can feel when you give me a look;  
Excuse me for turning my back,  
But this *is* such a wonderful book.

Its stories both thrill and enthrall,  
Its verses I con o'er and o'er,  
While its pictures I think best of all,  
And I like every page more and more.

Oh! wouldn't you care for a peep,  
Just over the shoulder to see,  
All the things that I manage to keep  
Just between the two covers and me?

Poor readers—how vexed you must be  
That you can't see the stories and jokes;  
Well, next time you go out—copy me,  
And purchase the bound LITTLE FOLKS.

BELLA SIDNEY WOOLF.

## THROUGH TIME'S TELESCOPE.

### II.—ST. PAUL.

**I**T was a pleasant Sunday afternoon. Out of doors the sun shone in a lordly fashion, and got as far indoors as it possibly could, as though it had come after lazy, sleepy people to draw them out into the open air. A soft wind was blowing down the grassy hillsides, and was rattling any closed door that stood in its way, with the intention of opening it if possible. For no one should shut up his house against such an agreeable visitor. When the sun and the wind came to Toby Ballard's house, they did not find him in. He had been out since mid-day in the company of his tutor. Along the river bank they had wandered; then over broad and breezy meadow lands—the play place of the swallows—through an old village, and up and up until they reached the brow of a high hill, green and windy. Here they rested. It may have been the peaceful scenes through which they had come, or it may have been the very interesting story that the tutor had told as they strolled along; but, whatever the cause, Toby's thoughts grew strange and fanciful as they sat upon the hillside. He turned his eyes to where the tutor sat, but the tutor was gone, and in his place knelt the visitor of a few days ago—the Spirit of History—and he had brought Time's Telescope as before. With eager expectation Toby turned his gaze once more upon the country below them. The scene had totally changed. In the place of the English

village stood a thriving Eastern town—long, low white buildings with flat roofs upon which people in the costumes of long ago were resting or walking slowly about. Above the houses, in various parts of the town, rose slender columns and minarets. In the narrow streets the busy crowds were passing to and fro, their progress interrupted now and then by some train of camels or other beasts of burden, which required all the space the narrow streets afforded. Through the centre of the town flowed a wide and beautiful river. It rose in the snowy mountain which stretched against the distant sky, and it rolled away beneath the shadow of poplar and palm tree; through dark green orange groves until it fell into the far blue waters of the Mediterranean Sea. Turning his gaze back to the town, Toby overtook herds of goats; men on horseback in the dress of Roman soldiers, and caravans loaded with merchandise. But he swept the magic glass past them all, and got back to the town to linger upon a particular spot which caught his attention.

Under the shadow of one of the houses a Hebrew boy was sitting, working at a curious looking piece of cloth. On examining it closely Toby knew it to be made of the silky fur of the Cilician goat, and that it was extensively used for the making of tents.

“And because he was of the same craft he abode with them, and wrought: for by their occupation they were tent makers.”



The words came into Toby's thoughts as though in explanation of the scene which was engrossing his attention. He had heard them that very morning in church, and they now made everything clear to him. He knew that the wide plain below him, with its waving palms and winding river, was part of the great Roman province of Cilicia, on the north-eastern shores of the Mediterranean; he knew that the white walled town, with its busy throng, was Tarsus, where three great languages of the world were spoken—Greek, Latin, and Hebrew—and he knew that the boy who was busily engaged with the goat's fur cloth was one who would travel far and wide in years to come upon a new and wonderful mission—the son of a devout Pharisee of the tribe of Benjamin, and a respected Roman citizen—the boy who was to be remembered for ever by the name of Paul. Toby was looking at the events of a day nearly 1900 years ago. Augustus was the Emperor of Rome, and Herod Agrippa (subject to *him*) was reigning at Jerusalem.

There was something fascinating about that boyish figure, and as Toby watched he seemed to understand by the thoughtful expression on the lad's face what was passing through his mind: tales from the Old Testament which his father had read to him; the teaching of the Patriarch Benjamin, or the story of Enoch, which he had himself learned to read.

The busy fingers never ceased, as these thoughts rapidly followed one another, until the tinkling of a distant bell stole upon his ear. The boy jumped to his feet, and, shading his eyes with his hands, gazed in the direction of the far mountain. Down a winding path a long procession of men and camels had come in view. They were pilgrims for Jerusalem, and had passed through the "Cilician Gates," as the pass in that mountainous wall was called, and were now wending their way to Tarsus to join other bands upon the same pious journey. In another moment the boy had sped impetuously into the streets of the town and had mingled with the throng, now increased to a great extent by the new arrivals.

When the meek-eyed camels, heavily bur-

dened, started on again, and the army of pilgrims took up their staffs, this eager boy accompanied them for a short distance upon the dusty track.

But the time for his going forth had not yet come, and he followed the river back into Tarsus with a less joyous step. As Toby watched him that strange mishap occurred to his telescope which he had experienced while looking at Alexander the Great. The wandering figure, the white walls and towers of Tarsus faded from sight, and in a deep haze there rose the walls of a mightier city still. In a temple of learning the boy was seated at the feet of a great master. He was at Jerusalem now, learning to be an upholder of the Hebrew laws. This scene, too, floated away, and many years seemed to pass before the magic telescope brought a scene in ancient Athens before Toby's eyes. The great preacher Paul was talking of the "new belief" to a crowded temple, and Toby saw that the listeners were much moved by what they heard. Again there was a change. A ship, sailing before a hurricane, was cast upon a rock, and that same figure appeared climbing up the storm-washed shore. Then caravans seemed to be slowly travelling from town to town, while throngs of people came forth to meet them, and among the new comers he could always discover the figure of St. Paul.

But at last there came a final scene. He saw the towers and walls of mighty Rome. Through one of its gloomy gates a band of soldiers came, and in their midst they led a prisoner. It was a summer day in the year 68, and the road was thronged with merchants and sailors passing to and fro. The prisoner walked erect, for he dreaded not the trial which awaited him, nor flinched beneath the glances of the scornful crowd. The prisoner was St. Paul, whom the judge of Rome had condemned to die by the executioner's sword.

Toby could see no more. With a start he looked round. The tutor had gently taken his arm.

"Why, Toby, old boy," said he, "we must have walked you into the land of dreams. Look! it is time for us to go."

JOHN LEA.

## A MISCHIEVOUS MONKEY.



O the disgust of Frederick, and to the pride and delight of herself, Maria had got a "place." True, it was not much of a place: just a daily engagement to look after Mrs. Brown's baby; but then, as she explained to Frederick, it not only meant a (very) small sum each week, her meals were also "found," and poor Maria had had some difficulty in finding them for herself.

Frederick strongly disapproved, because to him it meant the loss of a playfellow, and also because Maria became so absurdly engrossed in Mrs. Brown's baby that apparently she had neither eyes nor ears for anybody else.

Frederick never had seen anything in that baby to make a fuss about. It was fat and irritatingly good-tempered. If you teased it, it only laughed or stared solemnly with its great blue eyes, and if you pinched it hard enough to make it cry—why, then, Maria was down on you like a cartload of bricks, and perhaps would not speak to you for another week.

One day Frederick saw Maria sitting on a seat in Battersea Park with the baby in its perambulator in front of her. He sauntered across whistling, his hands in his pockets.

"'Ullo, Maria!" said he.

"Sh—! sh—!" said Maria, with a warning finger raised. "She's asleep!"

"Oh, lor'! Wot a fuss you do kick up over that there biby. A fellow can't even whistle," said Frederick, taking care, however, to lower his voice.

"Well, yer see, she's teethin', and she don't sleep very well, and Mrs. Brown she says, 'You mind and give 'er 'er bottle afore you starts, then p'raps you'll get 'er off.'"

She might have been talking to a brick wall. Frederick was gazing with interest at the brilliant geraniums the other side of the walk, and paid not the slightest attention.

Presently she asked him if he could sit there and mind the baby while she went over the road to buy something. Left alone with the baby, Frederick sat and thought, and watched

Maria's retreating figure till it was well out of sight.

He had a spite against that baby—it took up too much of Maria's time. He should like to pay it out and give Maria a fright at the same time. Now, there was a thick bank of shrubs not far off, and suddenly Frederick was seized with a great idea. He wheeled up the perambulator as near as he could to the shrubs, carefully lifted out the sleeping baby, and laid it down on the ground behind the bushes, so that it was completely hidden from view. Then he arranged the shawl to look as if the baby were still in the perambulator, put up the hood, and wheeled it back to the seat, where he sat down and waited in readiness for Maria. It was not long before he saw her coming up the walk; she had one or two parcels with her and looked rather vexed.

"I didn't mean to ha' bin so long," she began explaining while still some distance away, "but the old woman was that tiresome, and now I don't believe I've got it right."

"Sh—! sh—!" said Frederick.

Maria immediately lowered her voice.

"Oh, baby bin all right?" she asked.

"Yes, bin asleep all the time," he answered.

"Wot made yer put up the 'ood?" said Maria, leaning forward to look underneath; but Frederick pulled her back.

"'Ere, Maria! you'll wake 'er up. She's bin kind of uneasy in 'er sleep, and I've only just got her off agine."

"Well, it won't 'urt to 'ave the 'ood down a bit," said Maria.

"Wot! And 'ave the 'ot sun a-pourin' down on 'er nice little fice—not me," said Frederick; "and I thought you was so per-tickler," he added reproachfully.

It struck Maria that Frederick had suddenly become very thoughtful, but catching sight of one of her parcels half unrolled, it turned her attention, and she began telling Frederick about the tiresome old shop-woman. He pretended to listen attentively, but in reality he was wondering how long the baby would keep asleep under the bushes. He knew it would cry when it woke up, and Maria

would be sure to hear, therefore he judged it time to be moving on.

"Lor', Maria!" he said, at a suitable pause, "you did 'ave a bother. Don't yer think it 'ud be nice if we was to walk round a bit? I don't mind wheelin' the pram, as you've got them parcels to carry."

Maria looked up in rather astonished gratitude.

"Why, you are a good boy," she said; "you're real thoughtful."

Frederick accepted the praise with becoming modesty, and they walked along the bright flower-bordered paths till they were a good distance from the bank of shrubs.

Before long the sun went in, and Maria, who happened to notice it, said to Frederick: "I say, stop a bit, and I'll put down the 'ood; there ain't no need for it now."

To her surprise he went on walking even faster.

"She'll wake up if I stop," he said, over his shoulder.

"Oh, no, she won't," said Maria, and she ran in front of the perambulator and stopped it. She put her hand on the shawl and gave one quick glance under the hood, and then she turned a white, angry face on Frederick.

"Baby ain't here!" she gasped. "Wot 'ave you done with 'er? You bad, wicked boy! You tell me at once wot you've done with 'er, or I'll give it you pretty quick!" And Maria assumed a threatening attitude.

"Biby ain't there?" said Freddy in affected surprise. "Lor', fancy me bin wheelin' the pram all this time, and no biby in it!"

"No, and of course you knew she wasn't," Maria snapped, and taking him by the shoulders she shook him angrily.

"You mischievous young wretch! 'ow dared you touch 'er when my back was turned? Where is she now? Quick!"

Frederick thought he had given Maria a sufficient "turn," as he called it, so he answered nonchalantly, shaking free from her grasp—

"My! Wot a fuss! I left 'er down in among them bushes where we was settin'. I thought p'raps she'd sleep better on the ground."

"Ho, did yer!" said Maria scornfully. "I thought you was taken very thoughtful, all of a suddint," and she started off in the direction they had come, almost running in her anxiety to get to the baby, Frederick following more leisurely with the empty pram, and carelessly whistling, till they reached the place, when he dived in among the bushes, Maria following closely.

Then all of a sudden Frederick stopped with a jerk, staring incredulously at the ground.

"Wot's the matter?" said Maria. "Go on, and don't stand starin' as if you was struck."

Freddy turned an awe-stricken face to her, "Maria," said he, "can that there biby walk?"

"No, of course not," said Maria quickly.

"Nor fly?"

"Frederick Pitman, 'ow can you stand there talkin' such nonsense? I don't know what you mean."

"Becos," went on Frederick in a scared voice, "sure as you're standin' there, Maria, I laid 'er under that bush."

"Go on with you," said Maria, almost savagely, "you've mistook the place."

"No, it's that bush, right enough."

"Look 'ere," said Maria severely, "is this some more of your larks? Becos, if so——"

"No, Maria, there ain't no lark. That there biby's gone clean as a whistle!"

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Wotever shall I do?" And poor Maria began to sob, putting her apron up to her eyes. "Oh, Frederick, you wicked, wicked boy!"

Frederick stared up and down in amazed bewilderment. He wondered if possibly an eagle had been flying over Battersea Park and taken a fancy to the baby—he had heard of such things. Nobody could possibly want to steal such a silly thing as a baby.

They went down into the path again, and Maria dropped on to a seat, crying disconsolately. The shadows were beginning to lengthen on the grass, and a nurse was calling a party of children home to tea.

"And I can't go back without 'er," she sobbed. "Oh, I wish I'd never left 'er. My poor, darlin' little baby."

"It ain't no good cryin'," ventured Frederick at length. "We'd better look round a bit, I should think."

Maria agreed, and they wandered round the park again, looking everywhere, and asking people if they had seen a baby—though it did seem rather ridiculous to have lost a baby who couldn't walk—and the people stared and shook their heads.

At length, just as they were nearing the bushes again, a man, carrying a rake and a watering-pot, came towards them, walking briskly. He stopped and looked sharply at Maria's tear-stained face, and then at the empty perambulator.

"What's the matter?" he asked; his manner was short and sharp.

"Please, we've lost a baby," said Frederick.

"Where did you see it last?"

"Under one of them bushes," said Frederick, indicating the place with his finger.

"Did you leave it there?"

"Yes."

"What for?"

Frederick hung his head and murmured something about "avin' a bit o' fun."

"Oh, did you see 'er?" interposed Maria eagerly.

"The baby's back there in the lodge, right enough," said the man briefly, and as Maria darted off he said to Frederick, "I picked her up when I was clearin' the leaves, but mind, don't you play no more larks with babies. Next time she might get swep' up with the rubbish!" and off he went, leaving Frederick looking very foolish.

It was a fortnight or more before Maria spoke to Frederick again, but one day, as she was dandling the baby up and down in the sun, he came up, both hands behind his back.

"Biby looks nicely," he remarked.



"Baby crowed and held out her little arms."

"Yes, she's all right," said Maria shortly.

"I s'pose, now, there's nuthin' that there biby could fancy in the way of a toy?" said Frederick.

"Why?" asked Maria, beginning to relent.

"Nuthin' like a monkey, for instance?" continued Frederick, drawing something slowly from behind his back.

"Oh, there! Baby, look! Ain't that splendid?" said Maria, smiling, and baby crowed and held out her little arms as Frederick made the monkey climb up and down the stick. And Maria, who couldn't bear to be angry with anyone, forgave him completely then and there, and made up her mind to be kinder to him in the future.

So Frederick atoned for his misdeeds, and all was harmony again between the children, though the peace offering had been only "a purple monkey climbing on a yellow stick."

BARBARA LUCY.

## AN AFTERNOON SNOOZE.

CURLED on his pillow Spot will lie  
Awaiting Mistress Rose ;  
He rests but with a half-closed eye  
To watch where'er she goes.

Each afternoon he never fails  
Beside Miss Rose to stay ;  
While she must practise horrid scales,  
He does not *learn* to play.

Rose pores upon a lesson-book,  
And seems so quiet and sad ;  
He thinks, O foolish little Spot,  
That lesson-books are bad.

At last those tiresome tasks are done,  
Rose then must change her gown  
Ere they may scamper in the sun  
Across the grassy down.

The butterflies with cheery cries  
How merrily they chase,  
And in and out mid bracken tall  
They gaily run a race.

When home and weary of their sport  
Their heads seem all awirl,  
Spot on his couch is quite content  
He's not a little girl.

ARTHUR BRYANT.

## HEROES OF FAITH.

### II.—JOSEPH.

*By the Author of "The Land where Jesus Christ Lived," etc.*

**A**BOVE a hundred years after the death of Abraham, there was another funeral at the Cave of Machpelah. The mourners were all foreigners, chiefly Egyptians of high rank. One, indeed, was arrayed like a prince, and had authority over the rest. Yet, most closely associated with him, and weeping bitterly, were ten men who were neither Canaanites nor Egyptians, and who were of humble rank, being dressed like shepherds. All the company mourned greatly, filling the air with praises of the one who was gone, and with loud lamentations.

The giant inhabitants of the land looked on in wonder, asking who the great man was that was being buried, and why they had brought his body from Egypt to Canaan. Then they remembered having heard their fathers say that, long before, a strange man had come from Chaldea, had settled in their country, had become very rich, and had bought the Cave of Machpelah for a family burying-place, and had himself been buried there. His descendants had afterwards gone down into Egypt, and nothing had since been heard of them ; but this must be one of them, perhaps

the chief of the tribe, brought back to be buried.

And they were right. The great man that was being laid in the cave was Jacob, the grandson of Abraham, the inheritor of his faith, and of the promises made to him.

Jacob had been glad to spend his last days near his son Joseph, in Egypt, and had died there. But he had made his prince-son promise that he should not be buried there, but that his body should be laid beside the remains of Isaac and Abraham, in the cave, at Hebron. For though, like his father and grandfather, he was dying without having received the land promised to them, yet, like them, he had full faith that God would keep His word, and would give the land to his descendants ; and he desired to be buried there, not only to show his faith in God's promise, but also that, when his children should dwell in the land, he might rest among them. Joseph, therefore, had his father's body embalmed and taken to the land of his love.

Time passed, and Joseph himself came to die. His eleven brothers were weeping bitterly round his death-bed. They would soon





AN AFTERNOON SNOOZE.  
*By Valentine T. Garland.*  
(By permission of Miss A. Evans, the owner of the picture.)





have to carry his body up into Canaan, as they had borne their father's. For, though Egypt was the land of his greatness, Joseph would never consent to be buried there. Of that they felt quite sure.

What, then, was their astonishment, as they waited to receive his dying commands, to hear him say, "When I am gone, don't take my body to be buried in Canaan, as we took our father Jacob's."

"Not take your body to Canaan, to be buried beside father's?" his brothers said. "You don't surely want to be buried here in Egypt."

"No; you must certainly *not* bury me here in Egypt," Joseph replied. "I will be buried in Canaan, *but not yet*. You know why our father wished to be buried in Canaan? Because, though like his father Isaac and his grandfather Abraham, he died without having received the Land of Promise, yet he died in faith, and firmly believed that it would be given to his descendants; and so he made me promise to bury him there.

"Now I am dying; but I die in the full belief that God will keep His word, and will give you the good land; and in no other land but Canaan shall my body find rest. But, though dead, you must not carry my body up yet. I will not rest in the Land of Promise till you find rest in it. Not till you all go, will I be taken thither.

"You are settled now, in the Land of Goshen. It is rich in pasturage, just the land for shepherds. And you are so comfortable and happy in it, that, when I am gone, you may forget that it is not the land which God has called you to inherit, and you may want to stop in it for ever. You may forget the promises which are ours, and may fail to teach your children that Canaan, and not Goshen, is to be their country.

"And that is not all that I fear. When I have passed away, the Egyptians and their kings will forget, all too soon, how I saved their land from ruin in the time of the seven years' famine. You will multiply, and they will be jealous of you, and will severely oppress you. And then your hearts will get so sad that you will be giving way to despair, and

saying, 'God has altogether forsaken us, and has left us here to die.'

"But, my brothers, this must not be. God never forsakes those who put their trust in Him. He has promised to give us the Land of Canaan; and Canaan He will give us. However long it may be, whatever may come to pass; whoever may oppress you and try to keep you in Egypt, 'God will surely visit you and bring you out of this land unto the land which he swore to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob.' Never forget that, either now, while you are still prosperous, or when you are in trouble.

"And to help you to remember, keep my body out of the ground, and don't bury it at all, till you not only leave Egypt and come into Canaan, but till you hold the Land of Promise in possession. And, when your children say, 'Why did you not bury Uncle Joseph, as you buried grandfather, in Canaan?' tell them that you are waiting, that *I* am waiting, till the land is theirs; and that we are all going to Canaan together. And tell them, every time they see or hear of my coffin, to think of the promise of God to bring them up out of Egypt, and to hold that promise quite fast.

"And, my brothers, God has said that an evil time will come on you in this land. When it comes, let the sight of my unburied remains revive your drooping faith and inspire you with fresh courage. Say to yourselves, 'There is Joseph. He died in the faith that we should all be brought into the good land promised to us, and he will not lie down to rest till we get there. Though dead, he is speaking to us, telling us he is waiting for the fulfilment of God's promise; and he will not be disappointed. We shall surely be brought into Canaan.' So, when I have ceased to breathe, embalm my body, and put it in a coffin, but *don't bury it*. Keep it by you till you set out for Canaan, and then take it with you."

The eleven brothers all promised to do as Joseph wished; and when he died his body was embalmed and laid in a coffin, but it was not buried. The Egyptians were astounded. They had expected a journey to Canaan, and a

grand funeral; but, though there were mournings and lamentations, there was no burial.

In time the Pharaoh who had been kind to Joseph's people, for his sake, died. The remembrance of what Joseph had done for Egypt died away, and the Hebrews had become so great a people that the Egyptians had become afraid of them. A wicked Pharaoh came on the throne and made them his slaves, treating them very cruelly.

The poor, oppressed Hebrews grew sad and disheartened, and many a time nearly lost their faith. It seemed as if they must go on being slaves for ever, and that their children must be lashed and made to work hard without wages, after them, and as if they were quite hopelessly left in the hands of their merciless taskmasters. But there was Joseph's coffin waiting to be taken to their own land, and every time they looked at it they took heart again. He had died in the faith that, in spite of everything, his people would be led into Canaan to possess it. And, as he had believed, so would it come to pass. Everything looked as black as could be, but the patiently waiting coffin always seemed to say, "Things will not go on so for ever. Cheer up; God will give you the promised land."

The troubles increased, till four hundred weary years of bitter trial had dragged themselves out. Often and often, the poor Hebrews had been tempted to despair. The fathers died slaves, and the children were born slaves, and there was no prospect of anything better. But, in the deepest gloom shone one ray of light. The unburied coffin, so reverently preserved, was a token to them, and a reminder, that God would surely visit them, as Joseph had said, and bring them up out of Egypt to a land of rest.

The faithful mothers in Goshen all told their little ones about God's promise, and about Joseph, and why his coffin was still out of the ground; and the little ones said, "Then, mother, we shall not always be slaves here. Some day we shall go free to a land of our own. And, if we are grown big enough, we can help to carry Joseph's coffin away with us; and, oh, won't it be grand?"

At last, in answer to the cries of His people,

God raised up Moses to deliver them. And the very night came that Joseph had told them about hundreds of years before, when they were to set out from Egypt for Canaan. Moses had a great deal to think about on that eventful night. Besides the hundreds of thousands of men, there were thousands and thousands of women and children, and great flocks and herds, all to be brought away; not one was to be left behind. But the coffin that had waited so long was not forgotten. It was taken up and carried away with them, as their greatest treasure. Over the dry bed of the Red Sea it went, with the waters piled up on each side. At the foot of Sinai it was laid, while the Israelites received the Law. All through the wilderness it was carried for forty years. The Israelites who had borne it out of Egypt, with all who were grown up, when they left the land of oppression, proved faithless, and died in the desert. Miriam, the prophetess, and Aaron, the High Priest, failed, and died, and were buried in a heathen land. Even Moses, though permitted to see the good land, was not allowed to enter it. He died and was buried in the plains of Moab. But the coffin of the faithful Joseph was still borne along by the young ones, who had grown up and taken the place of their fathers.

At last the host of Israel came to the Jordan. The river was rushing madly along; but, in answer to their faith, the water was driven back. With great shouts of rejoicing the people passed over, and they, and the coffin with them, entered the land so long promised to their fathers.

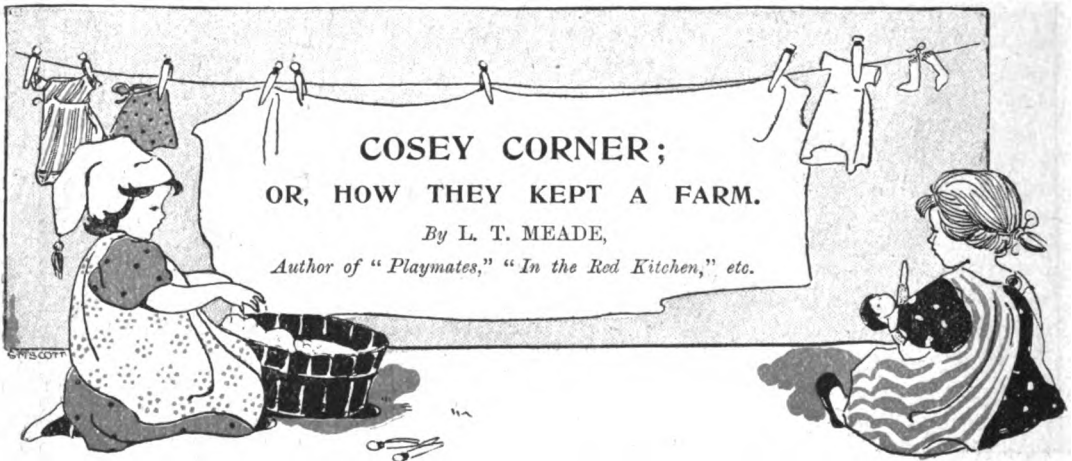
Not till the Israelites had conquered the seven giant nations, and had taken possession of the land, was the body of Joseph buried. Then, after having been kept above the ground for over four hundred and fifty years, it was lovingly and reverently laid down to rest, and the Israelites felt how much they owed to this hero of faith. His faith had kept theirs alive all through their weary bondage in Egypt. His faith, no less than theirs, had brought them across the Red Sea and the Jordan. Now he had his reward. His people, the people of God, dwelt peacefully in the Promised Land, and in it he was laid to rest.

H. D.

# • RAGAMUFFINS



RAGAMUFFINS ON THE ROCKS.



## CHAPTER III.

## THE CONSULTATION.

**F**ARMER BURGIN was quite at his liveliest at a quarter to two that day. He and Mrs. Burgin received "Master and Miss," as they called the two young people, in their parlour. The parlour was a seldom used apartment, and was a very stately, and, in Claudia's opinion, a very ugly room. It was a conventional farm-house parlour. There was a table in the middle of the room with a cloth over it, and there were the albums and the prize books spread out at stated intervals. And in the middle of the table was a glass case with wax flowers under it. There were six chairs all standing at intervals round the walls, and there were one or two framed pictures from the *Illustrated London News* and the *Graphic*. There were glass cases covering baskets made of shells and dried seaweed, and some more wax flowers ornamenting the mantelpiece. The two windows were closely draped in what was called white leno curtains, and the windows themselves were only open about an inch, for Mrs. Burgin thought that the sun did great harm to the treasures she kept in the state parlour. It was here, however, with his hand leaning on the family Bible, that Burgin elected to see "Master and Miss."

Two arm chairs were pulled up for their benefit, and Mrs. Burgin stood with her hands under her apron, gazing straight at them, with a world of interest and affection on her round, good-humoured face.

"I will tell," said Harold. He sprang from the chair in which he had been invited to rest, and stood facing the old pair. "You have known Father and Mother almost all their lives, have you not?" he said, turning to Farmer Burgin.

The farmer slowly nodded his head.

"That's the gospel truth," he said.

"Ever since they were both little ones, we've known 'em, bless 'em," said Mrs. Burgin. "It seems so queer that they should both have come to this farm as children, as young as the two youngest of you, and that afterwards they should have fallen in love and married. Yes, we've known 'em all their lives, bless 'em."

"That being the case," said Harold, "I don't think I am betraying anybody's secrets when I tell you that Father wants money."

"Do he now?" said Mrs. Burgin. She looked solemnly at Burgin, and Burgin looked solemnly back at her.

"He wants money very badly in order to pay a man who once lent him some money, and the man wants it back, and he has been pressing Father, yes, that's the word, to pay it back."



"The villain, have he now?" said Mrs. Burgin.

"And Father means to pay, even if because of that he has to give up his home," said Claudia. "Father and Mother are going to Australia in order to make more money to pay off this man, and they are going in the autumn."

"And what are they going to do with you young people?" asked Mrs. Burgin.

"Please, Mrs. Burgin, listen," interrupted Claudia. "We have got altogether between us about ten pounds, and we want to begin to support ourselves right away. And the money that Father and Mother are sending you we want you to save and give back to them. We don't want Father and Mother to know anything about our scheme until the day, towards the end of September, when they come down to see us. and then we want



"He . . . stood facing the old pair" (p. 136).

"They have made some plans for us, I know," said Harold. "Something about school, and—but I don't want to go," he added suddenly. "I want to let Father and Mother know that while they are away we can support ourselves."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mrs. Burgin. "But my dear, dear young Master, it can't be done, no, it can nohow be done!"

"That's gospel truth," said Burgin, nodding his head, and looking with admiration at his wife.

to prove to them that we have supported ourselves, and that we can go on supporting ourselves while they are in Australia. And we want you, dear Mrs. Burgin, and you, dear Farmer Burgin, to hand them the money which you have saved up. That is our plan. We want our dear Father and Mother to have no anxiety about us all during the time they are in Australia."

"And what about schooling?" said Farmer Burgin.

"We are going to think that out. During the



holidays we need not go to school, and afterwards we must just have what schooling we can get. Claudia can, I think, teach Lois, and I can teach Arthur, and I myself can attend an evening school."

"Well, young Master, and what else?"

"We can do it if you will help us," continued Harold, whose eyes were very bright, and cheeks flushed. "There's an old cottage on the farm——"

"What, Springfield Cottage?" interrupted Farmer Burgin.

"I don't know what you call it, but it's in a field all by itself, and we thought perhaps we might pay you just a little rent for it, and a little rent for the field, and we could have a farm."

"Oh, my word! Is there a chair anywhere about that I may drop into it?" said Mrs. Burgin.

Her husband pushed one towards her.

"You will excuse me, Master and Miss, but it is a warm afternoon, and you have taken me, so to speak, all of a heap!"

"I'm glad I had my nap before I listened to you," said Farmer Burgin. "Wife," he continued, "how much do our good friends Mr. and Mrs. Ross pay us per week for the dear young people?"

"Thirty shillings for the four of 'em," was Mrs. Burgin's response.

"Oh, dear!" said Claudia, "and perhaps you want the money very badly?"

"My dearie dear, you need not think twice about that. We can easily let the rooms to other people, but it's the joy of having you that's half the battle."

"No, you need not think of us," said the farmer, "we're quite willing to fall in with your plan so as it can be done."

"You might let us try anyhow," said Claudia.

"But what will your Father and Mother say? They trusted you to us," said Farmer Burgin. "We ought not to do it nohow without their permission."

"But that would spoil everything," said Claudia, "for of course Mother would be frightened. She would think all kinds of things, that we were catching cold, or that

we had not enough to eat, or fifty things of that sort, and she would be, oh, so anxious that she would forbid us to attempt to carry out our scheme. Now, we don't want her to forbid us, we want her to find us doing so well, having such fine times supporting ourselves, and so strong and so jolly, that when she sees that we can do it, she won't prevent us going on doing it. Oh, do, do let us, please, Mrs. Burgin!"

"Yes, do let us," echoed Harold.

"It is the queerest thing I ever heard of," said Farmer Burgin. "It has took me all of a heap. You young ones want to leave us, and to live in Springfield Cottage?"

"That is, if we can afford it," said Claudia. "It depends on how much you want to charge us."

"You leave that to me," said Farmer Burgin. "I must have a talk with the wife, and I'll let you know."

He rose as he spoke. Claudia and Harold saw that the interview had come to an end. They were about to leave the room when Mrs. Burgin suddenly sprang forward, and caught Claudia in her arms.

"You're the bravest darling I ever heard of," she said. "God bless you, my dear." And then, before Harold could get past, he also was embraced by the good dame.

The next day was Saturday, and Claudia and Harold were on the tip-toe of expectation. They made a private visit to Springfield Cottage. They peeped in at the windows and walked round the field. The field was nearly an acre in size, and was covered with grass, and Claudia and Harold, as they paced about it, made their plans. They would have a kitchen-garden in this corner, and a fruit-garden in this, and here they would rail in a place to keep fowls, and here they would plant flowers, and here again they would sow potatoes. Never before was an acre of land intended to produce so much, or to be so wonderfully useful.

"Oh, I wish we lived in the time of the fairies," said Claudia, "for then they would start everything for us. Fancy having the fruit ripe, and the flowers growing, and the potatoes ready to dig, and the fowls laying

eggs day after day! But we have to begin all this, we have to begin everything, and, oh, it can't be done in a week or a month, or even a year—and Father and Mother—oh, dear, oh dear!”

“And the cottage does look rather ramshackle,” said Harold. “There is a big hole in the roof, and——”

“Oh, there's Mrs. Burgin calling us. Let's go to her,” interrupted Claudia.

Mrs. Burgin was standing at the entrance to the field. She looked very mysterious.

“My dearie dears, both of you come into the parlour,” she said. “Burgin's waiting, and we've got something to say.”

On the tip-toe of expectation, the children followed the good dame. Burgin was seated just where he had placed himself on the previous afternoon, and once again his hand rested on the old Bible. His eyes were excited now, and there was a colour in his cheeks.

“Sit you down, Master and Miss,” he said solemnly. “The wife and I have got something to say, and we mean to say it at once, and to the point.”

“And you listen, my darlings, and don't interrupt,” said Mrs. Burgin. “You can say yes, or you can say no, when it is explained. Burgin has marked out a plan, and it's as neat a plan as I ever heard, and you have only to say yes, dear young Master and Miss, and the thing is done.”

“It's this,” said Burgin. “The Missis and I promised your Father and Mother to look after you——

“To feed you, and to make you and mend you,” interrupted Mrs. Burgin. “We promised, and we're not the folks to break our words.”

“Therefore, seeing that such is the case,” continued Burgin, “Springfield Cottage won't do. But there's a cottage at the other end of the farm, which I have called Cosey Corner, and I think you might live in it, and try your plan, say for the summer. I used to let Cosey Corner and get a nice little rent for it, but it needs to be papered and cleaned up a bit, and the wife and me, we're not inclined to go to that expense this summer. It's pos-

sible that we may have to do it and get a paying tenant in the winter.”

“Oh, we will pay, that's all right,” said Harold. “We would rather,” he added.

“Well, my dears, so you shall. All in good time. If you take Cosey Corner as it is, I can let you have it rent free for the first six months. You need not think that you are beholden to me either, for it would cost more than any rent which I am likely to ask, to paint it, and paper and repair it. Then, if your scheme succeeds, I'll paper and paint and do it up tidy and neat before the winter. But you can live there for six months rent free.”

“Oh, how good of you!” said Claudia.

“No, it ain't good,” interrupted the farmer, “it's business, pure and simple. It's a way for us to get out of painting and papering, and doing up the place. Well, the wife and I, we offer you Cosey Corner. You can go and see the place after our talk is out. There's a bit of a garden that only needs tidying up, and a nice little orchard, with a few apple and pear trees——”

“And a plum tree—don't forget the plum tree,” interrupted his wife.

“To be sure, wife, and by the same token, it's a grand year for plums. And there's a pig-stye at the back of the house,” continued the farmer, “and a nice little pig you shall have, for it would be a sin to let the scraps go waste. And there's a fruit-garden, and a bit of a flower-garden, and you can plant vegetables——”

“And there's a hen-coop, too,” said Mrs. Burgin, “and my present shall be two plump laying hens.”

Here the farmer and his wife ended.

Claudia's heart began to beat so fast that she could sit still no longer.

“I never heard of anything quite so lovely in all my life,” she said. “I don't know how we are to thank you, Mrs. Burgin. The only way we can thank you and Farmer Burgin is to love you both very, very much.” And with these words the little girl rushed up to the good woman and clasped her arms round her neck, and laid her head on her shoulder, and burst into tears. “I am crying only be-

cause I am so happy," she said, "because I feel so sure now that we will succeed."

"Bless you, darling, bless you," said Mrs. Burgin.

## CHAPTER II.

### PREPARATIONS.

I really seemed, as Lois said, as if the fairies were about. It quite seemed that these mysterious, good-natured little people were busying themselves over the affairs of the children. For the rapid and wonderful way in which things moved, the way that cottage at Cosey Corner seemed to develop itself, to become possessed of a cupboard there, and a pretty lattice-window here—the way the rooms lent themselves just to the requirements of those four children, was almost past belief. Then Mrs. Burgin was perfectly amazing in the matter of furniture. Cosey Corner was unfurnished, but Mrs. Burgin assured the four young people, as she insisted on calling them, that she had enough furniture in one of her attics to make the place perfectly tidy and fit for children who were not too particular, at least during the summer time.

Now Lois and Arthur had explored the attics at Honeysuckle Farm, and they wondered where the furniture was to come from, for although they had seen a few broken chairs and some boxes piled up in different corners, and books laid in piles on the floors, they had certainly never yet discovered these wonderful chairs, these nice little bedsteads, these blankets, these pillows, these sheets, these mattresses, which Mrs. Burgin assured them were all so much rubbish at the farm, and would be done a power of good to, if they were removed to Cosey Corner.

It was impossible for the children to take possession of their new home on Monday, as Claudia intended, but Mrs. Burgin whispered to her that there was no cause to fret about that, as she intended to keep them for a couple of days on a visit.

"It's the least you can do for me," she said. "The farmer and I will be losing a deal of pleasure when we give you up. We ain't no call to need the money. We took the thirty shillings because your father and

mother said they would not send you on any other terms, but bless you, dears, we've no children of our own, and we don't want the money, not one little bit. Cosey Corner will be ready to go into on Thursday, but not one hour sooner."

"Yes," said Lois to Arthur, "yes, there's not a doubt of it, the fairies are helping us. I believe that brownies and fairies live to any extent at dear Honeysuckle Farm. And I believe the brownies and the fairies put thoughts into Mrs. Burgin's head, and into Farmer Burgin's head, and then they act on those thoughts all day."

"Harold says that fairies are all nonsense," replied Arthur.

"Harold is too old to believe in them," said Lois with a little sigh, "but there are plenty of them about for all that, and I expect there will be still more when we go to dear, darling Cosey Corner."

All during Monday and Tuesday, the children, accompanied by Mrs. Burgin, the farmer, the maid Sally, and the man Peter, were going backwards and forwards to Cosey Corner. The doors of the cottage were wide open, the windows were also open, and such scrubbing, such cleaning, such arranging, such washing of paint, such polishing of glass, as took place, quite dazed both Claudia and Lois. As to Harold and Arthur, they were both boys, and boys cannot be expected to understand domestic concerns. So interested as they were, they were not quite so astonished, nor so delighted as the girls.

The cottage consisted of four rooms, not one scrap more. A dear little kitchen, and a nice, but very tiny sitting-room, and overhead, two bedrooms. There was a shed in the yard outside, where extra furniture, such as "empty boxes and the like," quoted Mrs. Burgin, could be placed, but the cottage itself had just the four rooms, two below and two above.

"It's a wee place, but a mansion compared with Springfield Cottage," said Mrs. Burgin, "and you'll do well, my darlings, you'll do well."

"There's a lean-to room we might give 'em that, if so be it's required," said the farmer.





"GOING BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS TO COSEY CORNER" (p. 140).  
£24

Now the lean-to room was locked, and Mrs. Burgin shook her head.

"No," she said, "no; we'll keep that as it is. I have my own reasons for wishing that the children should have nothing to do with it."

The lean-to room had evidently been built as an after-thought. It stood to the left of the cottage, and had a separate door all to itself. It had a large window, too, but it was impossible to see what was within, for a dark green blind hung against the window, precluding all view.

"It must be a good large room," said Lois. "I wonder why Farmer and Mrs. Burgin won't let us have it?"

"They are darlings," said Claudia; "they are giving us the whole cottage and the garden for nothing; why should we mind about the lean-to room?"

Mrs. Burgin had evidently not the slightest intention of handing over this special room to the children, but everything else the cottage contained was to be theirs. There was a little porch just in front of the sitting-room, and this porch was covered with trailing branches of monthly roses. To one side of the porch was a window, a lattice-window, which opened on to the little garden, and at the other side of the porch was another lattice-window, for the sitting-room ran the whole length of the front of the cottage. The only way into the sitting-room was through the porch; there was no other door whatever. From the kitchen you had to go round and enter through the porch. It was a very funnily contrived cottage, and had evidently been built on the simplest of plans. The children, however, thought it nothing short of perfection. Oh, how happy they were all during that Monday, and that Tuesday—how proud did Claudia feel, how hopeful was Harold! Whereas the two younger ones, who had no responsibility, and all the fun, scarcely knew how to hold in their wild spirits.

"If this sort of thing goes on," said Lois, "I'll have to be doing something naughty, just to let off the steam!"

"You wouldn't really, would you?" said Arthur.

"Yes, but I could," said the little girl, "only I won't, of course. I'll keep myself in because I don't want to vex dear Claudie."

On Wednesday, however, very much to the astonishment, and something also to the dismay of all four children, Mrs. Burgin issued a mandate.

"You are none of you," she said, "to go near Cosey Corner to-day. The cottage will be ready for you all to take up your abode in it to-morrow by tea-time, but until then you are to keep away from it. And as the Farmer don't want you to be pottering round, poking your noses here and poking your noses there, he is going to send you off for the day with Peter. Peter is going to take you on a picnic. I have packed a basket, and I don't think when you have eaten what's inside the basket, that you will be very hungry."

"Oh dear, oh dear!" said Claudia, "but don't you want me to help you? I have been thinking half the night what a lot, what a great lot there would be to be done to-day!"

"I don't want you to help me, dear," said Mrs. Burgin. "To tell the truth, you would only be in the way. So now get ready, for Peter has the donkey harnessed to the chaise, and I want to get you out of my way as quick as possible."

The children, of course, were obliged to comply. Peter was a very stolid man. He was about forty years of age. He had a wisp of stubble hair, which always hung in a thick lock over his forehead. About every two minutes he shook his head in order to fling this lock back, but the next instant it tumbled down again, shading his eyes and giving him a most grotesque appearance. He had a very broad mouth, and small, but twinkling eyes. They were not absolutely straight—one of them inclined to look very slightly to the right, and the other as slightly to the left. It could not be said that Peter had a squint, but still his eyes were, to say the least of it, peculiar. His nose was broad and turned up considerably at the end. And this, with his big mouth, and his curious eyes, and that stubble lock of hair, gave him altogether such a funny appearance, that Lois never looked at him without laughing.

Now, whenever Lois looked at Peter, Peter looked back at her—he looked back with one eye, while he was guiding the donkey with the other—and when he saw her laugh he laughed too. It was a way he had, he laughed about every two minutes of his life.

"I wonder if he laughs when he is in bed," said Arthur, "he is so funny!"

"He is a darling," said Lois, "he is quite too funny, and he is a darling."

Now it occurred to the four children that they might question Peter with regard to the mysterious things which were going on at Cosey Corner.

"It is very nice going on this picnic, you know," said Lois, nestling up rather nearer to him as she spoke, and catching the curious glance of his left eye as the right eye was watching the donkey. For Mike, as the donkey was called, was very much inclined to turn into the hedge and have a good meal, instead of pursuing his journey.

"Gee-up, gee-up!" said Peter to Mike. "What is it, Missy?"

"Perhaps you can tell us why we are not allowed to go to Cosey Corner to-day."

"Indeed, and I can," was his answer.

"Then you will, won't you?"

"Indeed, then I won't."

"Oh, Peter, why not? I do so want to know."

"Is it the fairies, do you think?" asked little Arthur.

"Fairies, bless your heart?" said Peter. "Not a bit of it!"

"And you know why we are not to go?"

"I do, Misses and Masters, and I won't tell, not if you was to drag me through the pond! Gee-up, Mike, gee-up!"

Peter gave Mike a very light touch with the whip. The donkey thought better of turning into the hedge, and they pursued their way over the summer roads.

On the whole, the picnic was a great success. The contents of the basket were so good and so unexpected, that the greediest children must have rejoiced therein. And Peter made such an admirable host, for he assured them at once that he intended to carve, and he intended afterwards to lead them

to the prettiest and most beautiful spots. And then he said that he would tell them stories. He did all that he had promised, and they had a most fascinating day. As to his tales, they made Lois laugh so much, she felt quite tired and almost ill.

"Don't, don't!" she said at last. "It hurts me so, I can't laugh even once again."

But the next instant she was doubling herself almost in two, and screaming over a still funnier anecdote related by the wonderful Peter.

It was night when they got home, and they were all so tired they went straight to bed, and did not see either Mrs. Burgin or her husband.

The next day it was Sally who was placed at their service. She could drive Mike quite as well as Peter, and she took them into the nearest town, where they drew some of their money from the Post Office Savings Bank, and where Claudia made some very useful purchases. Mrs. Burgin said that there were some things which she could not supply, and crockery was one. So Claudia, with a view to making the precious ten pounds go as far as possible, bought exactly four cups and saucers — no more and no less — and four plates, and four tiny dishes. And then she bought a little kettle, and a little china teapot, and some pewter spoons, which looked very bright, and were very cheap, and two or three knives, and a few forks. She spent altogether about eight shillings, and Harold and the other two children thought she had effected wonders with her money.

They all returned home again in time for dinner, and a very excellent dinner was provided for them, and at last—at long, long last—the moment came when they were to go to Cosey Corner. Their clothes had been sent on early that morning. Mrs. Burgin called them into the kitchen.

"Good-bye, darlings," she said, "you know the way."

"Oh, but aren't you coming with us?" said Claudia, looking somewhat disappointed and turning red.

"No, dear. None of us is going with you."





“Oh, children! Oh, do come!” (p. 146).

The place is all neat and orderly, and here's the key of the cottage, my loves. Some one or other from Honeysuckle Farm will call round to-morrow morning, but we thought you would like best to have your own little farm to yourselves, for the present at any rate.”

“I'm sure we would never like to have you far away,” said Claudia. “But perhaps it is best,” she added. She uttered a little sigh.

“I am sure it is quite best, dear,” returned motherly Mrs. Burgin, “for when you have to fall on your feet, why you have. Oh, my heart, I do trust I'm doing no harm, and I've tried to let you down lightly. You are just like little birds that the parent

birds are pushing out of the nest — if you don't fly strong you'll kill yourselves, just as the little birds do, but you will fly strong and fly sure, and land on your feet. Good luck to you all, my darlings!”

Mrs. Burgin stood at the door to watch the four children set off, while at the side-door stood Sally and Peter, the latter with a very broad beam on his face.

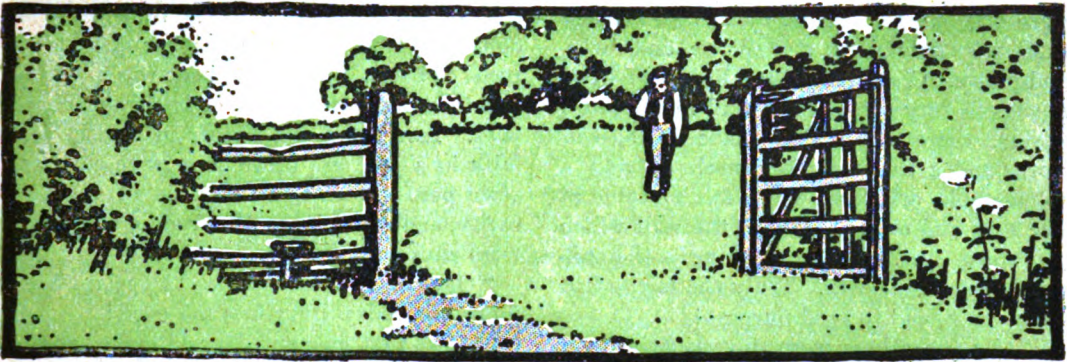
So Claudia, with the key in her pocket, went on in front with Harold, and the two little ones, who still believed in the fairies, came behind. It was a comfort to Claudia at that moment to reflect that Cosey Corner was really part of dear Honeysuckle Farm, and that, after all, it would be very possible for them in the case of difficulties to get Mr. or Mrs. Burgin, or Sally or Peter, to come to their aid. Cosey Corner was nearly half a mile away, however, and a curious sensation of loneli-

ness came over Claudia as she walked there now with her brother.

They were soon at the corner and had waved goodbye to Honeysuckle Farm, and now the farm itself had disappeared from sight.

“We are all so young,” thought Claudia, as she was walking along. “I wonder how we shall like sleeping in that lonely house to-night!”

Harold, to a great extent, shared her feelings, but the younger children, having absolute faith in Claudia and Harold, were only more and more wild with excitement each moment.



THE STILE.

"Oh, do let us run," said Lois. "How can you walk so slowly, Claudia?" Oh, I am nearly mad, I am nearly mad to see inside the cottage!"

They had to go through two large fields in which sheep were grazing to get to the cottage, and then they had to go through a small copse of young birch trees, and then they came to a tiny wicket-gate, and when the wicket-gate was opened they were on their own farm.

"Yes, our very own farm," said Claudia. "Oh, it does seem too wonderful!"

How neat the farm looked at that moment! What wonders must have been done during the last two days! For the grass was cut, and the little gravel walks were no longer full of weeds, and there were two or three rose-bushes quite covered with roses, the smell and the colour of which greeted the children as they approached the little house. From the lattice windows they could just get a peep of white muslin curtains, and then at that moment the sharp bark of a small dog fell upon their ears.

"It can't, it can't be Snap!" said Arthur, getting crimson with excitement.

"I have not seen Snap all day," was Lois's remark. "Oh, can it, can it be Snap?"

"I will open the door, and we will soon see," said Claudia.

With Harold's help she put the key into the little oak door, and the next instant the children were careering through Cosey

Corner. Yes, Snap was there, the dear white fox terrier. He knew them all and gambolled all over them in his delight.

"I thought Farmer Burgin would give us a dog of some sort," said Harold. "I remember his saying to me yesterday, 'You ought to have a watch dog, young Master, for thieves may come round to steal your fruit, and that will never do.' He was patting Snap at the moment, and I asked him where we could buy one, and he said, 'I'll tell you when I think of someone likely to have a dog to spare.'"

"Oh, how dear of him! Oh, did you ever, did you ever?" said Claudia. "Come Harold, come Lois, come Arthur! Oh, look! oh, look!"

They certainly had a great deal to look at. When they last visited the cottage it had been in hopeless confusion, for a small, a very small portion of the furniture had been moved in, and Sally was busy with soap and soda, and flannel and dusters, and polishing pastes, and all kinds of such things. But now there was no disorder. Each little room was neat as neat could be—each little room had sufficient furniture for the children's simple needs, and the panes of glass shone like burnished silver, and all the floors were slippery with beeswax and polish. And the little beds were made, and the children had peeps of snowy sheets, and they saw that the mattresses were good and the pillows soft. And there were small white curtains, white as driven snow, at the windows, and there

were rugs on the floors. In the kitchen there were saucepans, and spoons, and forks, and plates. Claudia need not have bought so much crockery after all. And in the little parlour there was a sofa made of basket-work, and a basket-work arm-chair, and a round table, and there was a folding-table at one side, and even a shelf on the wall which contained—yes, actually contained—the children's pet story-books. Truly the fairies had been about, and to good purpose!

While the others were investigating the parlour, opening the lattice windows, peeping into the contents of the books, Claudia had penetrated to the kitchen. Here she uttered a scream.

"Oh, children! oh, do come!" she said.

They all rushed in. Claudia had opened one of the cupboards, and there, standing on a dish, and looking quite imposing, were a

pair of roast chickens, nicely browned, and done to a turn. And on another dish was a piece of bacon, and on the floor was a pile of potatoes, and quite a peck of freshly-gathered peas. And there was butter in a dish, and milk in a jug, and bread in a large earthen-ware pan. And there was tea in a little caddy, and coffee in another caddy, and there were packets of sugar.

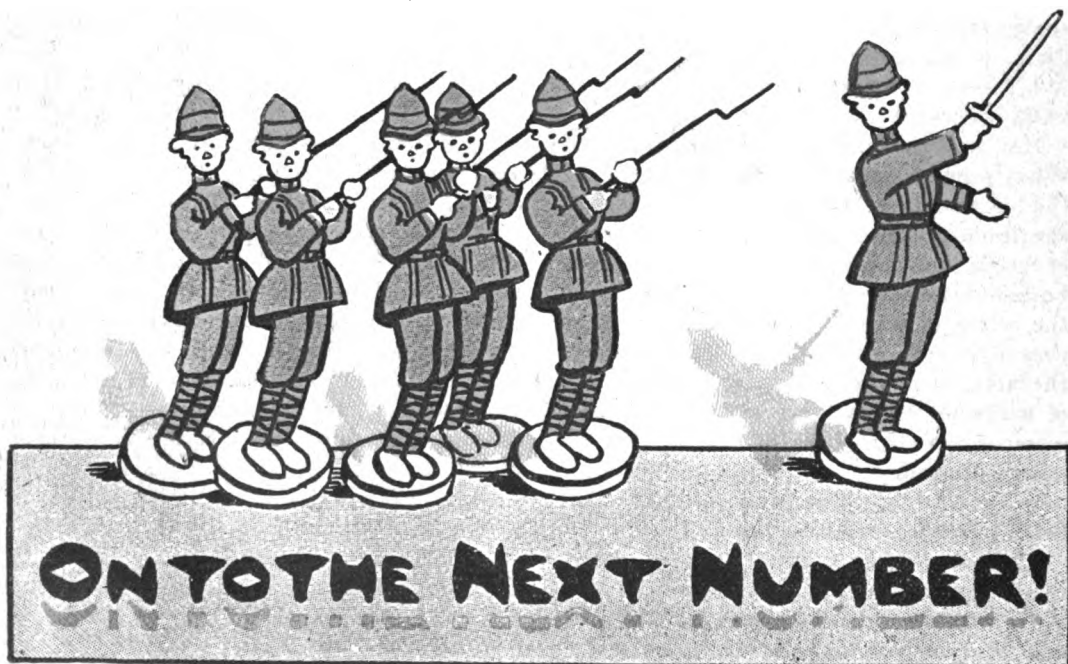
"Oh, dear!" said Claudia, "I declare I am fit to cry. Mrs. Burgin is too good!"

Just at that moment, Harold looked round him eagerly.

"Where in the world is Arthur?" he said. "He was here a minute ago!"

"Listen!" said Lois suddenly. "He is hurt, he is crying. What can it be?"

"And there's Snap barking!" said Claudia. "Do let's run and find him. Yes, I hear him crying distinctly."



## WHO'S WHO AND WHAT'S WHAT.

### How "Fighting Mac" found his Sword.

General Hector Macdonald began life as a draper's assistant, but finding it too humdrum he went for a soldier. This was quite to his liking. He saw plenty of service, and because he was fond of a scrimmage they gave him his well-known nick-name. So good a soldier was he that he was promoted from the ranks—a rarer honour twenty years ago than it is now—and as lieutenant he went through the first Boer war. In the disastrous battle of Majuba he lost the claymore that had been presented to him by his brother officers. After the fight, Captain (afterwards Colonel) P. F. Robertson, of the 92nd Gordon Highlanders, had a talk at Newcastle, in the Transvaal, with Joubert, the famous Boer General, who died during the second Boer war. Robertson was curious to know why so many of the British officers were killed, and Joubert told him the Dutch marksmen took aim specially at them. The reason was that the officers were all rich men who could come and go as they pleased, whereas the "Tommys" were all poor, and had to serve their time and do their fighting, whether they wished to or not, for that was how they made a living. Moreover the Boer farmers had, Joubert said, no quarrel with private soldiers, and didn't want to kill a single one of them. Then Robertson told Joubert about Hector Macdonald and his lost sword. "Ah," said Joubert, "that brave man must have his sword again. I will search the Transvaal for it, and offer £5 reward for it." Joubert did search, and found the sword in the possession of a farmer, who, on learning the story, parted with the claymore without reward. "Fighting Mac" had the pleasure of receiving his good claymore from the hands of General Joubert himself in the Dutch town of Newcastle.

### A Cure for Deafness.

It is said there are none so deaf as those who will not hear. For such people the famous Mr. Spurgeon seemed to have a cure. He was told by his friend, the Rev. Dr. John

Robertson, that he used to feel annoyed at a young man who, not caring for the strong Gospel doctrine he preached, sat with a finger in each ear. What was to be done in such a case? "Oh," said Mr. Spurgeon, "pray for a fly to settle on his nose!"

### Fashionable Flycatchers.

Spotted flycatchers seem fond of building their nests in queer quarters. Some years ago a pair made their house in the crown supporting a street lamp in Portland Place, London, and, in spite of the great heat from the gas, reared their family. Not long since a pair nested in the gilt cup from which sprang three electric lights in the Pump-room at Thun, in Switzerland. Though the lamps were going every night, and the band played, and the room was always full, the birds flew in and out, feeding their four young ones industriously. Nobody, of course, disturbed them.

### How He became a Painter.

It is related of a former President of the Royal Academy, Sir Francis Grant, that, in spite of his early love of painting, he made law his first serious study. But when his youngest brother joined the army he painted a portrait of him in full uniform and on horseback, which was so greatly admired in the family circle that he suddenly resolved to abandon law, for which he had no liking, and take to art. When his "coach" came next day Francis told him of his change of plan. The tutor took it as a good joke, and, sitting down, opened the books for a course of "cram." Grant thereupon flung books and papers into the fire, to the astonishment of his teacher, who left the house angry and annoyed, and was paid off next day.

### Animal Beggars.

During the Boer war many novel plans were adopted for collecting funds in aid of the sick and wounded, the widows and orphans. The animal kingdom, of course, rose to the occasion. Dogs equipped with ribbons and money-boxes were to be seen in every

town. Bearing in mind the parrot's clever powers of speech, one is surprised that Polly's services were not more generally enlisted. One bird had been trained to cry, "For the widows and orphans, please!" and we can well believe that the box placed beside its perch was often filled. A lady who had a pony only three feet high sent it amongst the drawing-rooms of Society. The creature ran up and downstairs like a dog, and charmed beholders with its winning ways, easily persuading them to drop coins of value into the box that it bore on its back.

#### He Wouldn't be Hurried.

Mr. Alexander Baird, one of the founders of a famous firm of Scots ironmasters, was a sensible, plain-spoken man. Once he went to a grand dinner party. Whilst his greatcoat was being taken off in the hall, the footmen began shouting his name from landing to landing of the stairs, in order to announce him in the drawing-room. The flunkeys, however, were rather taken aback to hear Mr. Baird cry out, "Haud yer wheesht! [Hold your tongue!] I'm comin' as fast as I can!"

#### From the Circus to the Street.

Complaints have been made from time to time that some public meetings have been dangerously crowded, even the gangways and every bit of standing room being packed. In the event of a panic it is clear that a dreadful calamity might easily happen in a building filled by such a dense throng. Mr. Barnum, the prince of showmen, had an ingenious plan for breaking up a crowd when he saw his circus tent too full of folk. On such occasions he used to stick up a big bill, in full view of the sightseers, bearing in large letters the following notice—"THIS WAY TO THE EGRESS." Eager to see this unheard-of monster, the people poured out of the tent in shoals, only to find themselves at last in the street!

#### What the Prodigal might have done.

Town children look at things from their own experiences of everyday life. In illustration of this fact Dr. Mandell Creighton, the Bishop of London, once related a boy's view of the story of the Prodigal Son. The teacher was telling

in simple words the sufferings the wanderer had gone through. "All his money was spent," he said, "and so he made up his mind to go back to his father. What else could he do?" "Please, sir," answered a sharp-looking lad, "he might have pawned his little girl's boots!"

#### Lord Roberts's Superior.

Mrs. Hooppell is the grandmother of the vicar of St. Peter's, in Hoxton, London. She is a very old woman, and has an excellent chance of scoring a hundred years. Let us hope she will succeed in doing so and be then "Not out." She reads her newspaper with daily diligence, and followed with great interest the events of the Boer war. She holds that the British generals are not equal to the leaders of olden time. An admirer of Lord Roberts, hoping to hear her pronounce the name of his hero, asked her who was her favourite general. "Nobody comes up to the old ones," she answered, "and no general can beat Joshua, nor ever will."

#### Into the Tiger's Jaws.

When out shooting one day in the jungle on elephant-back, Major Callnet was suddenly confronted with a tiger. He was in the act of firing at it when the fastenings of the howdah, or covered seat, gave way, and he literally fell into the tiger's jaws. The animal seized him by the thigh and bounded away. The major luckily remembered he had a pair of loaded pistols in his pocket. He managed to draw one, but it missed fire. Then he pulled out the other and fired at the head of the tiger, which ran on for a few yards and then fell dead. Callnet survived to tell the story, but he remained very lame.

#### A Statesman at Home.

When Lord Odo Russell, the British ambassador in Berlin, was paying a visit to Prince Bismarck, the latter gave an interesting exhibition of temper. He had his eye on a corner of the room, and by-and-by got up and rang the bell furiously. The moment the footman answered it, Bismarck began to abuse him. "I see a cobweb in the corner," he said, "and if anything of the kind ever appears again," here he laid his hand on the article, "I will break your head with this inkstand."

# The Troubles of a Dollie.

Words from LITTLE FOLKS.

*Moderato.*

B. MANSSELL RAMSEY.

PIANO.

*con espress.*

1. Oh, the trou-bles of a dol-lie are ve-ry hard to bear, They real-ly are e-  
 2. First they placed me in a win-dow for the gaze of pass-ers-by, Which was real-ly most dis-  
 3. She ad-mired my gold-en tress-es, my ti-ny wax-en toes, My ro-sy cheeks, and

- nough to turn one's ringlets white with care; And just be-cause you nev-er see the bit-ter tear-drops  
 - tress-ing for a dol-lie young and shy; Then in a lit-tle maid-en's care I found a home at  
 bright blue eyes, and love-ly lit-tle nose—But, a-las, she has a bro-ther, a schoolboy big and

*rall.*

start, You think I have no feel-ing in my lit-tle saw-dust heart.  
 last, And in my joy I fond-ly dream'd my trou-bles all were past.  
 strong, Who is just as full of mis-chief as the sum-mer day is long.

*rall.*

4.  
 He has cut away my golden hair, he *says* 'twill grow again,  
 My waxen charms are vanished quite—well, maybe I was  
 vain;  
 My "roses" he has washed with soap to make them lily  
 And now at last, I must confess, I really am a fright.

5.  
 But my little mother loves me, though my beauty all is gone,  
 In the sweet eyes of affection I'm *still* fair to look upon;  
 So though my cheeks are white and wan, and cracked my  
 lovely nose,  
 I find there is a soothing balm for even dollies' woes!



## PAGES FOR VERY LITTLE FOLKS.

### THE PO-LITE PUP-PY-DOG.



MASTER Pup-py-dog was trot-ting down the street. He felt and look-ed very im-por-tant, for this was the first time he had been out for a re-al-ly long walk by him-self; he was go-ing as far as the end of the road.

"Per-haps I shall have some ad-ven-tures," he thought to him-self. "Won't Mo-ther be glad to see I am a-ble to take care of my-self quite well now!"

So he trot-ted on, his lit-tle feet leav-ing marks in the snow all the way down the path. Sud-den-ly round the cor-ner came a lit-tle kit-ten, run-ning as fast as she could, with her fur stand-ing straight up, she was so fright-en-ed.

Master Pup-py-dog was just go-ing to ask her what was the mat-ter, when up rush-ed Mr. Bow-wow, the big dog from the next street.

"Oh! save me, save me!" mew-ed Miss Pus-sy-cat. "What shall I do? I can't get up any-where."

Master Pup-py-dog's teeth gleam-ed as he sprang in front of her, his four lit-tle legs plant-ed firm-ly in the snow.

"How dare you chase a la-dy, Mr. Bow-wow?" he cried.

Mr. Bow-wow growl-ed.

"Get out of my way, you im-

per-ti-nent lit-tle dog!" he said an-gri-ly.

"Shan't!" said Mas-ter Pup-py-dog. It was very rude of him, but the big dog quite de-serv-ed it. "I'll bite you, if you don't go a-way at once," went on Pup-py-dog, and he look-ed so fierce that Mr. Bow-wow, who knew he was in the wrong, thought it wis-er to tuck his tail be-tween his legs and trot off down the street to his home.

"Oh! thank you, - thank you! What should I have done if you had not been here?" cri-ed Miss Pus-sy-cat, with a grace-ful curt-sey.

"I am glad to have been a-ble to help you," an-swer-ed Mas-ter Pup-py-dog po-lite-ly. "May I see you home?"

"Oh! please; if you would be so kind," mew-ed Miss Pus-sy-cat. "I am so a-fraid I shall meet some more dogs, or per-haps a rude cat."

So up the street they trot-ted side by side, un-til they reach-ed Miss Pus-sy-cat's home; and oh, how pleas-ed Mas-ter Pup-py-dog was when he found she liv-ed next door to him.

"Good-bye, ma-dam. I ex-pect I shall see you to-mor-row, and if any-one is rude to you, mind you send for me," said Mas-ter Pup-py-dog; and then, wag-ging his tail, he ran in at his own gate.

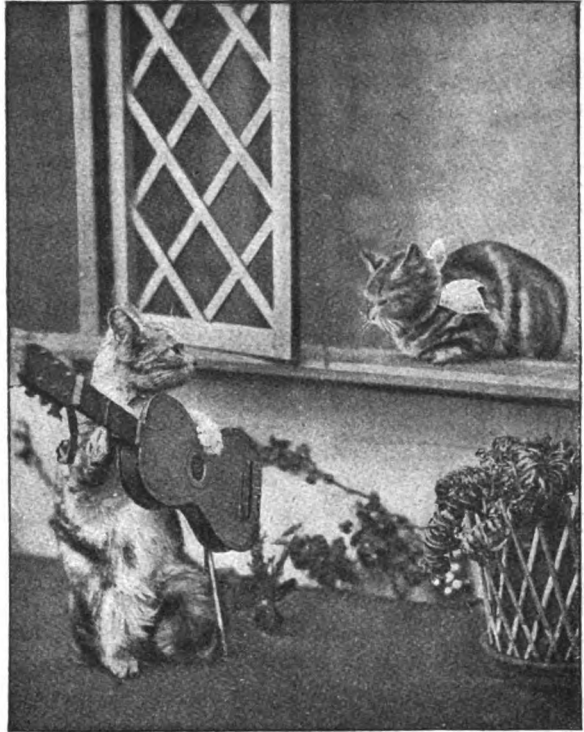
F. M. H.

A SER-EN-ADE;  
OR, TOM-MY AND TAB-BY.

'TIS a sum-mer e-ven-ing and  
all is still,  
And the win-dow is o-pen wide;  
And Miss Tab-by, doz-ing, sits  
on the sill,  
With a bas-ket of flow-ers at  
her side.

But hark! what jan-gle is that  
a-far,  
That near-er and near-er comes?  
'Tis Tom-my play-ing the light  
gui-tar,  
With his paws, in-stead of his  
thumbs.

He has come to give the la-dy  
a call,



*J. Huff, Mansfield, phot.*

At this qui-et time of night;  
Miss Tab-by wakes with a joy-  
ful squall,  
Tom bows, and is ve-ry po-lite.

For when Mas-ter Tom and Miss  
Tab-by meet,  
All his skill sly Tom em-ploys,  
And Miss Tab-by thinks / his  
mu-sic so sweet,  
But we think it a hor-ri-ble  
noise.

#### TOM-MY AND TAB-BY'S DU-ET.



V-E-R-Y-O-N-E must  
of-ten have heard of  
those not-ed sing-ers  
and play-ers, Mas-ter  
Tom-my and Miss Tab-by. They



*J. Huff, Mansfield, phot.*

are quite fam-ous for their de-light-ful mu-sic, as, in-deed, all cats are. Some par-tic-u-lar peo-ple do not like to hear cat mu-sic at all; but that on-ly shows their want of taste.

Cats make such fun-ny nois-es. 'When one cat sings a-lone, it makes you laugh; when two cats sing to-gether, it makes your head ache; and when more than two cats sing at one time, it is quite deaf-en-ing. But it is ve-ry droll and a-mus-ing.

Mas-ter Tom-my and Miss Tab-by are ev-e-ry-where known for the

splen-did noise they make. Tom has a low, deep voice, like a dog growl-ing; and Tab-by can shriek and squall so that you can hear her all ov-er the house.

But when they sing a du-et to-gether, that is best of all. First Tom growls by him-self like thun-der. Then Tab-by screams like the wind whist-ling. Then they both growl and shriek to-gether, till you have to stop your ears. And if that is not some-thing like a du-et, I should like to know what is.

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

#### MAS-TER ROB-IN'S FEAST.

**T**WEET! tweet! tweet!" chirp-ed Mas-ter Rob-in, hop-ping down the bank. He meant to say, "Oh! how hun-gry I am this morn-ing! Where shall I get some break-fast?"

There were no worms to be had, for the ground was cov-er-ed with white snow, and Rob-in's feet left a lit-tle print in it as he hop-ped a-long. Pre-sent-ly he met Miss Rob-in-a, who liv-ed in the hedge close by, al-so look-ing for break-fast.

"Oh! isn't this dread-ful, Mas-ter Rob-in!" she ex-claim-ed. "Not a sin-gle worm to be had, nor e-ven a ber-ry."

"Yes; I'm sure I don't know what we're go-ing to do," he said. "But," he add-ed cheer-fully, "my house is warm-er than yours; if you'll just step in-side, I'll try and find some-thing."

A-way he flew, ov-er the hedge and down the road, un-til he came to a big white gate, on which he perch-ed. "I saw them shake out a big white thing yes-ter-day," he said; "and there were two or three crumbs," he thought, glanc-ing a-bout with his lit-tle bright eyes.

"There he is, I thought he'd come back a-gain," said a voice soft-ly; "shall we throw him some crumbs?"

"No, come out and hang up some corn for him, he will like that bet-ter;" and pre-sent-ly two lit-tle fig-ures stole a-cross the gar-den, one car-ry-ing a stick, and the o-ther a bunch of corn. They plant-ed the stick in the mid-dle of the grass, hung the corn on the top, and then crept back to the win-dow to watch.

Mas-ter Rob-in hop-ped off the gate and had near-ly reach-ed the corn be-fore he re-mem-ber-ed Miss Rob-in-a.

"I must fly and fetch her first," he thought; "it will ne-ver do to be-gin and keep the la-dy wait-ing."

A-way he flew to the bank, and there sat Miss Rob-in-a, with her feath-ers ruf-fled up wait-ing for him.

"I am so dread-ful-ly hun-gry," she cri-ed; "have you found a-ny ber-ries?"

"I have found some-thing bet-ter than ber-ries," an-swer-ed Mas-ter Rob-in. "Come a-long, and I'll show you."

He led the way back to the gar-den. There were a great ma-n-y o-ther birds

there by now, but Mas-ter Rob-in soon made a way for him-self and his com-pan-ion, and they had a good break-fast.

"I did-n't know those lit-tle hu-man boys and girls could be so kind," said Mas-ter Rob-in.

"If it had not been for them we should have di-ed," said Miss Rob-in-a. And perch-ing on the gate, they sang a pret-ty lit-tle du-et, be-fore fly-ing back to their homes in the bank.

But all the time the frost last-ed, the Rob-ins found a break-fast in the gar-den with the white gate.

F. M. H.

**WE** have received Puzzles and Answers from the following:—A. Nunn, M. and J. Hardisty, H. D. H. Bell, E. Wright, D. Pridaux, H. S. Harlow, K. Hepburn, E. Crowther, G. Bradfield, D. Key, E. Fenwicke-Clennell, H. M. Whipp, M. Kennedy, V. Anderson, D. Whittingham, T. P. Bingham, H. M. and C. Taylor, T. P. Norris, H. Herapath, M. Schindhelm, L. Payne, G. Peellaert, H. Rose, M. Cooke, E. Ince, B. Murray, J. Johnson, F. Grigg, B. Hayes, M. Sharp, E. Brett Yound, E. Gordon, R. M. Fogarty, S. Hook, M. Young, E. Paterson, S. Macleod, W. Atkins, M. de L. S., C. Wright, M. Butcher, M. Hubert, F. Jackson, H. Hitchcox.

**WE** have also received Letters from the following:—M. and C. Taylor, M. H. Bingham, E. Crowther, D. Triscott, A. Sargeant, M. Adams, E. Mullins, M. Loyd, J. Brodie, L. Ehrmann, M. Pearch, D. Peters, D. Sutton, M. Staniforth, M. Clegg, M. Walters, D. Whittingham, H. Herapath, D. Brown, M. Gossip, M. Gare, D. Key, G. Inman, F. and G. Tompkins, O. King, F. Knott, "Fluff" (M. Barton), E. Barker, C. Lockwood, "Daisy" (G. Alexander), G. Peellaert (with photo), H. Ross, S. Legge, P. Shackleton, P. M. Francis, K. Hawkins, J. Gardiner, "Nigger" (M. Cooke), B. Murray, C. Formby, M. Jones, "May" (S. A. Smith), H. Plumer, D. Bretherton, C. Clinch, E. Gordon, E. Brett Yound, K. Smith, N. Ambrose, L. Hook, H. Foularton, J. Hughes, R. Speight, V. Babone, J. Pailliette, L. Hemans, D. Dodsworth, G. Raiton, S. Le Sueur, A. Wickens, E. Mark, C. Baker.

## The Special Competition for the "Little Folks" Silver Medal.



Florence Sutton.

**T**HE Editor has the pleasure to announce that **THREE SILVER MEDALS** of the **LITTLE FOLKS** Legion of Honour have been awarded respectively to **FLORENCE SUTTON**, Westford, Knollys Road, Streatham; **COUNTESS HANNA STRACHWITZ**, Mamling, Post Minning, Upper Austria; and **HETTIE HEYMANN**, Tauentzien Platz 7, Breslau, Germany, these being the competitors whose names have appeared the greatest number of times in the various Lists of Honour, etc., published during the twelve months commencing with February, 1900. During the next twelve months—commencing with February—a Silver Medal will again be awarded to *each* of the Two Competitors whose names appear most often in the various Lists of Honour, and in the departments called "Our Little Folks' Own Puzzles" and "The Little Folks' Post Office." It should be borne in mind that no Competitor is entitled to receive more than one Half-Guinea Book Prize during any one year—ending with January—and also that one Bronze Medal only and one Certificate only is sent to each of the Members of the Legion, though their names will, of course, be printed in the various Lists of Honour whenever their work is adjudged worthy either of a Prize or of Honourable Mention. Furthermore, no Competitor who is already a Silver Medallist is eligible to receive a second Silver Medal. We hope to give, next

month, the portraits of Countess H. Strachwitz and Hettie Heymann.

## OUR LITTLE FOLKS' OWN PUZZLES.

### BURIED NAMES OF ANIMALS.

1. **K**ATE, do go to bed with me to-night.
2. **K** Where did he give you a swing? O, at the shop.
3. All the girls came late to school on Monday.
4. Do give me a present out of the shop. "I gave you the dog you have the other day," said mother.
5. My father has sold his dog.
6. P'hylis cannot spell ram, ouse, or ham.  
*Don Marché,* *GLADYS BATTING (12).*  
*High Street, Alton, Hants.*

### HIDDEN BIBLE NAMES.

**H**ASJUO.  
Aisler.  
Ocnhe.  
Msalue.  
Zhccaaues.  
Lewmoarbh  
Tsuagusu.  
Ehumlascht.  
Hacrel.  
Heneiamh.

*Colmena,*  
*7, Conyers Avenue,*  
*Birkdale, Southport.*

*IRENE MORSE.*  
*(Aged 12½.)*

### RIDDLE-ME-REE.

**M**Y first is in pea, but not in bean;  
My second is in rich, but not in lean;  
My third is in eat, but not in drink;  
My fourth is in try, also in think;  
My fifth is in oats, but not in hay;  
My sixth is in write, but not in say;  
My seventh is in in, but not in out;  
My eighth is in roan, but not in trout.  
And now my whole you'll quickly see,  
Is a very large town in Africee.

*Dean Lodge,*  
*Godalming.*

*H. SCHWARTZ.*  
*(Aged 13½.)*

### TRANSPPOSITION PUZZLE.

1. **N**FSERAC, a girl's name.
2. Bolins, a town in Portugal.
3. Eonw, a boy's name.
4. Moer, a town in Italy.
5. Rseteh, a girl's name.
6. Moanrn, a boy's name.
7. Rseahcl, a boy's name.
8. Lael, a girl's name.

My initials, read downwards, form the name of a town in Italy.

*Schoolhouse, Kemnay,* *ANNIE WATSON ALEXANDER.*  
*Aberdeenshire, Scotland.* *(Aged 11.)*

### CURTAILING AND BEHEADING PUZZLE.

**C**URTAIL a part of a plant, and it leaves a meadow.  
CURTAIL a precious stone, and it leaves to chafe.  
BEHEAD a colour, and I am a beam of light.  
BEHEAD a boy's name, and it leaves a colour.  
BEHEAD a fruit, and it leaves a long row.  
BEHEAD a fruit, and I am part of the face.  
CURTAIL a boy's name, and it leaves to be in debt.  
CURTAIL a girl's name, and it leaves to spoil.  
CURTAIL a colour, and I am a part of the face.  
BEHEAD a dwelling-place, and it leaves a river.

*2, Pasture View, Stanningley Road,* *ROSE SPEIGHT.*  
*Armley, Leeds.* *(Aged 11.)*

### TRANSPPOSITION PUZZLE.

**M**Y initials, read downwards, form the name of a famous musician.

Erarbl, a cask.  
Phtalnee, an animal.  
Tienmme, famous.  
Aeblt, a household object.  
Ehda, part of the body.  
Ipneong, an aperture.  
Arvoeinttl, an aperture.  
Sepeac, to get away.  
Ones, part of the body.

*39, St. Bernard's Crescent,*  
*Edinburgh*

*ALASTAIR KYD.*  
*(Aged 10.)*

## ANSWERS TO OUR LITTLE FOLKS' OWN PUZZLES (Vol. LIII., p. 73).

### NUMERICAL PUZZLE.

#### BLOEMFONTEIN.

Net. Tom. Time. Mint. Lion. Flo. Eel. Ten.  
Toe. Foe. Fit. It.

### A "LITTLE FOLKS" STORY PUZZLE.

1. Omas.
2. Playmates.
3. A Pair of Pickles.

4. The Next-door House.
5. Basil Berkely.
6. The Tale of a Tambour.
7. Beyond the Blue Mountains.
8. A Self-willed Family.
9. Running Away to School.
10. Hiding and Seeking.
11. The Secret of Greyling Towers.
12. A Race with Death.
13. Plucky Rex.
14. Toby's Promise.
15. True to His Colours.
16. Little Miss Vixen.
17. All in a Castle Fair.
18. The House by the Moor.

## THE ARRIVAL OF THE ROSE.

'M coming," said the Rosebud  
 One morning to the Sun;  
 "The gentle breeze has whispered  
 That summer has begun;  
 The skies are blue above me,  
 To-morrow will be June,  
 And with the full-blown roses  
 You'll find me very soon."

The sun in golden splendour  
 Sank softly out of view,  
 The tiny blossom watched it,  
 All wrapped in twilight dew;

And when the sun next morning  
 Awoke the summer day,  
 The Rosebud's petals opened  
 To meet its golden ray.

A form of crimson beauty,  
 'Neath summer's gentle sky,  
 It filled with pleasant fancies  
 Whoever passed it by;  
 It breathed a fragrant perfume,  
 And showed us every hour  
 The magic charm that graces  
 The lifetime of a flower.

JOHN LEA.

## STAMP, POSTCARD, AND CORRESPONDENCE COLUMNS.

### STAMPS.

Hon. EILEEN SPRING-RICE, Institutue Lycéal, Dr. Domnisoare Humpel, Jassy, Roumania; EMILY H. PALMER, Tenterfield, Station, Tenterfield, N. S. Wales (N. S. Wales, Queensland, and Victorian for foreign ones); ANNIE ELCOCK, 67, St. Peter's Road, Croydon.

### POSTCARDS.

CONNIE GOVER, Springfield, Gosforth, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Hon. EILEEN SPRING-RICE, Institutue Lycéal, Dr. Domnisoare Humpel, Jassy, Roumania; ANNIE ELCOCK, 67, St. Peter's Road, Croydon

(also if any reader has a p.c. sent by the C.I.V. on their return to London A. E. will be glad to exchange stamps or several crests or monograms for it). FRANCIS RIGGS, 131, Mass. Avenue, Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

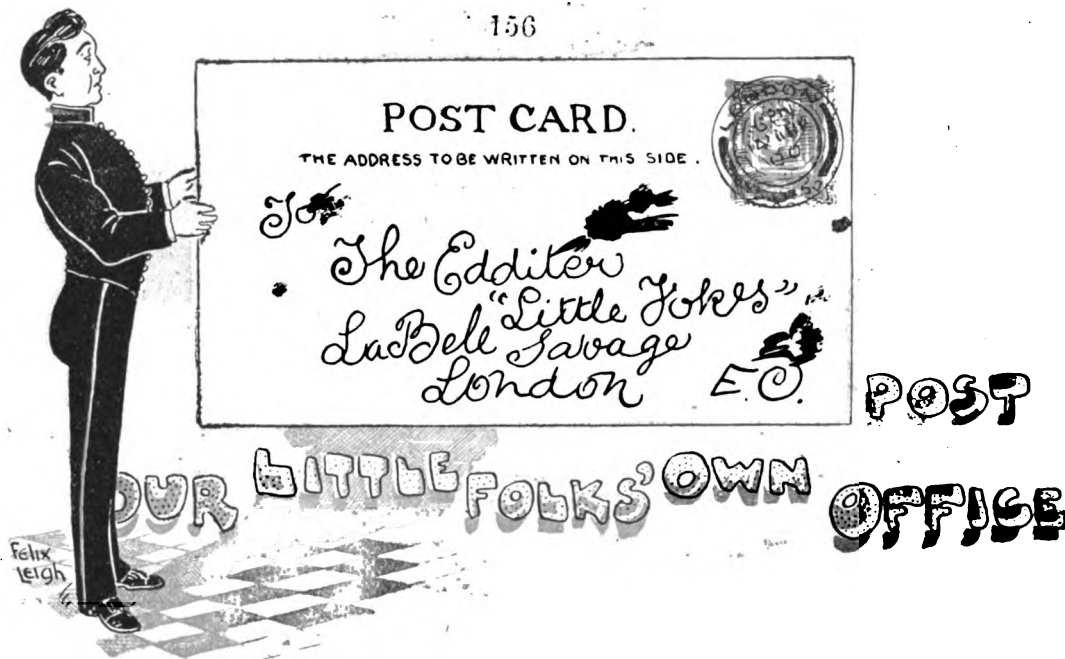
### CORRESPONDENCE.

Hon. EILEEN SPRING-RICE, Institutue Lycéal, Dr. Domnisoare Humpel, Jassy, Roumania (with girls of 12-16 in Scotland, England, Japan, Cairo, and Greece); DOROTHY TRISCOTT, Avington, London Road, Guildford (with French girl of 13); EDMUND KEY, Kent House, Aldeburgh, Suffolk (with boy living in China).



A COLLISION.





24, St. Stephen's Road, Lewisham, S.E.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I have written to you before, but my letter was not put in print. My sister and I have taken in *LITTLE FOLKS* for five years, and love the stories (especially serials, etc.). We think it is a splendid magazine for children, and now another friend of ours takes it in, and also likes it very much. When we were away in the holidays we went for the day to Margate, where we saw the wonderful "shell grotto" Marie Corelli speaks about in one of her books. It is well worth seeing, and the preservation of the shells is simply marvellous, as also are the curious designs, which date back centuries. Please, dear Mr. Editor, do print this letter, as it will be quite a surprise to mother. Hoping you enjoyed your holidays.—Ever your affectionate reader,

EVELYN HILLKIRK (aged 14).

The Green, Sherborne, Dorset.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I have taken in *LITTLE FOLKS* for three years (at least this is the third). I have noticed that there are very few drawing or painting competitions, so I am writing to suggest one now. I am sure there are plenty of readers of *LITTLE FOLKS* of all ages that are fond of drawing and painting, so don't you think it would be very nice to have one of the early competitions a painting one? My idea is one or more species of flowers, labelled with the English and Latin names, should be drawn and painted for each month till September. It would not be hard to find a flower for every month, and whoever sent the best done—neatest and most natural-looking collection—would have the prize. Of course, all the flowers would have to be done from, and in January and February there are no flowers, so a spray or twig covered with snow, a clump of berries, a few brown leaves, or something of that sort, would do as well as a flower, as long as it was characteristic of the month. In the spring and summer months, when there are a great many flowers, a few of the most important which were most characteristic of the month should be the ones to be painted. There are not many wild flowers after September, so all competitors could send in their paintings by October, which is the usual month for the end of annual competitions. If you cannot work this suggestion, do try and have some sort of competition for drawing or painting wild flowers from nature. It would be so nice.—Your sincere reader,

DI. R. WILSON.

The Brook, Taplow.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I think *LITTLE FOLKS* the best monthly magazine there is. I am going to tell you about my pets. I have

a dog named Pepper; he barks at everything he sees. I also have a canary who sings very nicely. My favourite stories are "The Three Witches," "All in a Castle Fair," "The House by the Moor," "Master Charlie," and "Baby Jane." I think "Dicker and Me," "Four Wishes," and the other new serials are very nice. I have sent you the answers to some puzzles, and some puzzles I have made up myself. I hope my letter and puzzles will be good enough to be printed.—I remain, your constant reader,

GLADYS MAY (aged 11½).

Lindsay Street, Epping.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—This is the second time I have written to you, but I expect you do not have room to print every letter you receive, and that is the reason I have not seen mine in *LITTLE FOLKS*, but I am hoping this one will be there. I have not seen any C.I.V.'s about here, but at Woodford my sister says they had a fine time of it. She told me that one of them arrived there at about 10 p.m. on the Monday. The people clapped him into a carriage, took out the horses, and dragged him up the hill, the Woodford Military Band leading the way, playing "Welcome, welcome, C.I.V.," and boys were singing most lustily—in fact, every one appeared to be enjoying themselves. My father was a sergeant in the East Suffolk Volunteers, but gave it up when he married, so, you see, I take a great interest in the war and all about it. Now I will conclude, only waiting to say that I hope you will be able to print this little letter.—Yours sincerely,

ELEANOR VERONICA GREEN.

6, Berwyn Road, Herne Hill, S.E.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I am a little tabby tom cat, and live in a nice house three storeys high. This is my story. As soon as I was born I lived with my mother in a cupboard, but when I was six weeks old I was taken away from my mother and never saw her again. I was put into a small basket and taken to a new home. When I was here (in my home, as I must now call it) I found I had two friends, a tortoise and a dog. Oh! the bites that dog has given me. Horrible! When I had been here about a year I had more friends—silkworms, they were. My mistress is very fond of teasing me, pulling my tail, turning me head over heels, etc. I must now end my letter.—Yours faithfully, THOMAS (aged 3½).

(Written and sent by H. CROCKFORD, aged 10.)

P.S.—Please print this letter, because my master has written to you three times before.

*Singleton House, Roebuck Lane, Sale.*

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—It is the first time I have written to you. I like LITTLE FOLKS very much. My favourite stories are "Topsy-Turvy Tales," "Hiding and Seeking;" or, "How they Went Home," "Four Wishes, and What Came of Them." We have a little robin redbreast that comes in our greenhouse through the window when it is open, and we put some breadcrumbs for him, and then he flies away. We have a black cat and a black kitten, and I am afraid the kitten is very lazy, for she sleeps nearly all her time away. As the little one came first, she is very spiteful, and growls at the big one even if she goes near him. We are going to have a school concert, which will be very nice. Last year we had "The Little Old Woman that Lived in a Shoe." I took the part of Bluebeard, and we had a real shoe for all the children to get into. My little brother took the part of Tom Tucker, my sister took the part of the uncle of "The Babes in the Wood." I am going to ask all my friends to take LITTLE FOLKS in; I am sure they will like it, because I like it so much myself. My sister and I have each got a bicycle, and in the summer we go to school on them. We have only had them since the beginning of the summer, so we have not been many rides, but we have been several pretty rides in Cheshire with father and mother. I like riding very much, but my bicycle is always getting punctured, so I have greased it and put it away for the winter. On the 5th of November we had a bonfire and lots of fireworks, but as soon as we got out it began to rain, so we could not have them that night, and we saved them till it was fine. Although I am only eleven years old, I can talk Spanish and a little French. Hoping my letter is not too long to be printed,—Your most interested reader,

ANGELA LOPEZ.

*St. Catherine's School, Bramley, Guildford.*

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I was very interested in the last story I read in LITTLE FOLKS. I am at a large boarding school, as you will see by the above address. We have 108 girls including eight day girls. My home is in Suffolk, and I am one of a large family of ten—there are five older than me and four younger. I am sorry to tell you that two of our girls have hooping-cough, and are down at the house where we are sent when we

have an infectious illness. I am glad to be able to tell you that I have never been down there. I took part in a play we had yesterday—"Alice in Wonderland." I was Tweedledum. I was rather nervous, there were so many people (friends of the other girls). Now, my dear Editor, I must say good-bye. Trusting to write to you again soon,—I am, yours truly,

AGNES M. OLIVER.

*St. Ninians, Moffat.*

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I have never written to you before. I think LITTLE FOLKS is a very nice magazine. My favourite stories are "All in a Castle Fair" and "Hiding and Seeking." We have got a dog called "Chummy"—he is a Scotch terrier. I am very fond of gardening, and I have got a garden. Hoping this letter is not too long,—I remain your interested little reader,

CHARLOTTE ADA JOAN RUNDALL.

P.S.—Please print this, it would please mother so much.

*Denton House, Cuddesdon, Oxford.*

DEAR SIR,—My sister and I are running a small monthly magazine, called *The Quill*. We have very few members at present, and should be so pleased if some of your readers will join. I will send the rules to anyone who would like to become a member. Hoping you will oblige me by inserting this letter in the next number of LITTLE FOLKS.—I remain, yours sincerely,

DOROTHY MARCOM (16).

*Thistle Villa, Brooke Road, Wood Street, Walthamstow, Essex.*

DEAR EDITOR.—Please will you print my little letter? I am a little canary; I have just been moulting, and so do not feel very well. My name is Fluff. My mistress has a yellow book called LITTLE FOLKS every month. She says her favourite stories are "All in a Castle Fair," "Knights of the Square Table," "Master Charlie," "Pillow Stories," and "Rama." I have been at this home since March 31st, 1899, to now. Now I must close.—With love from

FLUFF.

(Written by L. PAYNE.)

# PICTURE STORY WANTING VERSES. (See next page.)



I.



II.



III.



IV.



V.



VI.



VII.



VIII.



IX.



X.

**THREE PRIZES (HALF-GUINEA BOOKS)** will be given for the BEST ORIGINAL VERSES on the subject of the above pictures. There will be, as usual, THREE DIVISIONS, in each of which One Prize will be awarded: the First for Readers of the ages of 14, 15, and 16; the Second for those of the ages of 10, 11, 12, and 13; and the Third for those under the age of 10. The Verses must consist of not more than four lines to each picture, and each must be certified as the original and unaided work of the Competitor by a Parent, Minister, Teacher, or other responsible person. The 23rd of February, 1901, is the last day on which stories can be received from Readers in the United Kingdom, while for those residing on the Continent, in the English Colonies, or other places abroad, the date has been extended to the 9th of March, 1901. In addition to the THREE PRIZES and OFFICERS' MEDALS, a SPECIAL LIST OF HONOUR will be published, in which some of the most deserving Competitors—who will receive MEMBERS' MEDALS of the LITTLE FOLKS Legion of Honour—will be included. All envelopes containing Verses should have the words "*Picture Story Wanting Verses*" written on the left-hand top corner, and be addressed to "*The Editor of LITTLE FOLKS, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.*" Competitors are referred to a notice about the Silver Medal, on page 153.

# PRIZE STORY COMPETITION RESULT (Vol. LII., p. 473).

## "HOW CHRISTMAS CAME TO BOB AND NELL."

### LIST OF HONOUR.

FIRST DIVISION PRIZE (*Half-Guinea Book, with Officer's Medal of the "Little Folks" Legion of Honour*)—ELEANOR C. STEELE (15), Laurel Bank, Forfar, Scotland. SECOND DIVISION PRIZE (*ditto*)—DOROTHY WHITTINGHAM (13), Hurst-roft, Freta Road, Bexley Heath. THIRD DIVISION PRIZE (*ditto*)—MURIEL NICHOLS (7½), Raystead, Worthing. HONOURABLE MENTION (*with Members' Medals*)—ABBIE SPRINKS (16), Post Office, Cowfold, near Horsham, Sussex; HILDA EDWARDS (13), 6, Manor Road, Beckenham; FANNY G. GIBSON (9), The Poplars, Knollys Road, Streatham, S.W.; ENA CAMPBELL (14), 9, Park Terrace, Stirling; NORA YONGE (13), Easton, Grantham; MURIEL BARLOW (9), Spital Terrace, Gainsborough; BERTHA DRAFFEN (16), 6, Royal Crescent, Holland Park, W.; PHYLLIS PRESTON (12), Bradestone House, Brundall, near Norwich; DOROTHY THOMPSON (8), 37, Wolseley Road, Crouch End, N.; ANNIE GREIG (15), 64, Grange Loan, Edinburgh; GLADYS GILLINGS (13), 6, Guest Road, Mill Road, Cambridge; OLIVE BEVERLEY (11), 54, Prince of Wales' Road, Norwich, Norfolk; GLADYS VIVIAN (11), 35, Rua Alegre, Foz do Douro, Oporto, Portugal.

### FIRST DIVISION PRIZE STORY.

It is summer time in New South Wales, and Bob and Nell fairly are spending their Christmas holidays up the Blue Mountains. The weather is so hot that on Christmas morning they are lying under the trees, not having the energy to do anything. "Nell, I'm so tired of lying still. What a bother this heat is! Mother is very busy, and I wish I could do something to help her; but I am no use to anyone. It would be nice to have cold Christmas days, like they do in England." "Oh, I've given up hoping for cool weather: we must just bear the heat and be martyrs." Talking stopped, and nothing was heard for some time but the gentle stirring of the trees and hum of the birds, which was suddenly disturbed by a loud rumbling of thunder. Nell jumped up. "Bob, look at that black cloud; we must really go inside." Scarcely had she spoken when a bellow made her look up again, to see a herd of cattle tearing off in the direction of the wood. "How dreadful! the cattle have broken loose; what shall we do?" They both set off running. "We must turn them, Nell or else they will get lost; if we can shut the gate leading to the reservoir, it will keep them from going any further, but we must be quick." "Let us whistle for your pony, Bob." "Good idea," and putting his hands to his mouth he blew a shrill whistle: then the two set off running again. Looking round in a little they saw the pony galloping up to them. When it had nearly stopped, Bob jumped on its back, and, telling Nell to wait for him, set off. What a race that was! Who would be first at the gate, Bob or the cattle? He urged

on his pony, patting and speaking to it all the time, till, joy, he arrived there first. There was no time to lose, so jumping down he ran forward and shut the gate; then, leading his pony into the wood near, waited to see what would happen. He had not long to wait. The herd, finding their mad career stopped, turned round and rushed back the way they had come. After waiting a little, Bob led his pony back to the path, mounted, and set off homeward. At last he caught sight of Nell in the distance, who had seen the race, but had not been able to see far enough to know how it had ended. When they came up to each other Nell said, "I thought you said you were of no use to anyone; but you have done the greatest service possible to Uncle Willie." "But," interrupted Bob, "we must share the success, because if you had not seen the cattle, I would not have been able to shut the gate." "All right, we will go shares, and I think we will both remember this Christmas day, don't you?"

ELEANOR CONSTANCE STEELE (15).

### SECOND DIVISION PRIZE STORY.

Bob is dead now.

In fact, he has been dead a long while, but here is a leaf from his diary:—

"December 20th.—Christmas coming in five days, and here we have to move out of the old home—the dear old home, before that joyous day. By we, I mean myself and my dear little Nell.

"We have used (at least our mistress has) the little stock of money she used to count over so often. Nell and I used to watch it getting less and less every day, and now it has gone.

"We used to go out and beg in the hope of replenishing the little store, but we seldom obtained more than two or three halfpence, but even then she (our mistress) would say 'Good old Bob,' and take Nell on her lap.

"December 21st.—Another day gone. Our mistress seems to get thinner every day.

"December 22nd.—We have only had a crust of bread between the three of us to-day.

"December 23rd.—Our mistress has had good news this evening, in form of a letter. I am sure it was good, because she took a piece of paper out of the letter and went straight to the village post office. When she came back she had such a lot of money. Some was brown, some white, and some yellow.

"December 24th.—Mistress went out this morning and brought back such a lot of goodies. Just the sort of things we like, and Nell and I had such a feast. I wonder what has happened? There seem to be no signs of moving out of the old home.

"December 25th.—Christmas here, and we are not out of the house yet.

"The landlord came to see mistress this morning, but she gave him some money, and he was quite satisfied. She said something about 'legacy,' and '£1,000 in the bank,' but what she meant I don't know. Perhaps you do.

"We had a lovely hot dinner, and a lady came and 'congratulated mistress on her good fortune,' whatever that may be. However, Nell and I are quite happy, and as I always begin my new diary on Boxing Day I must say good-bye to you, my dear old friend, my old diary."

Dear old Bob! Bob was a dog, Nell was a kitten.

DOROTHY WHITTINGHAM (13).

### THIRD DIVISION PRIZE STORY.

It was raining hard, but the four children did not mind because they were thinking of something very important to themselves, but not to other people. The eldest was Hal, next Jack, and then the twins, Olive and Phyllis. This is what they said: "Bob and Nell must

have Christmas presents." Bob and Nell were their dogs—fox terriers. "What shall we give them?" they said. "I know!" cried Olive, "we'll give them a muzzle each." "No," shouted Jack, "let's give them a nice collar each."

"Yes," shouted all of them, "we must club together."

On Christmas morning Bob and Nell woke up and found two nice little new collars, one by the side of each, and they began to fight who should have the best one, because one had a little piece of pretend silver on it, and the other only a piece of brass.

The children came down, tried the collars on each (you must know Nell had the brass one), and in the afternoon they all took Bob and Nell out to show off their new collars, but Nell saw a cat—and a cat saw Nell—the cat began to put up her back, and Nell began to bark and bite, for the cat scratched her new collar and spoilt it.

So they gave them some nice bread and milk for supper so as to make them finish up happy.

MURIEL NICHOLS (7½).

## THE "LITTLE FOLKS" HUMANE SOCIETY.

THE LITTLE FOLKS Humane Society was founded by the Editor in January, 1882, for the purpose of inculcating Kindness towards Animals; and in order to become a *Member* the accompanying "form of promise" must be copied out, signed, attested, and forwarded to the office of the Magazine.

The name of the sender will then be inscribed on the Register of the Society, and Certificates of Membership sent to any who desire to have them, if stamped addressed envelopes be enclosed for the purpose. (The limit of age for enrolment is 21.)

Members will be eligible to become *Officers* of the Humane Society, and receive *Officers' Certificates*, if they induce Fifty other Children to join, and send in that number of "promises" to the Editor *all together*.

The "form of promise" (to be attested by a Parent, Teacher, or other responsible person) is as follows:—

To the Editor of LITTLE FOLKS.

[Here insert full name.]

I, ..... hereby undertake, as far as it lies in my power, to be kind to every living creature that is useful and not harmful to man.

[Full name.]

Witness (of signature)

[Address.]

(Date)

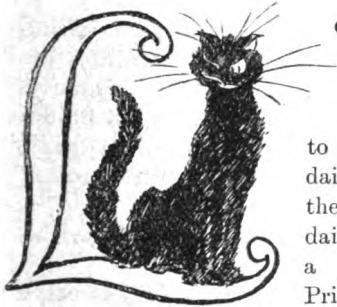
(Age.....)

All communications to the Editor in reference to the Society should have the words "LITTLE FOLKS Humane Society" on the left-hand top corners of the envelopes.

# THE WITCH AND THE JEWELLED EGGS.

By MRS. M. H. SPIELMANN. Illustrated by HUGH THOMSON.

## CHAPTER I.



ONG, long ago, when the babbling brook had only just learnt to babble, and the daisies first knew they were called daisies, there lived a beautiful little Princess.

One summer's afternoon, as she roamed in the forest with her young cousin the Prince, they came to a strange-looking hut overgrown with ivy and yellow creepers. On the roof sat a black cat, which blinked first with one eye, which was green, and then with the other, which was blue. The small paved yard in front had at both ends a spring with water-lilies floating on the sparkling surface, and between, an old Witch hobbled to and fro.

Suddenly she stopped, and peered at the young couple.

"You are very sad," she said to them with a chuckle. "Own to it, own to it!"

"Yes, we *are* sad. You don't know how sad we are," they replied, and sighed heavily.

"Yes I do. I've been waiting for you this many a day. And now, of course, you have come to consult me. You want my help, I know," answered the Witch.

"No," said the Prince. "We never saw you or your hut before. But we are, indeed, in need of someone to help us."

"I knew it," she replied, impatiently, to their surprise. "The King has refused his consent to your marriage." After a moment's thought she added: "Do you know why?"

"Because my father thinks we are too young," came shyly from the Princess.

"Not a bit of it," croaked the Witch, as she approached closer, pointing at them with her stick. "You are twelve years old, and he is twelve months older. Isn't twelve and twelve twenty-four? And isn't twenty-four old enough in this country, and at this time of day?" Her skinny shoulders shook as she laughed at her little joke. "But *I'll* tell you the real reason why. It is because the King has arranged that his pretty Princess is to marry my Lord High Duke. She is to be the bride of his friend and neighbour, don't you see? Ha! ha! ha! That is the real reason why! He! he!"

Then, with folded hands resting on her



"Turning to the Princess and handing it to her" (p. 162).



stick, she slowly nodded her head and looked on in silence at their grief when they heard this. She watched them both narrowly, as they wrung their hands at their unhappy case.

"Ari-shoo-hoo!" sneezed the blinking cat on the roof, so loudly that it startled the Prince and Princess out of their distress.

"Now, listen, my honeys," said the Witch. "It wants *me* to settle these little matters. Oh, you will soon own to that. You just do what I tell you, and the King shall pretty quickly give his consent, or my name isn't . . . Tra-la-la!" broke off the Witch—"Tra-la-la!"

Clink-clink, went her iron-tipped, high-heeled shoes upon the stone pavement, as they took her to the brink of the spring that was on the left. She looked back to see if they were watching her.

"Ari-shoo-hoo!" sounded again from the roof; and the Princess was fascinated as she

watched those oddly moving eyes of the queer black cat, which held fast her gaze.

The Prince, however, was too engrossed to look up, for he saw that the Witch, with her back towards him, was leaning on her stick, her head bent forward, intently watching her own reflection. Soon the water-lilies began to move restlessly; and then, suddenly, right through the heart of the largest bloom there jutted forth a high spray of silver drops, from which she quickly filled a little crystal bowl.

Turning to the Princess and handing it to her, the Witch said slowly:

"My dearie, mix this silvern fluid secretly with the King's white wine. He will then grant the wish of both of you. But woe to you," she added, and shook her shrivelled forefinger in warning, "if this bowl is not kept full until the hour arrives for the King to drink."

And she sent them on their way.

## CHAPTER II.

I never before saw such a beautiful drink as this! See how it sparkles now the sun shines on it. Where could she have got it?"

"I don't like her, ugly look," shortly replied the boy.

"Nonsense, that's because she's old. But I couldn't bear the sight of that horrid cat," and she glanced around nervously in fear at the thought of it.

"Don't be frightened, dear. I'll protect you." And he put his arm around her neck and led her gently on.

It was getting late when they had to part. The Prince watched his sweetheart out of sight; but instead of going to his home, he straightway retraced his steps and hurried to the hut. He approached stealthily from the back, and, creeping softly, carefully hiding, he peeped round the corner through the thick ivy.

What he saw and heard made him quail, brave as he was, and his heart thumped as it had never thumped before.

There sat the Witch on the three-legged stool in front of her open door, gleefully rubbing her hands together, and laughing out



Peeped through the ivy



o they walked on very slowly for fear of spilling a drop of the precious draught, and they chatted as they went.

"Whoever can she be?" said the young girl. "She can speak kindly and act kindly, too, for now we shall be as happy as we could wish.

aloud. Her face was flushed a deep red, like the colour of the setting sun.

At last in a shrill voice, she called :

"Nemesis! Come here, my beauty!"

Slowly and with stately step the blinking black cat appeared at his mistress's summons, swinging his tail to the right and left so that it kept time to the winking of his eyes—and to his measured tread.

"Now don't sneeze even if you want to," said the Witch, "and attend to me."

Black Nemesis jumped on to her shoulder, cocked his head on one side, and gave a wise blink with both eyes together. Then he listened.

"We haven't much power at present," continued the Witch. "We've only got the Silver Spring, the Golden Spring, and the Black Sprinkle—My Nem brews the Black Sprinkle so beautifully in his cosy chimney, that I am sure he has some always ready?" she added in a coaxing voice.

The cat purred and licked her face with his forked red tongue.

"Right!" said the Witch. "But you know you would be powerless to make it without me. It wants *me* to settle these little matters. Remember that, and own to it — always own to it. We

know what we know, don't we, Nem? But only wait till to-morrow day," she continued, "for then the King will have drunk the Silver Drops, and I shall have him in my power. Ha! ha! He! he! he!" She rubbed her bony hands on her knees, in exultation. "And what do you think his ransom will have to be? Why, as many of his Jewelled Eggs as will fill my hut! Then do you know what I shall do? Of course you don't. Well, I shall exchange them one by one for the secret spells of every witch around. Thus, pretty one, I shall become Queen-witch. And—and then—now see what a clever mistress you have got—with so much power, when I have it, I shall force them to give me back all the Eggs again. And then," she croaked, jumping up, flushed still deeper with thoughts of coming triumph, and brandishing her stick above her head, "I shall be richer than the King himself! I shall be ruler of all the land!—At last!! Ah! I've waited long for this—long, indeed!"

Then, with a chuckle, she clutched the cat from her shoulder, held him high in front of her, and saying, "So! Now you've heard the news, you know what you have to do. Go!"—she flung him inside the hut.

The sun set and the Witch, still chuckling, hobbled indoors.

## CHAPTER III.



HE Prince waited no longer, but sped away through the forest in the gathering darkness.

After what he had heard, everything around him looked grim and

weird. He felt, too, as though he were being pursued, and ran fast, and still faster. But the trees and brambles seemed to step in his way to stop him. He often had to halt as they rent his clothes and scratched his face and hands. Sometimes they tripped him up, and sometimes they caught him by the hair.

Yet he went bravely on, looking eagerly on

every side for a glimpse of the Princess's white dress. For he remembered how slow and tiring her progress must be, having to carry the full bowl so carefully; and he hoped that he could not now be far from her. "Would he be in time?" he wondered. "Could she possibly have arrived and carried out the Witch's bidding?" These thoughts tormented him as he saw no trace of her, and they spurred him on his quest.

"The King *must* be saved," he panted, as he ran, "and *I* will save him and the Treasure, too," said the Prince aloud. His strength was by this time nearly exhausted; yet his handsome face was set and determined. His fine clothes were all tattered and torn, but he never noticed it. On he flew.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now, as everybody knew, the King's Treasure consisted of hundreds of Jewelled Easter Eggs, which formed the regalia, all made of gold and precious stones.

It had been the custom from time immemorial for the happy subjects to present their ruler with a Jewelled Egg every Easter day, amid general rejoicings. A dozen of those he liked the most he wore, as a sign of sovereignty, hanging from a diamond chain around his neck.

These Eggs were useful as well as ornamental. Thus, each one could be opened and contained something that had never been seen or thought of before. Such as a watch that told the time in a bell-like voice when pressed to do so; or a small barometer which foretold the weather for every day of the next week, so that such a thing as a shower flow during a flower show was then unknown in that fortunate country.

During all the twelve months the people put their heads and wits together to find out some wonderful fancy or scientific novelty for the coming Easter. This year everyone was very pleased, for they had presented to their beloved King a Jewelled Egg that was an astonishing success. It was made of opal, set round with emeralds and rubies, and held a tiny hen which cackled loudly every morning, and, as the opal flew open, raised itself and flapped its wings, revealing a freshly laid egg

which grew bigger and bigger till it was ready for the Royal breakfast.

\* \* \* \*

At last the Prince spied the little Princess amongst the trees of the huge Forest, just where the brook, babbling breathlessly to the daisies, turned in its course in a great half-circle; and, before she had time to know what he was doing, he had seized the crystal bowl from her grasp and dashed it on the ground. The scattered contents immediately shrivelled up the grass, and glittered there like dew in the moonlight.

"Oh, dear! Woe to us!" cried the Princess when she saw what he had done.

"It is evil witch-stuff!" replied the Prince, as soon as he could get out the words. "It would have been 'Woe to' your father if he had drunk it, and no happiness to us. Come, let us rest under this big tree, and I will tell you all about it."

So they sat down beneath the oak. He leaned back against the trunk of it, and told the Princess his amazing tale. He told her all—all that he had seen and heard, and when he had finished she felt afraid, and crept closer to him. Then they held counsel together, and he soothed her fears, so brave and wise was he. But soon their eager voices were hushed, and the weary little travellers, tired from their wandering and strange adventure, fell fast asleep.

#### CHAPTER IV.



HE rising wind sang and whistled through the trees. The leaves danced as before a storm, and the boughs creaked with an ugly sound. But

another sound uglier still came quickly.

"Ari-shoo-hoo!"

They woke with a start, and were on their feet before they knew that they were awake.

For there in front of them, in the ring of moonlight, stood the Witch binding together the twigs of a broomstick, and muttering angrily as she worked. Whilst round her, with stately tread, crept the blinking cat.

"How now, Princess," snarled she with an evil smile as their eyes met: "Why do you tarry so late? What is that which sparkles at your feet?"

"It is evil witch-stuff," replied the bold Prince.

She did not heed him, but raising her angry voice higher and higher she screamed out, "So you have disobeyed me! Own to it! You have broken my crystal bowl! Woe to you!"

"Woe to you!" moaned back the great trees of the Forest.

The children clung tightly together, and the crackling trees around bent and swayed. Then the Witch drew forth something from under her cloak, and hobbling around them and squirting the Black Sprinkle upon them, she uttered

## THE INCANTATION.

"So ho! You've disobeyed me!

Woe to you!

The Spell my cunning made me

Show to you—

My orders—you resist all,

You've broke my vase of crystal—

Woe to you, Prince and Princess,

Woe to you!

To punish you I now do

So to you!

My curse is but a *Quid pro*

*Quo* to you!

Woe to you, woe to you!

"The King still has his Treasure—

Own to it!

Your fate shall have no pleasure

Known to it

While the King is in possession—

You've saved him from my power—

Small pride to you!

She shall not be an hour

A bride to you.

Nor e'en the Lord High Duke shall know

As long as Wind shall sigh and blow,

As long as Sun shall shine and glow

All help is now denied to you!

Now, Princess, take a coat of snow—

You, Prince, a beard that e'er shall grow

From ugly chin to uglier toe,

With bandied legs and furrowed wrinkle,

On you I pour the dread Black Sprinkle

Brewed for the King—

Behold, the thing

Is by my spell applied to you!

To punish you I now do

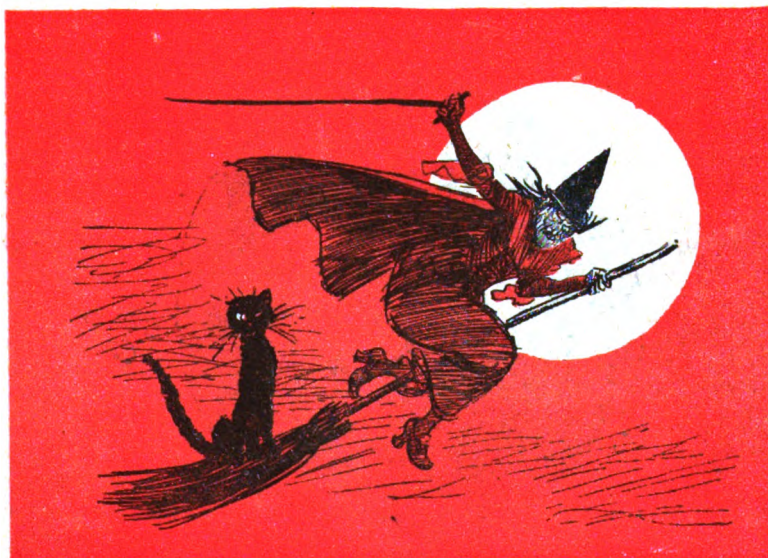
So to you!

My curse is but a *Quid pro*

*Quo* to you!

Woe to you, woe to you!"

Thereupon, as the last words were chanted out, and seemed to wind themselves around their victims, the Princess changed suddenly into a lovely white pony, with pink satinappings, embroidered with pearls—for her beauty was so great that it could not be stolen from her even by witchcraft. Holding the pretty creature by a rope of turquoises stood an ugly old gnome with a long white beard—



"The Witch was seen on her broomstick" (p. 166).

the hideous shape into which the Witch had transformed the unlucky Prince!

Then screamed the beldame, in shrill, cracked tones:

THE ENCHANTMENT.

"Till Pony's mane exchanges place  
With beard upon the Gnome's great face—  
The face of the Ugly Gnome,  
No man shall see the Prince's grace,  
Nor Princess rest in his embrace,  
Nor gladden eyes at home.  
But he with antic and grimace,  
And she with Pony's pretty pace,  
The pair at will shall roam.  
No more their voices interlace,  
Be they treble, be they bass,  
For the Sprinkle's Spell is on them both,  
And Witch's Spell is Witch's Oath!"

For a moment there was a dreadful silence, while the unfortunate victims stood trembling, then the summer storm which had been gathering all the while now burst with a crash, and the Witch was seen on her broomstick, with Nemesis perched upon the broom behind her, riding away through the wind; and her

cries of rage were drowned in the growl of the thunder.

\* \* \* \*

The gnome, leading the pony, wandered about all the night through, for they had lost their way and could not tell where to turn.

With the dawn, the Forest took back its usual look. Proud cockatoos flew around, or sat chatting together about their family crests; whilst monkeys, grimacing and gibbering, scampered amongst the trees and excitedly discussed the coming Darwinian theory.

Soon the two enchanted ones perceived in the distance, shining like a beacon in the bright sunlight, the royal Palace of glass. In the centre of it could be seen the treasure chamber with the Jewelled Easter Eggs heaped up in a glorious mass, which flashed forth all the colours of the rainbow in every direction. The whole palace, indeed, looked as if it were built of rainbow, and by that name—the Rainbow Palace—it was known.

There was a noise of many horses and of clanking armour, and then the gnome and the white pony saw the King riding slowly towards them at the head of his brilliant train.

(To be continued.)



A SMILE.

## HEROES OF FAITH.

### III.—RAHAB.

*By the Author of "The Land where Jesus Christ Lived," etc.*

**I**N the very old Bible times seven heathen nations, as you have already heard, dwelt in the Land of Canaan, nations so fierce and warlike and strong, and with so many real giants amongst them, that there was no people in the world that they feared. Their cities had such great high walls round them, and such big gates of iron or stone, that it appeared as if no enemy could ever take them, and the seven idolatrous nations thought themselves safe for ever.

But their sense of security was at last disturbed. From time to time reports were brought by travellers from the south of a strange people, called Israel, that had set out from Egypt and had said they were going to Canaan, and that the land was to be theirs, for their God had sworn to give it them. And their God was so near to them, and had done such wonders for them, that it seemed as if no power on earth would be able to withstand them. He had brought them out of Egypt, it was said, and through the Red Sea, and had drowned their enemies in the mighty deep. He had gone before them in the daytime in a pillar of cloud that both led the way and shaded them from the burning sun. At night the mysterious cloud had turned into a pillar of fire, that warmed, and cheered, and defended them. And, safe in their thousands of tents, they had lain down in the desert in peace and slept, watched over by their God. He had fed them, too, with bread from heaven, and had made water gush for them from the granite rocks.

And now this wondrous host was fast approaching Canaan. It had reached the east side of Jordan, and reports were brought to the Canaanites of terrible things that had happened there. The mighty Sihon, king of the Amorites, had fallen before the invading host. Even Og, the giant king of Bashan, was slain, and his scores of cities, that were strong enough to defy the ravages of thousands of years, had been taken.

Nearer and nearer these Israelites were coming, and they had actually pitched their tents on the east side of Jordan, and were waiting to cross the river. True, no ordinary army could cross such an overflowing, madly descending river as the Jordan; but from a people with such a God as the God of Israel the wild stream was no longer a defence. The host of Israel might be brought across it somehow, and the giant nations feared and trembled, and their hearts, hitherto so stout, grew faint within them. It was true that they themselves were far bigger and stronger than the men of Israel, and also more numerous; but it was not the Israelites whom they feared, but the God who led them. The seven nations had many gods, fierce and terrible like themselves; but for power not one of them could compare with the God of Israel. Against Him how could they stand?

The whole of the Land of Canaan, with the exception of the Jordan Valley and two other districts, was very high up in the world. An invading enemy, getting first into the Jordan Valley, would find from there a way through the mountain passes right up into the heart of the country. From this valley ran two important passes, one going south-west right up to Jerusalem, and the other north-west to Michmash. And to defend these two passes the Canaanites had built the city of Jericho, with its high wall round it, and its strong gates and bars.

Joshua, the leader of Israel, knew that before his men could get up into the high land to conquer it Jericho must be taken. He therefore sent two spies into the city, to bring him a report of its inhabitants and its strength.

Now, on the city wall, and probably not far from the city gates, stood a house in which lived a woman named Rahab, who entertained travellers. She had therefore been one of the first to hear the reports brought into the city by wayfaring men about the hundreds of thousands of Israelites that were coming to-



wards Canaan to conquer it. She had heard about the crossing of the Red Sea and the drowning of Pharaoh and his host, about the wonderful bread that lay every morning for the Israelites on the ground, and about the waters gushing for them from the rocks. She had heard, too, about the pillar of cloud and of fire that led them, and about the defeat of Sihon and Og. And she had thought everything well over, and had come to the conclusion that the gods that she, along with all the Canaanites, had hitherto worshipped were no gods, and that only the God who could so help His people was the living and true God, and was worthy of worship. And she felt sure that such a God would keep His word, and that if He had promised to give His people the land of Canaan He certainly would.

When the two spies sent by Joshua entered Jericho, they went to the travellers' rest on the wall. They had quietly stolen into the city at night, just before the closing of the gates. But they had been seen, and men ran to the king saying, "Two of those dreaded Israelites have got into the city, and have gone into Rahab's house."

The king, in great fear, sent messengers to Rahab, saying, "Send those men to me, for they have come to search out the land."

But Rahab knew that if she delivered up the two spies she would be working against the God of Israel; and already she believed in Him and was on His side, and longed to come under His protection.

Besides keeping this lodging-house, Rahab had most likely something to do with the manufacture of linen, for spread on the flat roof of her house, to dry in the sun, were stalks of flax, and it came into her mind to hide the men under the flax.

When the king's messengers came, saying, "Two men of Israel came into your house," she said, "Yes, two foreigners did come, but I did not know who they were, and when it was dark they went out and must have got through the city gate before closing time. But they have not been gone long; run quickly after them, and you are sure to overtake them."

The king's messengers ran as fast as they could, thinking to catch the spies at the fords of the Jordan; but there were no spies there, for they were still safe on the roof of Rahab's house, and as soon as the king's men were gone she went up to talk to them.

"We have heard," she said, "wondrous things about you people of Israel: how your God dried up the water of the Red Sea for you, and helped you to conquer Sihon, king of the Amorites, and even Og, the giant king of Bashan. And when we heard, we all feared and trembled, for the God who has worked such wonders for His people is God in heaven above and on earth beneath; and if He has promised to give you this land, I know He will do so, and that, impossible as it appears for this city to be taken, you will take it. Now, therefore, as I have saved your lives, swear to me that when this city is taken you will return my kindness, and save me, my father and mother, my brothers and sisters, and all that they have, from destruction."

"We swear," the two men said. "Bring all your relations into this house, and all that they have, and keep them there. If any of them go out, they will be killed; but if they stay in the house with you, we will be answerable for their lives."

Rahab said she would let the two spies down through the window with cords, and then they would get away without going through the gate of the city. And they told her to bind in the same window a line of scarlet thread, that the Israelites might know the house the inhabitants of which were not to be slain.

"And now go," Rahab said, "but not straight to the fords of the Jordan, or you will be caught. Hide first for three days in the mountains, till the king's men have come back. Then return to your leader, and remember your oath."

Soon after the Israelites crossed the Jordan, and the people of Jericho barred their gate, thinking that no enemy, however powerful, could force it or bring down that strong wall. They did not know how soon that great wall, with its strong gate, was to fall, and the mountain passes were to be swarming with

Israelites eager to get up into the centre of the land.

But Rahab knew. Her faith told her that all the promises that such a God as the God of Israel had made to His people would be fulfilled, and that sure destruction would come on the present inhabitants of the land. But it told her, also, that all who looked to Him would be saved, and that when the city was destroyed she and her relations would be preserved alive, according to the word of the spies. So she brought her father and mother, her sisters and brothers, into the house, and bound in the window from which she had let down the two spies the line of scarlet thread, as she had been told.

When, by the power of God, the wall of Jericho fell flat down, it seemed as if Rahab and those with her in the house on the wall must be the first to perish. But, no! Her faith

in the power and the word of the living God saved her. That portion of the wall on which the house stood remained erect. And when the men of Israel rushed over the fallen stones into the city, to put it to the sword, no one touched the house with the scarlet thread in the window, till Rahab, and all her relations, and all that they had, were brought out. Then the city was destroyed.

Rahab and her people afterwards dwelt amongst the Israelites, and were kindly treated. Rahab became the wife of Salmon, or Salma, a great man of the tribe of Judah, and the mother of Boaz, who married Ruth. So that the heathen woman who had turned to God with all her heart, and shown such faith in Him, had the great reward of becoming an ancestress of the great King David, and, through him, therefore of Jesus Christ.

H. D.

## TO PHYLLIS.

COME beside the fire, Phyllis,  
For 'tis bleak and drear to-day;  
Put your small soft hand in mine, dear,  
Thus we'll while an hour away.

See, the flames have finished leaping,  
In that playful way we know,  
And they've left, you see, behind them  
Just a fiery crimson glow.

Look, I see a castle, Phyllis,  
Perched upon a mountain steep,  
Half way up a shepherd surely,  
Carefully watching o'er his sheep.

And a crowd of gallant knights, too,  
I can see their lances gleam;  
Look, they scale the mountain pathway,  
Bordered by a tumbling stream.

And, besides, if I mistake not,  
There's a princess fair to see,  
Gazing from the western turret,  
Red-gold hair she has—ah, me!

Would that you and I were there, dear,  
In that land of rosy glow;

What! You say you cannot see them,  
All those things I've tried to show?

Laugh away—I see them clearly,  
Bend your head—there, *can't* you see?  
Yes, you do, I knew you would, dear,  
If you only wished like me!

Some have castles in the air, dear,  
Others castles own in Spain,  
*We've* our castles in the fire,  
Fairer none could be, 'tis plain.

Lo! it changes every minute,  
Soon 'twill fade, dear, right away,  
But in vain it was not builded,  
For it cheered a winter's day.

For myself, I'd sooner have it  
Than a castle 'way in Spain,  
I need only put some coal on,  
And anon 'twill rise again.

Here the lamp comes, neighbour Phyllis,  
And the table's set for tea,  
Leave our castles in the fire,  
And pour out a cup for me.

BELLA SIDNEY WOOLF.



"He told them about Santa Claus."

## CHRISTMAS AT THE HOLLOW TREE.

**O**NCE upon a time the Coon and Possum and the old black Crow all lived together in a Hollow Tree in the Big Deep Woods, and had the Robin and the Turtle and the Squirrel and Jack Rabbit come and live with them.

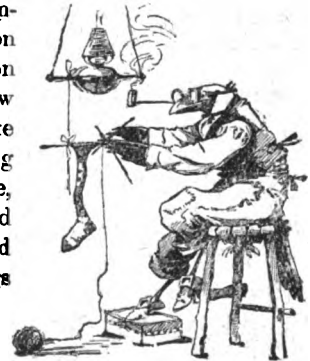
That was in the summer and early autumn. When it came on towards winter all the company went home, and nobody was left there except the Coon and Possum and the old black Crow. Of course the others used to come back and visit them pretty often, and Mr. Dog too, because he had got to be good friends with all the Deep Woods people, and they thought a great deal of him when they got to know him better. Mr. Dog told them a lot of things they had never heard of before—things that he'd learned at Mr. Man's house, and maybe that's one reason why they got to like him so well.

He told them about Santa Claus for one thing, and how the old fellow came down the chimney on Christmas Eve to bring presents to Mr. Man and his children, who always hung up their stockings for them, and Mr. Dog said that once he had hung up his stocking too, and got a nice bone in it that was so good he had buried and dug it up again as much as six times before spring. He said that Santa Claus al-

ways came to Mr. Man's house, and that whenever the children hung up their stockings they were always sure to get something in them.

Well, the Hollow Tree people had never heard of Santa Claus. They knew about Christmas, of course, because everybody, even the cows and sheep, knew about that, but they had never heard of Santa Claus. You see Santa Claus only comes to Mr. Man's houses, but they didn't know that either, so they thought if they just hung up their stockings he'd come there too, and that's what they made up their minds to do.

They talked about it a great deal together, and Mr. Possum looked over all his stockings to pick out the biggest one he had, and Mr. Crow he made himself a new pair on purpose. Mr. Coon said he never knew Mr. Crow to make himself such big stockings before, but Mr. Crow said he was getting old and needed things bigger, and when he lent one of his new stockings to Mr. Coon, Mr.



"Made himself a new pair."



**"It got heavier and heavier all the way."**

heard it he wanted to laugh right out. You see he knew Santa Claus never went anywhere except to Mr. Man's houses, and he thought it would be a great joke on the Hollow Tree people when they hung up their stockings and didn't get anything.

But by-and-by Mr. Dog thought about something else. He thought it would be, too bad, too, for them to be disappointed that way. You see Mr. Dog liked them all now, and when he had thought about that a minute he made up his mind to do something. And this is what it was—he made up his mind to play Santa Claus!

He knew just how Santa Claus looked, because he'd seen lots of his pictures at Mr. Man's house, and he thought it would be great fun to dress up that way and take a bag of presents to the Hollow Tree while they were all asleep, and fill up the stockings of the Coon and Possum and the old black Crow. But first he had to be sure of some way of getting in, so he said to them he didn't see how they could expect Santa Claus, their chimneys were so small, and Mr. Crow said they could leave their latchstring out downstairs, which was just what Mr. Dog wanted. Then they said they were going to have all the folk that had spent the summer with them over for Christmas dinner, and to see the presents they had got in their stockings. They told Mr. Dog to drop over, too, if he could get away, and Mr. Dog said he would, and went off laughing to himself, and ran all the way home because he felt so pleased at what he was going to do.

Well, he had to work pretty hard, I tell you, to get things ready. It wasn't so hard to get the presents as it was to rig up his Santa

Coon said "That's so," and that he guessed they were about right after all. They didn't tell anybody about it at first, but by-and - by they told Mr. Dog what they were going to do, and when Mr. Dog

Claus dress. He found some long wool out in Mr. Man's barn for his white whiskers, and he put some that wasn't so long on the edges of his overcoat and boot tops, and around an old hat he had. Then he borrowed a big sack he found out there, too, and fixed it up to swing over his back, just as he had seen Santa Claus do in the pictures. He had a lot of nice things to take along, three tender young chickens he'd borrowed from Mr. Man, for one thing, and then he bought some new neckties for the Hollow Tree folks, all round, and a big, striped sugar-candy cane for each one, because sugar-candy cane always looked well sticking out of a stocking. Besides all that he had a new pipe for each, and a package of tobacco. You see, Mr. Dog lived with Mr. Man, and didn't ever have to buy much for himself, so he had always saved his money. He had even more things than that, but I can't remember just now what they were, and when he started out, all dressed up like Santa Claus, I tell you his bag was pretty heavy, and he almost wished before he got there that he hadn't started with quite so much.

It got heavier and heavier all the way, and he was glad enough to get there and find the latchstring out. He set his bag down to rest a minute before climbing the stairs, and then opened the doors softly and listened. He didn't hear a thing except Mr. Crow and Mr. Coon and Mr. Possum breathing pretty low, and he knew they might wake up any minute, and he wouldn't have been caught there in the midst of things for a good deal. So he slipped up just as easy as anything, and when he got up in the big parlour room he almost had to laugh right out loud, for there were the stockings sure enough, all hung up in a row, and a card with a name on it over each one telling who it belonged to.

Then he listened again, and all at once he jumped



**"There were the stockings sure enough!"**

and held his breath, for he heard Mr. Possum say something. But Mr. Possum was only talking in his sleep, and saying, "I'll take another piece, please," and Mr. Dog knew he was dreaming about the chicken pie he'd had for supper.

So then he opened his bag and filled the stockings. He put in mixed candy and nuts and little things first, and then the pipes and tobacco and candy canes, so they'd show at the top, and hung a nice dressed chicken outside. I tell you, they looked fine. It almost made Mr. Dog wish he had a stocking of his own there to fill, and he forgot all about them waking up, and sat down in a chair to look at the stockings. It was a nice rocking chair, and over in a dark corner where they wouldn't be likely to see it, even if one of them did wake up and stick his head out of his room, so Mr. Dog felt pretty safe now, anyway. He rocked softly, and looked and looked at the nice stockings, and thought how pleased they'd be in the morning, and how tired he was. You've heard about people being as tired as a dog—and that's just how Mr. Dog felt. He was so tired he didn't feel a bit like starting home, and by-and-by—he never did know how it happened—but by-and-by Mr. Dog went sound asleep right there in his chair, with all his Santa Claus clothes on.



"He didn't know where he was."

And there he sat with his empty bag in his hand and the nice full stockings in front of him all night long. Even when it came morning and began to get light Mr. Dog didn't know it—he just slept right on—he was that tired. Then pretty soon the door of Mr. Possum's room opened and he poked out his head. And just then the door of Mr. Coon's room opened and he poked out his head. Then the door of the old black Crow's room opened and out poked his head. They all looked towards the stockings, and they didn't see Mr. Dog, or even each other, at all. They saw their stockings, though, and Mr. Coon says all at once:

"Oh, there's something in my stocking."

And then Mr. Crow, he says:

"Oh, there's something in my stocking, too."

And Mr. Coon says:

"Oh, there's something in all our stockings."

And with that they gave a great hurrah, all together, and rushed out and grabbed their stockings, and turned around just in time to see Mr. Dog jump right straight out of his chair, for he didn't know where he was the least bit in the world.

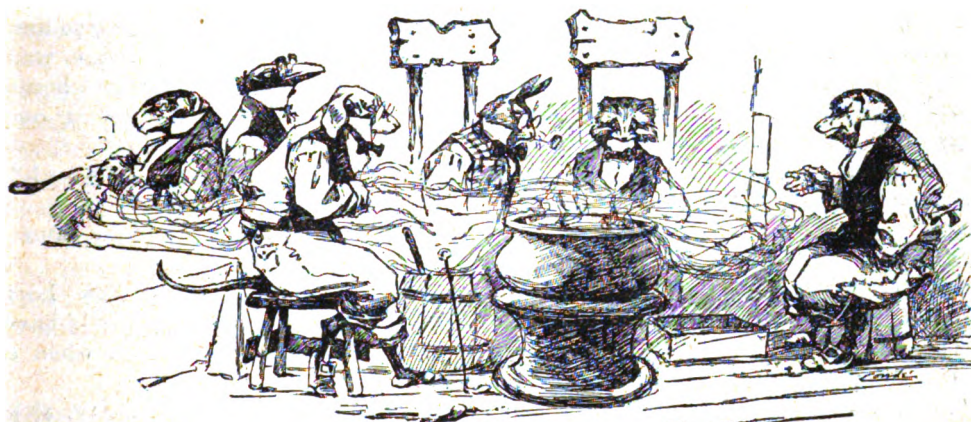
"Oh, there's Santa Claus himself!" they all shouted together, and made a rush for their rooms, for they were scared almost to death. But it all dawned on Mr. Dog in a second, and he commenced to laugh and hurrah to think what a joke it was on everybody. And when they heard Mr. Dog laugh they knew him right away, and they all came up and looked at him, and he had to tell just what he'd done and everything; so they emptied out their stockings on the floor and ate some of the presents and looked at the others, until they almost forgot about breakfast, just as children do on Christmas morning.

Then Mr. Crow said, all at once, that he'd make a little coffee, and that Mr. Dog must stay and have some, and by-and-by they made him promise to spend the day with them and be there when the Robin and Squirrel and Mr. Turtle and Jack Rabbit came, which he did. And it was snowing hard outside, which made it a nicer Christmas than if it hadn't been, and

when all the others came they brought presents, too; and when they saw Mr. Dog dressed up as Santa Claus, and heard how he'd gone to sleep and been caught, they laughed and laughed. And it snowed so hard that they had to stay all night, and after dinner they sat round the fire and told stories. And they

had to stay the next night, too, and all of Christmas week. And I wish I could tell you all that happened that week, but I can't because I haven't time. But it was the very nicest Christmas that ever was in the Hollow Tree, or in the Big Deep Woods anywhere.

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.



"After dinner they sat round the fire."

## LITTLE MOTHER.

NOW come, Little Mother,  
It's time to go byes,  
So come to your Baby,  
And shut your dear eyes;  
I'll give you my dolly  
(Of course not to keep).  
Lie down, Little Mother,  
I'll rock you to sleep.

Hush, Little Mother,  
Lullaby, dear;  
Sleep, Little Mother,  
Baby is near!

Then sleep, Little Mother,  
Till morning is here;  
There aren't any bogies,  
There's nothing to fear!  
Don't laugh, Little Mother  
That's not a bit right;

Now cuddle dear dolly,  
And kiss me good-night!  
Hush, Little Mother,  
Lullaby, dear;  
Sleep, Little Mother,  
Baby is near!

Now wake, Little Mother,  
The morning is here;  
Did dolly sleep nicely,  
And you, Mother dear?  
We'll play, Little Mother,  
Another day, too,  
That you're Little Baby,  
And I'm Little You!

Wake, Little Mother,  
Waken, my dear;  
Rise, Little Mother,  
Morning is here!

CONSTANCE M. LCWE.



## A SONG WITHOUT WORDS.

**F**ATHER," said Betty, "please don't hurry home; it is not a bit late yet, nor dark, and I want to see Flossy and Clover coming up from the meadow. This is such a comfortable stile—do lean on it."

Betty's father looked out across the meadow and the brook, into the shining, silver sky, and then down at his little girl.

"It is a delightful stile, Betty, and very tempting; but somehow I have never liked looking over at the Red House since the widow came there!"

"Father, I thought the Red House was empty?"

"Did you, dear? No. The widow lives there alone now—at least, she has her children to comfort her; but they are very young, and she is sad, Betty!"

"How many children has she, father?"

"Five, I think. I have an idea that one met with a violent death just after its poor father, but I have not asked her. I did not like to speak to her about it; although, sometimes, I have had the audacity to peep between the chinks of her curtain, and see the little heads clustering round her."

Betty was making a slow calculation in her own mind.

"Five! That's like us, father. May we get to know the children? Even if they are very, very sad about their father, they might like to have us to tea."

"Yes, dear, but it must be the other way round—they must have tea with you, for they are very poor, and I don't think my hungry daughters would appreciate their teas. Their father worked hard, and was very provident, and often and often I have watched him going home after nightfall, laden with food for his wife and little ones. But now it is so different! The little widow works night and day, and denies herself even the necessities of life; but it is a hard thing for her, Betty, to satisfy, and tend, and nurse her growing family."

Betty's blue eyes were soft and misty with tears.

"Oh, father, how terrible it sounds—do let us help them—the poor widow and her little children! I will give them some of my breakfast every day, and my tea. Poor, poor widow!"

"You must not imagine she is discontented because she is sad, Betty. She is a brave little soul, and I have heard her singing to her little ones when I am sure her heart was very heavy. I was glad to hear her, because it made me think that she was getting over her loss."

"How did her husband die, father?"

"He died a violent death."

Betty looked round fearfully, and then grasped her father's hand.

"Murdered! Oh, father, how horrible! Surely it can't be true! Nurse would have told us; she always tells us horrors when she is doing our hair."

"All the same it *is* true, Betty, although nurse may not have heard of it. He was shot down on his way home, as he was travelling slowly in the cool of the evening. The poor little wife was looking out for him, and she saw it all. The cruel gun, the ambushed enemy, the brave effort he made to get home, the struggle, the fall, and then—the end! Oh, Betty, I shall never forget the pitifulness of it—the cries of the desolate wife, the clamour of the children. I was over the stile—*this* stile—in a moment, and I carried him home, and laid him out stiffly on the seat under the yew tree. I meant to bury him in the early morning, but when I came again he was gone."

"But, father, wasn't he very heavy? How could you carry him alone?"

"No, dear, he was light enough; a small, spare fellow, with shrewd, bright eyes—and——"

"Father!" interrupted Betty. "You are making it up. I know you wouldn't talk to me like that about any real murder. Oh, father, is it really and truly true?"

"Yes, it is quite true!"

"Oh, I know what you mean," said Betty, with flushed cheeks. "It *is* true, in a way, but not as I mean. It is not a man at all:

just an animal, or a bird! Oh, I guess all the story now! It is that little brown wren that Cyril shot the first day of the holidays."

"Well, Betty?"

"I knew you were sorry, father, although you did not say anything."

"And what was the good of saying anything, I should like to know, when Cyril was back in his own room, practising with his air-gun to see how many more murders he could commit with impunity?"

"He didn't mean it to be a murder, father. Tell me more about her."

"About the little brown wren?"

"But call her *the widow*, father—it sounds so much more sad."

"Well, the widow was just what I told you, Betty; just as patient and brave, and tender-hearted; and if you care to clamber over the stile, and climb to the first branch of the ash

tree, you can peep between the chinks of her curtain, and watch her cuddling her babies, and singing her song without words."

"Cyril never thought of it like that, father," said Betty. "He just likes a target to shoot at. If I tell him the story of the wren, father, and call her the *widow*, as you do, I don't believe he will ever shoot at the birds again. Cyril has a very kind heart, really."

"Well, you can try, Betty," said her father.

\* \* \* \*

"Not pot at the wrens, Betty?" said Cyril, when she told him. "Oh, of course not, if father would rather I didn't. It does seem rather beastly, if you look at it from the wren's point of view! And they do make a horrid noise! But I must have a target of some kind, so you might fix me up a bottle over the gate. I assure you I would much rather have a bottle."

G. R. GLASGOW.

## HOME.

THERE'S a tiny house in a tiny street,  
Far from the tramp of countless feet,  
The sun shines early and lingers late  
On the lilac trees beside the gate.

There's a tiny path to a tiny door,  
There's a snug thatched roof, there are win-  
dows four,  
There are curtains white and geraniums red,  
And asters gay when the summer's fled.

There's nothing inside that's grand or fine,

But there's something about it you can't  
define,  
There's a "feel" of their own to the old  
chintz chairs,  
There's a sound of its own to the clock on the  
stairs.

If you passed it by you would hardly stay  
To gaze at the lilacs—you'd take your way,  
For to outside eyes there is nought to see,  
But then it is "home" and the world to me.

BELLA SIDNEY WOOLF.





A SPILL.

## COSEY CORNER;

### OR, HOW THEY KEPT A FARM.

By L. T. MEADE, *Author of "Playmates," "In the Red Kitchen," etc.*

#### CHAPTER V.

##### CLAUDIA'S IDEA.

**N**OTHING very serious had happened to Arthur. Devoured with curiosity, for curiosity was at once his virtue and his failing, he had gone exploring the outside world while the others were busy examining the inside, and the particular part of Cosey Corner which most attracted him was the lean-to room, which was locked.

"I would not mind so much," thought Arthur, "if that horrid blind were not down in front of the window. I would not mind if I could see into the room, but as I cannot see, I'll just have a try to climb up on the window-sill and find some crack in the blind through which I can look."

So Arthur scrambled up with great difficulty. In doing so he caught his neat little trousers in a nail and tore them badly. And suddenly, as he was balancing himself on the window-sill, he lost his hold and came with a great bump on the ground, hurting his head and back not a little. His fall occasioned his screams, and when Claudia, Lois, and Harold ran up, he was kicking lustily, and crying loudly. Lois was very angry with him, and told him so promptly, but Claudia had not the heart to scold him just then. She was too happy and too excited

about all the wonderful things which were, so to speak, at her very hand in Cosey Corner.

"You must never do it again, Arty," she said. "It's very mean and shabby. Mrs. Burgin has reasons for not wishing us to have the lean-to room, and we ought not to be so horrid as to want to see what is inside."

"I am frightened to think there is a locked-up place so near that we are never even to look inside," was Arthur's response. "But I won't climb on that nasty window-sill again—no I won't. I am hurt quite awful."

"Oh, get up, and don't be a goose," said Lois. "You deserve to be hurt, little Master Curiosity. I'll call you Master Curiosity in future. That I will!"

Arty was very angry at this, and while he and Lois wrangled, Harold and Claudia walked over their little estate. The garden was quite respectably stocked with peas and beans, and potatoes, and cabbages, and radishes, and such-like things; and the apple trees and pear trees and plum trees in the little orchard bore promise of giving quite a harvest of fruit in a short time.

"I shall read up farming now day and night," said Harold. "We must not waste one square inch of this place. We must turn to and learn all we can. Farmer Burgin says that if we go to see him in the evenings, he will teach us, but I think he wants us to



“‘Oh, get up, and don't be a goose,’ said Lois” (p. 176).

find out things for ourselves; at least I hope he does, for I would much rather learn by experience than any other way.”

“But that's just it,” said Claudia; “we have no time to learn by experience. We want to make this thing a success by the time the holidays are over.”

Harold looked at his sister's flushed face and eager eyes with admiration.

“We will do our very best,” he said. “I for one feel confident that the thing will pay.”

“I need not have got the cups and saucers, and plates, and knives and things after all,” said Claudia. \* “I did not know that dear Mrs. Burgin meant to lend us these things too.”

“I'll tell you what,” said Harold, “we had better pack them up to-morrow and send them back to her. We will tell her that we

are greatly obliged, but we have got our own crockery, and as we have it we may as well use it.”

“She won't be hurt, will she?” said Claudia.

“Oh, I'm sure she won't, for she's as sensible as she is kind, and she will see our meaning at a glance.”

They wandered about a little longer, and as the sun was going to set, and as they had had a long and exciting day, Claudia proposed that they should go indoors, have their supper, and afterwards retire to rest.

“For I, for one, mean to be up almost at sunrise in the morning,” she said, “and I suppose you will do the same, Harold; for remember we shall have no servants to wake us, and will have to do just every single thing ourselves.”

“Right you are,” said Harold. “I am

only too glad to go in to supper, for I am fearfully hungry."

So calling Lois to help her, Claudia went into the house. She found wood and coal and everything handy, and with some difficulty lit a fire in the tiny little stove, and then set a kettle on it to boil. While it was boiling she and Lois laid a coarse white cloth over the table in the parlour, and presently plates and dishes, and cups and saucers, and knives and forks made their appearance. The fowls were placed opposite to Harold, and Claudia, who had also boiled a few potatoes, put them steaming and well done on the board. She made tea also, and they sat down to a pleasant little meal. Oh, how nice it was, and how happy they felt!

But such enterprises as had come into the hearts of the four children cannot be carried through without difficulties, and the first difficulty, slight as it was, seemed to be insurmountable, for Harold had not the slightest idea how to carve a fowl! After much injuring the nicely roasted bird, he asked Claudia to help him. But Claudia knew very little more, and the consequence was that the bird was very much wasted, and did not go half so far as if it had been properly carved.

"This means dissecting," said Harold, "I must learn as soon as possible where the joints are. I expect we shall often have fowls to eat, and I must not spoil another in this fashion."

The next drawback to their perfect enjoyment was the discovery that although almost every imaginable thing had been sent over from the farm for their benefit, the salt was forgotten.

"I will run to the farm after supper, and bring some in time for breakfast," said Harold.

But in spite of this small misadventure, the meal was an intensely happy and merry one, and soon afterwards Lois and Arthur went upstairs to bed.

"Will you come with me, Claudia, to the farm?" said Harold.

"I think not," she replied. "I have plenty to do putting things straight downstairs, and besides, I would not like the children to be

alone in the cottage. They are not accustomed to it yet."

So Harold started on his way by himself, and Claudia was busy as busy could be.

It was between nine and ten o'clock when Harold and Claudia laid their heads on their pillows, and being very weary as well as very happy, they soon sank into sound sleep.

Now, Farmer Burgin that night was very much excited about his young tenants.

"I wonder if we have done right," he said to his wife.

"Right?" she answered. "Of course we have done right. What do you mean, John?"

"I feel," he said, "that the very first thing I must do in the morning is just to go across and see how the poor dears are getting on. They will be in no end of a fuss to-morrow morning, with milk to fetch, and coals to bring into the little kitchen, and wood to pick up. They won't know themselves! I'm thinking I'd best go across, and take Peter with me, just to give 'em a hand."

"Now, John," said his wife, "you will just do nothing of the sort. I was in this scheme from the first; I thought it was plucky of the four dears, very plucky, and it was I thought of Cosey Corner for them. But, John, if they don't feel their own feet they will never do anything. Don't they want to be independent, and will they ever be independent if they lean on you and me? No, John, they've got to learn, and the only way they can learn is just to find out that they know next to nothing, and that though they are brave, they are ignorant as well."

"I think they're wonderfully wise," said the farmer.

"Wise in their own line, but not in our line," replied Mrs. Burgin. "And, John, the only way to make them wise, and make this thing a success, is to leave them to themselves."

Farmer Burgin always, in the long run, obeyed his wife. He never thought he did, and he generally objected to her plans at first, but in the end he came round to her view, considering it his own as time went on, and telling her what a good thing it was that he had not followed *her* advice, when in reality

he was following it all the time! Nevertheless, he was anxious about his young tenants, but he did not dare to go to Cosey Corner for a day or two.

Meanwhile, things were going pretty well at the little farm. Claudia was a very wise girl. She made plans and she made rules. She insisted on her plans being carried out, and on her rules being obeyed. Lois and Arthur were to waste no time. Even if these were the holidays they were to work. She gave them certain lessons to do, and she planned out all their day. They had to take their share in the domestic matters of the house. Arthur was appointed message-boy in general, garden-boy also, and useful person all round. He was naturally lazy, but Claudia, for that very reason, gave him the post he now held. He was to run across to the farm for milk twice a day—he was to take his money with him and pay for the milk, and bring it carefully back. He was not to ask questions, and neither was he to tell what was going on. He was to keep the little paths and the flower garden free from weeds, and in the evenings he was to help to water the plants and flowers which required watering. In the house, he was to fetch in the wood for Claudia's use, and he was to help to draw water from the well. He had a fair amount to do for such a little fellow, but his new life agreed with him, and he had no time at first even for that intense curiosity which made him anxious to see the interior of the lean-to room.

Lois had, of course, far more important duties to attend to—she had regularly to help Claudia with the whole house. She had to be under-housemaid to Claudia, and kitchen-maid to Claudia, and parlour-maid to Claudia. She was a clever child, and soon knew exactly what to do, and as the children had no one to interfere with them, the domestic duties of the cottage were quickly got through. As their meals were simple, the cooking was also quickly accomplished, and Claudia and Lois had both more time to help Harold with the farm. For, of course, the farm itself was the main thing. They had not come to Cosey Corner for fun. They had come—at

least the two elder ones—in sober earnest. They wanted to effect a big thing, and they wanted to effect it quickly. They had a great deal of faith, as all happy, healthy children ought to have. They believed in Farmer Burgin and his wife, they believed in their own father and mother, and, above all things, they believed in God. They thought they should be helped, and they hoped they would succeed. But to succeed they must use common sense. Claudia was very fond of quoting this remark to Harold.

"Whatever we do, we must be sensible," she used to say. "We must not only manage to live on the farm, but we must manage to make money by it."

Accordingly, morning after morning, Claudia had fresh peas picked from the garden, and fresh potatoes dug from the potato-patch, and fresh lettuces cut from the lettuce-bed, and fresh eggs from the half-dozen fowls which they had in their little fowl house; Mrs. Burgin having given them two, and Claudia having bought four more herself. And all the farm produce was put by Claudia, very neatly and carefully, into a couple of baskets, and it was Harold's business to meet Peter on his way to the nearest town, and hand him the baskets, and ask him to sell the things for them.

Peter had himself in private told Harold that he would do that.

"You can't manage it yourself at first, young Master," he said, "and I'm pleased with the thought of the pluck of you four, and this is my share of the help. I carry Master's things to market every morning, and I'll take yours too, and sell 'em for you."

So while the potatoes were new, and the peas fresh, and the lettuces in prime order, the children made quite a nice little sum daily with Peter's aid. He always gave Harold the money each morning from what he had sold the morning before, and Harold brought it back to Claudia, who kept it in a small jug in the kitchen. It amounted at the end of the week to several shillings; and when Claudia found at the end of the first week that she had made quite twelve shillings by her vegetables and eggs, she informed the



children that they must live on that twelve shillings through the following week.

"We must not spend one penny more money," she said. "We must cover all our expenses with this, so that our nest-egg—we have still eight pounds to the good—need not be touched."

Notwithstanding the fact that they had to sell a large portion of their vegetables, there were still enough left to give them a good amount of food, and Claudia would not spend more than her twelve shillings on milk and bread and butter, and what little meat they ate. She managed with a good deal of contrivance and some self-denial, to bring expenses down to this very small sum, and was highly pleased with herself for her success.

But as the days went on, the rows of peas were exhausted, or they got too old to fetch any price in the market, and the lettuces were no longer as fresh and green as before. Consequently smaller sums of money came in, and Claudia had to put her considering cap on, as Lois called it.

"You look so funny when you have your considering cap on," said the little girl. "I always know, because you draw down your brows, and you fix your eyes on the ground. I like to keep away from you while you have it on."

"You had better keep away at present," said Claudia, half smiling, and then looking grave again.

"Why, what's the matter, Claudie? What's up now?"

"We did not make enough money last week," said Claudia. "We only made eight shillings. This week we did not make more than five or six, and we cannot live on eight, much less on a smaller sum. We must do something more."

"I thought we'd fail," said Arthur, "and I don't for my part know that I much care. I'm rather tired of Cosey Corner. I did so much weeding to-day that my back ached. I am too young a boy to be kept going as if I was a man!"

Here he put on a petulant little air, but Claudia only smiled.

"You are a dear, useful little boy," she said.

"What should we do without you? Harold could not possibly spare time to fetch the milk in the mornings!"

"Dear Mrs. Burgin said she was coming round to-day," was Arthur's next remark. "She saw me this morning, and she gave me an apple. She said our apples would be getting ripe presently."

"So they will," said Claudia, "but there are only a few windfalls at present, and we must not pick them before they are ripe. Yes," she added, cheered by the thought, "we will make a good sum by the apples, but still that is not enough."

"I wonder what we ought to do," said Lois.

"I have been thinking it out," said Claudia, "and several plans have come into my head. Now, there is one thing I have been thinking of. You know this cottage is very near the roadside."

"It is too near," said Harold. "What funny thought have you now in your head, Claudie?"

"It is near the roadside, and that is a very good thing for us," said Claudia. "Now, I was thinking that as people are always passing and going on their way to town, and as a lot of people cycle by at all hours of the day, we might put a little notice-board just by the turnstile to say that tea can be had at Cosey Corner if required."

"Tea! Are you going to sell tea to folks?" said Harold, getting rather red.

"If I could get a lot of people to give me sixpence a head for tea and bread and butter and jam, why we should make at least three-pence on each person," said Claudia. "I will go round and speak to Mrs. Burgin. I think it is a very good idea."

"I wonder how many people would come," said Lois. "It would be rather fun, and this fine weather we could put the table out in the garden."

"The two tables from our sitting-room," said Claudia, "and we could give them tea."

"Only would not a lot of rough men come about?" said Harold. "And might not that be unpleasant?"

"You would have to stay with us, Harold. And I don't think they would be really

rough," said Claudia. She looked gentle, and sweet, and dignified as she spoke. Then she added, "We must not mind even if people are a little rough. Above all things, we have got to make money. This thing must be a success—it shan't be a failure!"

Claudia was very energetic, and she carried out her plan. She went that evening to consult Mrs. Burgin, for Mrs. Burgin, after all, could not come to the little farm.

Mrs. Burgin almost wept when she saw the young girl, and she told her all that was in her heart.

"You've been there a month," she said, "and I've not come near the place!"

"I could not help wondering why you did not come," said Claudia.

"My darling, I wanted you to learn without my help."

"We are learning," said Claudia, "and—and I think we are succeeding; but I am determined not to touch our little capital, and we only made eight shillings last week!"

"And what can you live on, dearie?"

"We can stint along," said Claudia, "on twelve shillings, but we would really like to make a pound a week. Then we might put by something for coals and wood and light in the winter."

"And what is in the back of your heart now, dear?"

"I have often noticed people going by, looking dusty and tired, on their bicycles," said Claudia, "and I thought we would give them tea. At first I thought that we would put up a little board to say that tea could be



"You look so funny when you have your considering cap on" (p. 180).

obtained at our cottage, but I have thought of a better plan than that. I think Lois or Arthur, or perhaps the two, could sit on the stile, and if they see a tired and dusty traveller, who looks at the same time pretty kind-hearted, they will invite him or her down to have tea at the cottage."

"I don't think that is at all a good plan, dear," said Mrs. Burgin. "You might get very rough people. I don't like it, my love."

"Don't you?" said Claudia, looking intensely disappointed.

"No, and I wish you would not do it, Miss Claudia. I do earnestly wish you would not."

Claudia had a great vein of obstinacy in her—in that respect she was very like her brother Arthur. She did not say anything. Mrs. Burgin was full of other schemes, however.

"I have a dear little pig," she said, "three months old, that I want you to buy from me. You shall have it for fifteen shillings, and you can pay me when you sell it again. You ought to have heaps of odds and ends at the cottage, quite enough to feed a pig, and at the end of the season you may get twenty-five shillings for it. You know you have a proper piggery in which to keep it. I'll send it round if you like this evening."

The thought of the pig cheered Claudia up very much, and when it arrived, as it did by Peter's own hand that very evening, she was in great excitement, and so were the other children, with regard to its reception.

The pig was called the "Brownie" on the spot, and Arthur got up nearly an hour earlier the next morning on purpose to see it and attend to it. But Claudia did not give up her scheme with regard to inviting people to tea, and as Peter was on the premises, she proceeded to instruct him. She went on this occasion to her nest-egg. She took from it a whole precious half-sovereign. She then called Peter into the kitchen.

"Peter," she said, "I want you to do something for me, and to do it——"

"Secret, you mean?" said Peter. "Well, that's all right." He winked at Claudia with his crooked eyes as he spoke, and his broad mouth relaxed into a grin, and he pushed his stack of light hair back from his forehead. "I know, bless you Miss Claudia," he said, "and Peter never tells, never."

"Well," said Claudia, "I want you to get to-morrow at the market-town, four three-pound jars of jam. I want a three-pound jar of strawberry jam, a three-pound jar of raspberry, a three-pound jar of black-currant, and a three-pound jar of plum. Shall I write down the order for you, Peter?"

"Bless you, no!" replied Peter, "I'll remember it fast enough."

"And two pounds of tea, please, Peter, and it must be rather good tea; you had better pay one and eightpence a pound for it."

"Bless you," said Peter again, "I know where to get rarely fine tea for one and six."

"Very well," said Claudia. "Two pounds of tea at one and six."

"Anything else, Missy?"

"I want half a pound of the best fresh butter."

"You had best get the butter from the farm, Missy."

"No, I don't wish to get it from the farm. I may want you to get me half a pound of the best fresh butter every morning, and you must not ask questions, Peter."

"Oh, no, I won't ask no questions," said Peter, "I'll remember."

"I think that is all," said Claudia, "for the present. When may I have the things back?"

"If one of the boys will meet me at the cross roads, and bring a basket, you shall have them by nine o'clock to-morrow morning," said Peter.

Claudia promised, and he went off. She was now very much excited. She resolved to try her new venture the very next day.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE STRANGER.

HAROLD was rather disposed to agree with Mrs. Burgin. He told Claudia when she informed him that the good woman did not approve of the tea scheme, that he also did not approve of it.

"I cannot leave you alone," he said; "you are a girl, and I shall be very much tied if I have to stay all the evening at the farm, when I ought to be going to town to get the necessary information."

"All the same, Harold, we must do it," said Claudia, "for we must make more money in the week, and there is nothing much to sell at present on the farm."

Accordingly, the next day, the jam, and the tea, and the bread and butter having arrived, and Claudia having ventured to take a pint of extra milk from Mrs. Burgin, she waited anxiously for her guests. She had put





**"CLAUDIA, WHO WAS STANDING IN THE PORCH, FLUSHED A BRIGHT RED"**  
(p. 187).

two little tables under a big beech-tree. On these she placed two white cloths, and she also put garden chairs about, and then Lois and Arthur were told to wait at the cross roads on the chance of visitors appearing. That very first day Claudia was somewhat successful. She entertained a very nice, gentle-looking lady and two little girls at tea. They were all delighted with Cosey Corner, and asked Claudia a great many questions.

"It is quite like fairy-land," said one of the little girls.

The meal consisted of bread and butter, plenty of jam, and excellent tea. The lady expressed herself greatly pleased, and said she would come again, and offered Claudia half-a-crown when she was going away.

"No," said Claudia proudly, "the price is sixpence a head."

"But, my dear," said the lady, whose name was Mrs. Franklyn, "we ate such a lot of bread and butter!"

"And such a heap of jam," said little Kathleen Franklyn.

"I can't help that," said Claudia. "I cannot take more than my proper terms."

She was very proud of herself for saying this, and when the lady and the little girls departed, she raised that precious shilling, and that precious sixpence to her lips and kissed them both.

"We shall get on! We shall succeed!" she cried, and she went with dancing steps into the house.

Immediately after dinner the next day, Claudia told Lois and Arthur that they were to go and sit on the stile, and if they saw any respectable travellers passing by, were to invite them down to tea.

"You are to use your common sense," said Claudia, "just as you did yesterday. If the travellers look rough and common-place, let them go by without any comment; but if they are nice, the sort of people we had yesterday, try to get them to come to the cottage. Tell them they shall have the nicest tea possible for sixpence a head."

The two children, much pleased with their commission, started off. Lois was wearing a little pink cotton frock, and she had a pink

sun bonnet hanging on her arm. Her curly light hair was blown by the wind all over her pretty little head, her cheeks seemed to be dyed with a permanent red, and her eyes were decidedly bluer than ever. Arthur also was much tanned by the sun, and he looked what he was, a very handsome and taking little boy. Notwithstanding their farm dress, the children looked like little gentlefolk. Nothing could rob Lois of a charming little air of dignity which seemed to have been given her by nature, and nothing could take the bearing and spirit out of Arthur's face.

"I have got a wonderful scheme of my own," he said now to his sister. "I thought it all out myself in bed this morning. Why should not we make money, too?"

"What do you mean?" said Lois. "We are all making money, that is, we are trying to."

"But Claudie keeps the money," said Arthur. "I don't see no fun in that. I want to make some our very own selves, and then when we have put a lot by, we can show it to Father and Mother when they come. We can help them just as well as Claudie and Harold, and not only just do the digging, and the weeding, and the messaging."

"And the bed-making," laughed Lois, "and the dusting and sweeping, and the rough part of the cooking. Oh, I am quite with you, Arty. I should like to make a little money all by our two selves. It would be exciting."

"Well, then," said Arthur, "let's begin this very day."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I have a lot of windfalls in my pocket. I picked them up, not in the orchard, where, perhaps, they ought to belong to Claudie, but at Farmer Burgin's yesterday evening. He told me that I might do what I liked with the windfalls, and so I picked up the very, very best, and I have them here. Let's sell them to the people who are too rough to come down to tea with Claudie and Harold."

"They are all your own, too," said Lois.

"Yes, quite, quite my own. I thought of the plan as I was picking them up, and I





THE BLACK CAT.





SAND-SHRIMPS ON THE SHORE.

thought of the plan again early this morning, and here they are Lois, here they are."

As he spoke he pushed aside a great dock-leaf which was growing in luxuriance on the borders of the little wood which led up to the stile, and showed about two dozen rosy-cheeked apples—green codlings and others, in a heap on the ground.

"I'll run back to the house for a basket," said Lois, "we will make them as pretty as ever we can. It is a splendid, splendid plan, Arty."

She rushed back as she spoke, secured a basket without Claudia having seen her, and returned to her little brother. Under Lois's directions, and she had a great deal of taste, a basket was filled with leaves and fruit. They looked remarkably bright and tempting so arranged, and then the children in high spirits went to the stile. Lois sat on the top-most bar of the little gate, and Arty crouched at her feet. They were both talking earnestly, and they did not know how charming a picture they made, with the basket of apples lying between them. But a man, who was walking slowly up the road, and was very foot-sore and dusty, was evidently struck by their appearance, for he slackened his steps as he approached them, and when he reached the spot where they were sitting, he stood quite still.

"Good afternoon, my dears," he said.

"Good afternoon, sir," said Lois, colouring very much, and fixing her eyes on his face.

Arty also raised his blue eyes and looked full at the stranger.

"Will he do, do you think, Lois?" he said, turning to Lois, and pulling her by the sleeve.

Lois coloured, the man laughed.

"Will I do? What do you want me to do, little one?" he said.

"I don't know," said Arty. "I——"

"What nice apples you have in your basket!" was the man's next remark.

"Yes," said Lois, and she held the basket towards him. "Would you like to buy some?"

"How do you sell them? A penny apiece, eh?"

"That's a great deal of money, perhaps we ought not to take as much as that," said Lois, but her lips quivered with eagerness.

"I'll take two apples," said the man, "and here's twopence."

He selected two of the ripest and best of the apples and put them into his pocket, and Lois clutched her precious coins as though they were gold.

"Thank you so very much," she said.

"I am thirsty," said the man next; "do you know where I can get a glass of water?"

"I'm sure, quite sure he'll do," whispered Arthur now to his sister, and he dragged her so violently by the sleeve, that she nearly fell from her seat.

"I'll do?" said the stranger. "I really must get to the bottom of that most mysterious speech! What am I to do?"

"I think you will do," said Lois then. "It is this, please, sir. We sell tea at our cottage. Very, very nice tea. Tea, and bread and butter, and jam, and cake, for sixpence. Sixpence a head. And my sister Claudia makes the tea, and my brother Harold helps her, and we come to the stile——"

"To see if people are respectable enough," put in Arty. "And we think," he added, speaking very fast, and getting crimson, "that you are. We do really."

"We can't have rough people, you know," said Lois, "because sister Claudia is quite a lady, and Harold is quite a gentleman, and it would not do."

"You don't think I am too rough, then?"

"No, I think you are awfully nice," said Lois, and she put out her little hand for the stranger to clasp.

The next instant the man and the two children were walking as fast as they could in the direction of Cosey Corner.

"Claudia!" called out Lois at the top of her voice, "we have brought such a very nice man, and he wants tea so badly."

Claudia, who was standing in the porch, flushed a bright red as she advanced to meet the stranger.

"What is your name, young lady?" he said, and he took off his hat in a courteous way as he spoke.

He was a tall man, of perhaps five-and-thirty years of age. He had very black hair, and deep-set eyes, and a thick moustache. His eyes were wide open, and as he gazed at Claudia they wore a friendly, and at the same time a curious expression. His clothes were a little travel-stained, and his boots were very dusty. All the same, Lois and Arthur considered him a very nice gentleman indeed, and both now looked anxiously up into the face of their elder sister to read her verdict.

"My name," said Claudia, speaking just in the tone in which her mother would have spoken had she been present, "is Claudia Ross."

She had scarcely said the words, before the man's face became suffused with a dull, surprised sort of red. He shrugged his shoulders, looked on the ground for a minute, and then said,

"Claudia Ross. Where do you live when you are not at Cossey Corner?"

"We have lived in London," replied Claudia.

"And how many of you are there?"

"Four. My brother Harold—he will be here in a minute—and my little brother and sister. But," she added, and now she drew herself up to her full height, "Lois and Arthur did not ask you down here to catechise me, but in order that I should give you some tea."

"Bless me," said the stranger, "bless me! Can it be? Impossible! And yet——" He shook himself, looked full at Claudia, and said, abruptly, "Tea, please. Certainly. Yes, the very best you can supply. Money no moment. The very best you can supply."

Claudia went into the house, where presently little Lois followed her.

"He is our very own man," she said, "Arty's and mine. We found him. You ought to be awfully obliged to us, Claudia. I do think he is nice! He is doing a great deal for us, more than just having tea."

"What do you mean?" said Claudia.

"I can't tell you yet, but I will presently."

As Lois spoke, she rattled her precious coins in her pocket, but Claudia was too excited putting the kettle on to boil, to notice the rattle of the money.

"I don't know that I like that man," she said, "but at any rate he looks respectable."

"And don't you think he would like a very fresh egg for his tea?" said Lois.

"Perhaps so, but he would have to pay extra for it."

"How much, Claudia?"

"Three halfpence for a new-laid egg. The brown hen laid one not ten minutes ago."

Lois dashed back into the garden. The stranger had pushed back his thick black hair, and the expression of astonishment was still on his face.

"Why do you look so surprised, Mr. Stranger?" said Lois.

"I am very much astonished, little girl," was his answer.

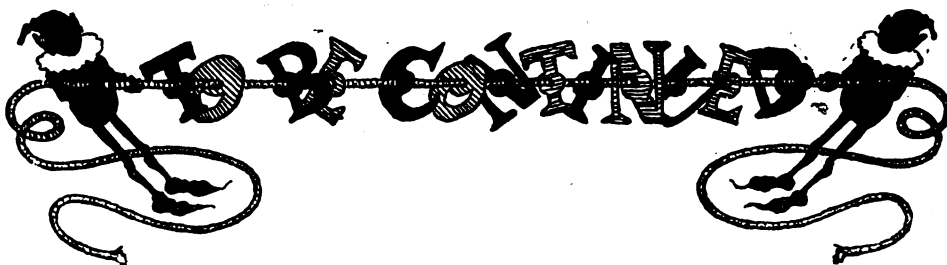
"Well, would you like a very fresh egg, quite new-laid, for your tea?"

"I should like it, little girl," said the man.

"Oh, thank you, very, very much. But will you pay three halfpence for it? It is only laid ten minutes, you know."

"Yes, I will pay three halfpence for it," said the man.

Lois went into the porch and shouted to her sister:—"He says he'll have a new-laid egg, and he'll pay three halfpence. That's sevenpence-halfpenny, Claudia. Isn't it grand?"



## THE THREE FRIENDS.

THERE were three friends went out to walk,  
And two were dumb, but one could talk ;  
And of the two the one could see  
With vision clear the hill and tree ;  
The golden sunlight shining round ;  
The gentle shadows on the ground ;  
And every beauty Nature shows  
To one who'll seek them as he goes.

The other had the power to hear  
The twilight thrush's anthem clear ;  
The woodland robin's merry lay ;  
The brook among the pebbles play,  
And breezes softly sighing through  
The reeds that on its border grew.

But nearly every sight and sound  
That both of these could find around,  
Were unobserved through all the walk,  
Because the *third* was fond of talk ;  
And as to guess you may not care,  
I'll tell you who the trio were.

The one to see the earth and skies,  
And all between—was Johnny's eyes ;  
The one to hear the sound that cheers  
(Sweet Nature's voice)—was Johnny's  
ears ;

The one from whom the gossip sprung—  
Alas ! Alack !—was Johnny's tongue.

JOHN LEA.

## VALOUR FOR VICTORIA.

### III.—THE GAY GORDONS AT DARGAI.

**T**HIS shall be the story of the way  
of a man with the bagpipes.  
Superfine folk toss their heads  
and screw their faces when they  
hear the skirl of the pipes, but  
as the same people think the banjo is a  
musical instrument, their opinion either way  
is of no importance. Queen Victoria knew  
better. It was her Majesty's own piper that  
was once asked by a noble lord whether he  
could recommend a piper for a friend. Asked  
what kind of piper was wished for, the peer  
innocently answered, "Oh, just one like your-  
self." Poor peer ! The ruffled Highlander  
at once retorted, "There are many lords like  
yourself, but very few pipers like me." Many  
a Highland laird keeps a pipe and  
drum band. When the late Duke of Argyll  
was laid to rest at Kilmun, it was his son  
Lord Archibald Campbell's pipers that  
played the lament. For fighting, or dancing,  
or wailing, there is no music to compare with  
the music of the grand Highland bagpipes,  
the pride of the land. The Highland regi-  
ments would rather give up their whisky than  
their pipes.

On the north-western frontiers of India

lies a vast hilly country which is occupied by  
tribes of the fiercest fighters in all Asia. Like  
most mountaineers, they are marksmen from  
their birth, and are always ready for a row.  
And the odd thing is that, somehow or other,  
they usually contrive to procure up-to-date  
weapons. They respect the strong hand of  
Britain, but now and then the old Adam  
within them proves too masterful, tempt-  
ing them to rash raids upon British forts and  
territory. In 1897 the Afridis and Orakzais,  
two of the stubbornest and most savage of the  
tribes, broke bounds, attacked posts, killed  
men, and damaged property within districts  
under British care. These wanton and unpro-  
voked forays called for stern chastisement,  
and an expedition was got together in order  
to march into Tirah, the summer quarter of  
the hostile hillsmen, a tract of land that had  
never before been occupied by British troops.  
The whole force was placed under the com-  
mand of Sir William Lockhart.

Ere a start could be made, however, the  
Sappers and Pioneers had to go ahead pre-  
paring the ways. No doubt to a blind horse  
a nod is quite as good as a wink, but these signs  
of activity were not lost on the tribesmen,

who mustered their clans at the Pass of Dargai, ready to dispute the right of the British to enter their hills and glens. Lockhart, a past-master in the noble art of hill fighting, accepted the challenge, and bade General Yeatman-Biggs (in charge of the Second Division, consisting of two brigades) clear out the nest of robbers that infested the ridge and village of Dargai. It is easy to call spirits from the vasty deep—but will they come? So when Sir William said, "Clear me out this village," he set his men a very tough job.

Perched on the top of steep cliffs stood this village, only to be reached after a stiff climb amongst brutal boulders, affording capital cover for the hillsmen. This rock-strewn path was approached by an open space which every living soul had to cross under a scorching fire from the foe lying hidden in nooks and crannies in the mountain side. But Lockhart had splendid men for his game. General Kempster's brigade—the Third—was made up of the 1st Gordons, the 1st Dorsets, the 15th Sikhs, and the 2nd Ghoorkas; General Westmacott's — the Fourth — of the 2nd Scottish Borderers, the 1st North-amptons, the 36th Sikhs, and the 3rd Ghoorkas—all men who would go anywhere and do anything, and who, on the whole, rather preferred uphill work to smooth sailing. The plan of attack was for Westmacott to make an assault in front, whilst Kempster advanced from the west and took the enemy in the flank. The latter having the longer march started at four in the morning of the 18th of October, and six hours later Westmacott, having cleared the air with his guns, formed up his infantry for the march forward. By eleven a.m. the men reached the open ground. Hitherto they had been under cover, but they were now to face a terrible ordeal. Although Kempster had as yet given no sign, Westmacott decided against further delay. Whilst the guns boomed from their station, awaking the solemn echoes of the hills, and the Borderers peppered away from the nearest hillock, the Ghoorkas gallantly dashed across the bullet-swept open and made for the zig-zag track to the village, which they climbed

with the stealth and agility of cats. The Borderers followed instantly, and, though going in single file, the force succeeded in reaching the top with little loss, Lieutenant Beynon, pistol in hand, at their head. To their surprise the foe had vanished. It seemed that the tribesmen, having espied Kempster's brigade, performed a strategic movement to the rear whilst retreat was still possible. The victors at once began to blow up the towers, and having wrecked the village returned, in pursuance of orders, to the camp. These instructions, as it immediately appeared, were most unfortunate. The hillsmen expected that the position so bravely won would be held. In their eyes, therefore, the withdrawal wore the look of a defeat. They came out of their caves and other hiding-holes and harassed the retiring Britishers with pot-shots from the cliffs. Although his men were weary and the shades of night were falling fast, Kempster covered the return with great skill. Whilst the rest of the brigades were pushing on towards the camp, the Gordons and Sikhs held the enemy at bay. By-and-by the whole force reached quarters, but the losses of the retirement were actually heavier than the losses suffered in the attack. And the worst of it was, as was seen next day, the whole thing would have to be done over again. For the hillsmen still blocked the way, and they were now inspired with the belief that they had dealt a severe blow at their invaders. No wonder they were cook-a-whoop. The moral effect of the blunder—for such it seemed to be—was made clear at once.

On the 20th of October another advance was ordered, but Yeatman-Biggs felt that he must first recapture the village of Dargai. No time was to be lost in flank movements, but the entire attack was to be delivered from the front—the hardest assault of all against an enemy posted as were the hillsmen. The heights were shelled vigorously for a while, but by eleven a.m. the infantry once more had reached that deadly open space. Again the Ghoorkas led the van. With magnificent courage they rushed across to the foot of the slope, but were mown down by a hurricane of lead. The Dorsets and Derbyshires





"He kept on blowing with unconquered spirit" (p. 192).

went to their help, only to encounter a similar reception. "Forward, E Company!" shouted Captain Arnold of the Dorsets, but he fell dead as he suited braver actions to brave words. Lieutenant Hewitt, another Dorset, tried to rush across with half a company. He alone reached the other side, his men being downed on the way. Next the Derbies had a turn. Captain Smith took his company to the fore, but he and several of his men were shot at once. Then Lieutenant Pennell darted out alone to recover his captain. Though he was the target for hundreds of sharpshooters, he made three attempts to carry him in, and only gave up at last when he saw the gallant captain was dead. V.C. for Pennell and no mistake! Other deeds of heroism were done. Men were now racing across the fatal ground one by one, some falling by the way, some succeeding despite the hail of bullets.

Noon and nothing gained! This wouldn't do

at all, at all. Yeatman-Biggs said the position must be stormed at any cost, and bade Kempster take the Gordons and 3rd Sikhs, who had as yet borne no part in this day's struggle, and do it. When the Gordons reached the open Colonel Mathias turned to his men with these few words, "Highlanders, the General says the position must be taken at all costs. The Gordons will take it!"

Cheer after cheer rose from the Gordons, their pipes struck up their most thrilling pibrochs, and into the open dashed Mathias and his men. Major Macbean fell at once, and others dropped, but with a grand rush the Highlanders did reach the bottom of the hill, closely followed by Sikhs, Dorsets, Derbies, and Ghoorkas. It was a magnificent charge, with the Gordons in the centre. About this moment Piper George Findlater was shot in both legs. Down he went, pipes and all. But he was not beaten. Propping himself against



a boulder he kept on blowing with unconquered spirit "The Haughs of Cromdale," while his chums advanced up the face of the height. Hot work very, and Colonel Mathias, halting for a moment to take a breather, said to a colour-sergeant, "Stiff climb, Mackie, and I am not so young as I was." "Never mind, sir," said Mackie, as he slapped his colonel's shoulder in the ardour of his zeal, "Ye're goin' very strang for an auld ane."

Forward still went the Gordons, bayonets at the ready, and ever as they went their fellows of the Dorsets and Derbies and Ghoorkas were by their sides or at their heels. Lieutenant Tillard of the Ghoorkas was the first man to reach the top, but when he got there the plateau was bare, and so the tribesmen got none of the bayonet the Highlanders had kept for them. The fight was over and the toughest job of hill climbing ever undertaken by British soldiers was achieved. Sir William Lockhart's road was clear, and his advance in force was now possible. Two days after the struggle he congratulated the Gordons on parade upon their brilliant feat. "Your records," he said, "testify to many a gallant action performed by you, and you have now added to them another, which may worthily rank beside those gone before."

But dearly was that conquest bought. The Ghoorkas' loss was the heaviest — seventeen killed and fifty wounded. Then came the Dorsets, with nine killed and forty wounded. The Gordons had three killed and forty-one

wounded. At the time, the Gordons got too big a share of the *kudos*, or honour, but it was soon confessed that every regiment that took part in the charge covered itself with glory. Findlater received his V.C. in Netley Hospital from the hands of his Queen. They say that this brave fellow, who knew no fear in the thick of the fight, burst into tears whilst her Majesty pinned the Cross to his breast. Strangely enough, his exploit had been anticipated at the other end of the century. Early in the battle of Roliça, the first fight of the Peninsular campaign in which the Iron Duke met the French, a piper of the 71st had his leg broken. Sitting down on his knapsack, the brave man cried out to his mates, "I canna gang wi' ye, lads, but De'il tak me if ye shall want music!" And so he played the regiment into action.

Another Gordon at Dargai, Private E. Lawson, received the Cross for that, though he was twice wounded whilst bearing them to a place of safety, he rescued under heavy fire Lieutenant Dingwall and Private McMillan. As for Colonel Mathias, a Welshman, it seems he became a Gordon by accident. When a young man he meant to join the old 95th. By a slip of the pen, 9 and 7 being apt to be mistaken for each other if hurriedly written, he was gazetted to the 75th instead of the 95th. He thanks his stars now, I daresay, that some persons don't write as clearly as they might. Perhaps he doesn't. The gallant Colonel only knows.

JAMES A. MANSON.

## THE END OF THE NIB.

ALAS! My useful days are o'er,"  
The Pen-nib sadly sighed,  
"For Freddie threw me on the floor,  
And stamped on me beside.

"He said that I was 'cross,' a word  
Which made me feel quite faint,  
For many of my ancestors  
Have had the same complaint.

"Ah, me! To think my place is filled  
By that stuck-up steel pen,  
I hope he'll make as many blots  
As possible, and then——"

But how the Nib meant to conclude,  
We never now can say,  
For here the housemaid came along  
And swept him right away.

E. M. W.

## "FINE-EARS."

**H**AVE you ever seen a prison? Even from outside a prison looks a terrible place, with its high stone walls and gloomy gates. What must it feel like to be locked up inside it in a narrow cell all the night, and during the day time to be obliged to work hard in silence, under the care of guards who keep their stern eyes ever on the watch?

One day, many years ago, the convicts in one of our largest prisons were going to work. In their hideous striped clothes, and with closely shaven heads, they trudged along in gloomy silence. Their faces were sullen, savage, or despairing. There was not a man there who had not done some great crime, for which, as punishment, he must spend years, perhaps his whole lifetime, in prison.

Among them tramped along a tall, blue eyed young man, with heavy irons on his legs, whose fierce temper and enormous strength made him feared as the worst man in the gang. In prison men have no names, only numbers. This man was known as No. 365.

As the line of prisoners set to work, one of the guards noticed that No. 365 now and again looked round cautiously to see if he was being watched, and then put his hand furtively inside his coat.

The guard felt sure there was some weapon hidden there. He whispered a few words to the other guards, and in a moment No. 365 was seized and roughly searched.

Suddenly a large brown rat ran out from beneath his coat and rushed across the yard.

"Oh, don't kill him; don't kill him!" cried No. 365, catching hold of the guard, who was about to throw a stone at it. "Do what you like to me, but don't hurt my rat! If you won't let me keep the only thing I have in the world to love me, let him go free! Oh! do let him go free!"

The guard looked astonished, unable to make up his mind what to do. As he hesitated, the Governor of the prison hurried up to see what was the matter, and the whole story was told to him.

"Oh, sir!" cried No. 365, interrupting the guard, "if you'll only let me keep Fine-Ears I will promise to do anything you wish. I promise I will never give you any more trouble in any way!"

"Well, on that condition you may keep your pet," replied the Governor, "but remember, the very first time you are reported to me for bad conduct, the rat dies."

"I'm grateful to you, sir," replied No. 365, looking round anxiously for Fine-Ears, who had disappeared behind a pile of stones.

He whistled softly to him, but Fine-Ears was much too frightened to appear, and at last No. 365 was forced to go on with his work and return to his cell without him.

Next morning, however, hardly were the convicts at work, when out from a hole came Fine-Ears, who, running to No. 365, climbed up his leg, and sitting on his shoulder, seemed as glad to see him as a rat could be.

From that day No. 365 was like a new man. What punishments and threats could not do, love for that brown rat did.

He became the quietest, best workman in the prison, as well as the strongest and most cheerful.

All his spare time he spent in making the little toys which the prisoners were allowed to sell to any kind visitor, and with the pence he got for them he bought dainty bits for Fine-Ears. Sugar, cakes, nothing was too good for Fine-Ears, who on his part grew into the largest rat ever seen, as well as the most affectionate and playful.

Sometimes even the unusual sound of a laugh was heard coming from No. 365's cell, and the guard peering in through the spy-hole, would see No. 365 sitting smiling at his supper of dry bread, while Fine-Ears sat on the table beside the plate with a little piece of cake or sugar in his claw.

So that Fine-Ears had a good supper, his master did not care what his own might be!

One day No. 365 was told he was to go before the Governor. When he heard this he became very sad and anxious; he wondered

greatly why the Governor should want to speak to him. He had done nothing for which he could be blamed or punished, yet, because of Fine-Ears, he trembled all over.

"If he wants to take you from me, Fine-Ears, I shall kill him rather than let him," whispered No. 365, as he tickled Fine-Ears' head.

Brought up before the Governor, No. 365 glanced round anxiously.

"I have to inform you," began the Governor, "that owing to your good conduct during the past two years your sentence will be shortened; you will be set free on the first day of next year."

When No. 365 returned to his cell he took up Fine-Ears and kissed him.

"It is all owing to you, dear Fine-Ears!" he told it. "Oh! what times we shall have when we are free. Nine months more! Only nine months more!"

It was a few days after this that a terrible event happened. As No. 365 was at work out of doors, and Fine-Ears was playing about, a large black cat sprang down from a wall and caught poor Fine-Ears. She held him by the throat! He squealed and struggled pitifully, but No. 365, at work with the pick-axe, heard nothing.

"Look out, No. 365!" cried a guard, good-naturedly; "a cat has got your rat!"

A look of fury came into No. 365's face. He glared around, and with one bound reached the place where the cat crouched worrying the rat.

One blow of the pick-axe and the cat lay dead. Was it too late to save poor Fine-Ears? Was he still alive?

No. 365 lifted him up tenderly. The guard looked at him.

"He's done for now!" he said.

"He's not!" cried No. 365, rubbing his sleeve across his eyes. "He's not, I tell you!"

Fine-Ears, hearing his voice, moved a little.

"There! See that! I'll bathe him with cold water!"

The water seemed to revive Fine-Ears a little. No. 365 then bandaged up the cuts and held him against his cheek for warmth. By evening Fine-Ears was able to open his eyes;

he even, to his master's great joy, tried to nibble a little piece of bread. By this time the news of this misfortune had spread over the whole building, for Fine-Ears and his master were well-known characters. Even the Governor was told of the occurrence by his little son.

"Bring No. 365 that slice of cheese!" ordered the Governor, cutting off a large bit of cheese. "And tell him I hope his rat will live."

Whether it was the cheese, or the honour of receiving it from the Governor, I do not know, but at any rate from that time Fine-Ears began to recover, and in a week's time was able to go about as gaily as ever, except for a slight limp in his left leg.

The summer passed; the days began to shorten. In four more months No. 365 expected to be set free. He began to tell Fine-Ears of all the fun they would have together soon. He told him of the woods, and the rivers where the water-rats swim, and the corn fields where they grow fat, and the barns where they make their nests, and sometimes, when he thought of all these things, the walls of his narrow cell would seem to disappear, and he would believe himself to be lying once more on the hillside minding sheep, with the April larks singing overhead, as they used to do in the years of long ago.

About this time a set of the convicts made a plan to run away. First they set at the guard, and having killed him, they attacked the Governor.

No. 365 heard the uproar from where he was at work, and at once seizing his spade he rushed to the aid of the Governor, who had fallen on the ground beneath two of the ruffians. He was just in time to prevent a third from striking him, and he fought with all his enormous strength until the Governor regained his feet. Then the two held their ground against all the others, until the guards and keepers came to the rescue.

The whole affair lasted but a few moments, but as the guards hurried in, one of them, thinking that No. 365 was taking the part of the convicts, fired at him.

No. 365 fell. They carried him into the in-

firmly, and the doctor did what he could to relieve his pain.

The Governor came, and, standing by the bed, took No. 365's hand in his, and promised that he would be given his liberty at once to reward him for his bravery.

"It's too late!" whispered No. 365.  
"Where's Fine-Ears?"

They brought him Fine-Ears, and the

creature ran up to him and lay close against his cheek.

He stroked it feebly once or twice, and then said :

"Be kind to Fine-Ears. Set him free in the country. He never did nothing worth shutting him up in prison!"

And having said this with great difficulty, No. 365 died.

A. B. ROMNEY.





IN THE NEST.

## THROUGH TIME'S TELESCOPE.

### III.—CHARLEMAGNE.

**I** WILL not try any more, for I know I shall never be able to ride him," said Toby Ballard, with a great frown upon his forehead.

He was standing in the paddock at the back of his father's house, whither a beautiful pony had been led by the stableman for the young master to mount. With considerable confidence in his ability to become a horseman as soon as his feet were in the stirrups Toby had, some ten minutes before making the above remark, clambered into the saddle. A short trot round the paddock had so shaken him that he was thankful to find himself on the ground once more. The appearance he had made clinging to the pony's mane, and the cross remarks which were jolted from his tongue, forced an unwilling smile to the lips of the tutor who was standing near. This only seemed to augment poor Toby's unhappy mood, and he had dismounted with the unwise determination never to try again. Jakes, the stableman, stood prepared to lead the animal back to the manger.

"Why, Toby, old boy," said the tutor, "have you forgotten the story of Alexander and Bucephalus? *He* did not give up hope, even though all the rest had failed."

"I'm not Alexander," said Master Toby, rather crossly, "and I'm not going to try again."

The tutor signed to Jakes and followed as he led the pony away. The next moment the paddock was deserted, for Toby had sullenly wandered off in the opposite direction. He was angry with himself for being so determined to be silly, he was angry with the tutor for not compelling him to make another attempt, and he presently flung himself down on a green bank overlooking the pleasant country side, feeling cross with everyone and everything, and in anything but a happy mood.

He had been sitting here some time gradually recovering his more cheerful manner, when the blast of a hunter's horn fell faintly upon his ear. Startled by the strangeness of the sound, Toby looked up. Everything that met his gaze was new to him. The hedges



were all gone, and the country around, though bearing signs of cultivation, was unlike any country he had seen before. With the disappearance of familiar things the summer had also gone, and the iron grip of winter was on all the land.

"I suppose," said he, "I'm looking through Time's Telescope again."

As though in reply to this remark the winding of that mysterious horn rang upon his ear again.

On the outskirts of a leafless wood, some quarter of a mile away, he discovered a little band of horsemen. One of these particularly attracted his attention. It was a boy of about eleven years old. The mantle covering his shoulders reached nearly to the waist, which was circled by a sword belt. Beneath the mantle he wore a handsome and tight-fitting tunic, while high boots and cross-gartered hose encased his feet and legs. Long golden locks of hair hung down his back, or were tossed about his shoulders by the wintry wind. In one hand he carried a lance or javelin, as did some of his companions, while others were only armed with stout wooden staves.

The moment the blast of the horn had echoed from the little wood, a great excitement seized the body of horsemen, and Toby, with his eyes fixed on the fair-haired boy, marvelled to see how skilfully he kept his seat, though his horse plunged and reared beneath him. In another instant a crackling of twigs was heard, and a huge boar broke into the open closely followed by a number of hounds.

With a shout that rang again and again upon the frosty air, the horsemen leapt forward. The chase had begun, and with an excitement hardly less than the huntsmen felt themselves, Toby, aided by his magic glass, followed those flying forms. With straightened tail and bristling mane erect, the boar led the way. Through briar and bog they went, leaping many a winding stream, crossing many a vill or farm, dashing through orchard and herb garden, the keen wind blowing upon their faces, bright with the exhilaration of the chase. The boy was always among the foremost, his lance in readiness for attack

or defence, should the boar turn suddenly upon its pursuers.

Sometimes they would pass a peculiar-looking house built in the form of a square, the entrance marked by a wooden portico decorated with strange carvings. Toby could not resist examining these places, and the people who worked about them. He saw that many wore the collar of the slave, while others were evidently free - men employed by the great nobleman who owned the estate. He soon gathered that the country was France, and the time was the eighth century. The dominion of the Romans had faded away, and the new civilisation had not begun. Long wars had impoverished the land, while the darkest ignorance lay upon the minds of the people, and he knew it was for the fair-haired boy now galloping over hill and vale to rekindle the light of learning. For Pepin the Short was king of the Franks, and this was his son Charles, known to future ages as Charlemagne, Emperor of the West.

The boar held on its way until in the distance could be seen the high walls of the Abbey of St. Mèdard with a clustering mass of houses round about it and the river Aisne flowing in front. It was the town of Soissons, King Pepin's capital.

Suddenly, on reaching the confines of a small thicket the quarry turned at bay. The panting hounds were some distance in the rear, but the boy prince leapt from his horse and gripping his lance rushed eagerly forward. Toby was wide-eyed to see what happened next, when that disappointing confusion again took possession of Time's Telescope. The boar, the hounds, and the horses all disappeared, the shouts and the horn were silent. Instead, there appeared the interior of a great abbey, and the chanting of a procession of monks fell upon his ear. On a stately throne at one end of the building sat Pepin the Short in all his royal robes, while on another throne to his right, Toby discovered the fair-haired boy who had followed the boar. On the king's left sat a baby of little more than a year old. Toby would have overlooked him had it not been for the bright ray of July sunshine which just then streamed through a



window of the abbey. For the winter had departed, and seven months had passed since the exciting boar hunt. It was July 28th, A.D. 754. King Pepin's confidence in his regal position was a little disturbed. He had seized the throne by force from a very weak king, and though his hold upon the crown was exceedingly firm, he thought it would be even more secure if the Pope of Rome would sanction his possession. So, in accordance with his request, Stephen III. had come from Rome to consecrate him King of the Franks. At the same time his sons were anointed, and with great ceremony they and their direct descendants were placed under the protection of St. Peter, and the whole nation of the Franks was called upon in solemn terms to choose their kings from no other family henceforth and for ever.

Toby's eyes, through all the impressive circumstance, seldom wandered from the boyish figure on the king's right hand. The sun from the window just touched his golden hair, and brought a light into his blue eyes more brilliant even than the excitement of the chase had done. The very air seemed full of a solemn meaning, and Toby found his thoughts wandering into the future. But they were always connected with that young princely figure from whom his eyes were never taken. He was thinking of sixteen years hence, when King Pepin would be dead, and Charles, a young man of twenty-seven, would begin his

marvellous reign. And then he began running after future events as the huntsmen had run after the boar. He saw the king travelling with his army into Italy to defend the Pope against the Lombards. He saw him receive the iron crown of Lombardy; he saw the friendly relation between the king and the church grow stronger every year, and with it the empire of his power grow wider and wider. He saw the new capital, Aix la Chapelle, erected, and learned men flocking into the country on the encouragement of the great Emperor. Schools sprang up under the guidance of an English priest named Alcuin. The pride of Rome had fallen, but here was a single man in one reign building an empire nearly as extensive and glorious as hers had been. Alas, that it should have fallen again when, in 814, the day came for his crown to pass to others.

"Ah," sighed Toby to himself, as the focus of Time's Telescope began to go awry, "it was the iron will *to do* that they wanted, and *that* could not be passed on with the iron crown."

Engrossed with this thought he rose from the green bank and turned towards his home. His meditations were scattered to the four winds as he passed the stable door by a pony's shrill neigh. Toby blushed a deep crimson. It recalled to him a little scene which had taken place in the paddock one short hour before.

JOHN LEA.

## WHEN THE RAIN IS OVER.

WHEN the rain is over,  
     When the clouds have pass'd,  
 And the golden sunshine  
     Beams again at last;  
 All the earth is fairer,  
     Ev'ry freshened flow'r  
 Lifts its head to answer:  
     "Thank you, little show'r!"  
     When the show'r is over,  
     When the rain is done,  
 Nature's all the sweeter,  
     Brighter shines the sun!

When the tears are over,  
     When the pain has pass'd,  
 And the smiles and dimples  
     Come again at last;  
 Never mind the bruises,  
     Laugh away the fears;  
 Answer like the flowers:  
     "Thank you, little tears!"  
     When the tears are over,  
     Smiles come back again;  
 Life is all the sweeter  
     For the drops of rain!

CONSTANCE M. LEWE.

## THE "LITTLE FOLKS" WARD.

### SANTA CLAUS IN SHOREDITCH.

By BELLA SIDNEY WOOLF, Author of "All in a Castle Fair," etc.



RINCESS LOUISE hopes that the young people who read *LITTLE FOLKS* will try and help to get money for a few more new cots in the Hackney Road Hospital for children.

"All who have been lucky in getting money may be sure that it will go to help to cure the little ones from sickness and suffering, and in making their young lives brighter and happier. December 20th, 1900.

"Kensington Palace, W."

You will remember that the above gracious and encouraging message greeted your eyes at the close of my article in last month's *LITTLE FOLKS* when I revealed to you the great plan we have in view for the first year of the new century. And I quote the message again, because I want you all to take these words which one of the greatest ladies of the land — one of the daughters of the late Queen—has penned to you young readers of *LITTLE FOLKS* — I want you to take them to heart and to keep them before your eyes, so that by this time next year we may be able to show Her Royal Highness that her message was not written in vain. I am sure you all know that those on whose time there are the most claims, the King and his brothers and sisters, are never "too busy" when charity knocks at the door, and I think that we, who have only the ordinary round of duties and work to perform, would find their tasks "too heavy for mortal to bear," were we to change places. Do not in any case shirk the little you can do, but throw yourselves, as far as in you lies, into this scheme for the *LITTLE FOLKS* Ward, which is ready to your hand and within your small powers.

There has not yet been time for me to hear what you think of the plan, or how many of you are eager to begin the work. Next month I hope we shall have our foot already in the stirrup. So for this time I shall take you straightway to Shoreditch again, and show you what I saw there in Christmas week,

whilst you were setting off to parties in your smart white frocks and your Eton suits, or to the pantomime perhaps.

It was a terrible day—rain pouring down, wind blowing "great guns," as sailor men say, and mud ankle deep. Shoreditch did not look any prettier than on my former visit—in fact I don't think that bad weather is becoming to it—certainly we all agreed that a drearier spot it would be hard to find. But once the wind had blown us into the North-Eastern Hospital, we forgot the tempest outside in what we saw inside. I say "we," for several of us, young and old, had come to see how Santa Claus appears at a hospital.

Damp coats and mackintoshes laid aside, we climbed the stairs, escorted by the kind and cheery lady who is Matron at the Hospital, the swing-doors opened, and we found ourselves—in Wonderland. I told you last month how pretty the ward looks on ordinary days, but that day it was, well—ten, twenty times as pretty. The rows of cots, the wee figures in their scarlet jackets, the white bedclothes, and the scarlet quilts were there as before, but the long tables down the centre of the room were laden with daffodils and plants, flags adorned the walls, and graceful green garlands were festooned from one side of the room to the other. All this was done by the nurses' nimble fingers, aided by the "wellest" children. Over every globe was a red and white paper shade, and to crown all, in the centre of the ward stood a giant Christmas Tree rearing its head almost to the ceiling. How it sparkled in the firelight! How exciting and mysterious the packages which hung from it appeared to the bright eyes of the little ones in their cots!

I went round to see if any of my friends from last time were there, and I soon found Thomas and Harcourt, whom I had promised soldiers last time. They were very glad that I had not forgotten them, and we soon had

the gallant redcoats set out in a row on the little table across each bed. Then I was turning away to visit the other cots, when I heard a little voice from the next cot whisper to Thomas, "I wish I had some soldiers, too." And luckily I had another box, so two bright eyes grew still brighter, and two thin little hands eagerly clasped the treasure. Yes, there's a great deal of soldier worship amongst the boys in the hospital, and I think many of them think a red coat would be a fine thing to wear when they grow up. Not so my friend with the broken leg, of whom I wrote last time, and who was still there at Christmas. His present from the Christmas Tree was a splendid box of soldiers, with which he seemed delighted. So I asked him if he would like to be a soldier.

"No," said he.

"And why not?" I asked.

"Might get my head blown off," he answered, and I could not but agree that such an occurrence was just what would have prevented me from being a soldier!

"But what would you like to be?" I said.

"Specs I'll help Farver."

"That's the best," I answered. "And what is Father?"

"Keeps a fried fish shop," was the reply in a tone of pride, which only served to increase my respect for this small East End laddie, whose ambition was "to help Farver."

"Come," said one of the nurses, as I turned away, "Come and see Alfie."

And then I made the acquaintance of the most patriotic little person in the building.

Alfie lay in a swing cot at the far end of the ward, and Alfie was two years old. He had the tiniest, wisest little face—so pale it seemed almost transparent—and the funniest look in his eyes, as he looked at you with his wee head (all enveloped in bandages) on one side.

"You must hear Alfie sing," said the nurse. "Now, Alfie, sing 'Soldiers of the Queen' for the lady."

Then she knelt down by the cot and began:

"The soldiers of the Queen, my lads,  
Who've been, my lads, who've seen, my lads,  
In the fight for Britain's glory, lads,  
And we'll have to show them what we mean,"

and so on, beating time with her finger, while Alfie chimes in in the tiniest of voices but in perfect tune, also beating time gravely with the veriest midget of a finger. It is the funniest sight imaginable, and the first song is such a success that Alfie is obliged to give an encore — still patriotic — "The Absent-Minded Beggar." Right bravely he chanted:

"Cook's son, duke's son, son of a hundred kings,

Fifty thousand horse and foot going to Table Bay,

All of them doing their country's work, and who's  
to look after the things?

Pass the hat for your credit's sake, and pay, pay,  
pay."

Alfie seems to have a soul of music in him, though his years are but two, and I wondered as I looked at him whether he would be a great musician some day. Stranger things have happened, but Alfie's little wizened, transparent face made me fear that the years of life that lay before him might not be many.

"Now 'God Save the Queen,' Alfie," said the nurse. But Alfie was so excited by the applause that he would sing no more, but merely gazed at us and beat time.

Thus I left him, as I went in search of Elizabeth Tomkins Mary Emily, whom you may remember from last time. But she had gone home for Christmas, and in her place was a bonnie, dark-eyed maiden called Beatrice, just as talkative as "Elizabeth, etc.," as I must call her. I have a very warm corner of my heart for Beatrice, for this reason. It happened that a friend who was with me had just given Beatrice the last ball we had brought with us, and unthinkingly I said:

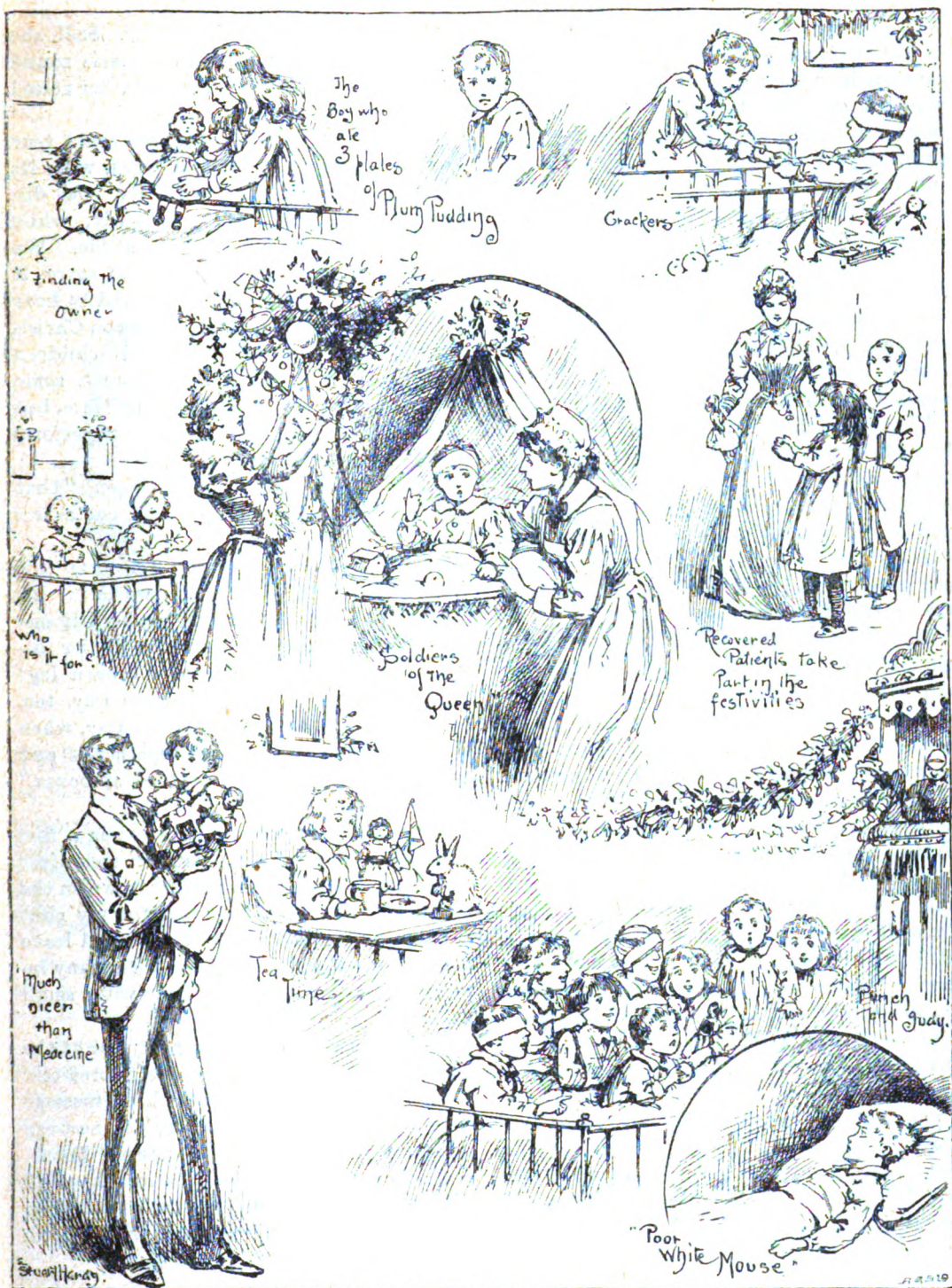
"Oh, what a pity, I wanted it for Bertie."

You remember Bertie—"White Mouse," as he was called.

"But Beatrice will give it up at once, I know," said a nurse, who overheard my words. "She's very unselfish. Beatrice, you will give up the ball to Bertie, won't you?"

"Yes," said the little girl, holding it out to me. "Bertie may have it."

I did not like to take it, but Beatrice was firm. Bertie should have it. I promised her a doll instead, and her bright face grew still brighter.



CHRISTMAS IN THE NORTH-EAST LONDON HOSPITAL.



There are many deeds of unselfishness which receive far more praise than Beatrice's, but I question if many are more deserving. Toys were not everyday things to Beatrice; her parents are costermongers, and a new toy is a nine days' wonder in such homes, yet, without a sigh, she gave up her new treasure.

Alas! when I asked for the White Mouse. I was told that he was very ill—so ill that he was away in a little ward by himself. Poor wee White Mouse! The tears rose in my eyes—I had so looked forward to seeing him again and putting the ball in his wee hands. And now it was feared that the White Mouse would never look at balls or anything again.

That is the heartbreaking side of hospital life. It is not all Christmas Trees and garlands, and bright, cosy wards. Yet, I must not make you too unhappy before I have told you of the festivities, so we will leave the sad side for the moment, and hope with all our hearts that the little White Mouse may take a turn for the better.

Lo and behold, the tree! On a sudden the electric light is turned on, and not only the red and white paper shades over the globes are lit up, but the tree—the tree is ablaze with red, white, and blue electric lights. Was there ever a greater surprise or a prettier sight? A low exclamation of delight runs through the ward—something like a deep-drawn sigh of admiration. And then the hands of the kind friend who has provided this pleasure for the little ones, take down from their green resting-place the presents of all kinds and shapes. This is soon done, and every cot shows some new treasure clasped in its owner's little hands—*treasure*, did I say?—*treasures* it should have been, for two or three presents fell to the lot of each. And then the crackers! The ward rang with their jovial "popping," while wan little faces looked out from gay paper caps. Some, of course, could not join in this gaiety, they were too ill, while one little girl—the one with the weights at her head and feet, of whom I told you before—could not even see the tree from where she

lay, for she might not raise herself. Still, she lay smiling contentedly with one arm round a smart new workbasket, and the other round a book.

It was a long while before we could tear ourselves away from the cosy ward, with its gay garlands and flags, with its now dismantled tree still shining brightly, while the wind moaned and howled outside. We felt like children at a party, "so sorry it was time to go." Besides, I lingered to hear the house-surgeon tell of the doings on Christmas Day, when even hospital children have a Christmas dinner. Of course, some may not indulge in "plum-pudding" fare, but there are a great many who are able to perform wonderful feats of appetite.

"I think," said the house-surgeon, "that one boy had three helpings—that one across the ward."

And I looked with great interest at this patient, who seemed none the worse for his feast. Well, it would be rather hard if one were done out of one's Christmas dinner because one happened to have a broken leg! There were crackers on Christmas Day, too, and a Punch and Judy on Boxing Day, when all the beds were drawn up together—"and beds were the best seats instead of boxes," said the house-surgeon.

No one was forgotten. There was a fine entertainment for the out-patients soon after New Year—but I can see a slight frown on the Good, Kind Editor's forehead, for my chat is breaking bounds, I fear! So, we will leave that till another time, together with many interesting conversations I had with small patients.

When Santa Claus knocks next year at the door of the building 'way down in Shoreditch, I hope we'll be able to send a little message with him, that there is a fine golden nest-egg saved up by the readers of LITTLE FOLKS, so that six more little children may have all advantages and solaces in their suffering. Then will your next Christmas be rich indeed, richer than any that has gone before.



"The gossips gathered about the village well" (p. 204).

## THE DIVINER.\*

By HAROLD BALLAGH.

**S**UMIOKA! Sumioka! *Ya!*"  
Sumioka did not answer.  
"Where is that lazy fellow?"  
Sumioka distinctly heard the question, but he kept very quiet.

He was idly filling a shabby little pipe with the poorest tobacco sold in the village. His mother came around the house.

"*Maa!*" she exclaimed, spying him. "Are you deaf? Here I have been calling you for ten minutes! Don't you want your *gozen*?" (rice).

Sumioka slowly followed her into the kitchen.

He muttered under his breath:

"Yes, I do want *gozen*, but not that black stuff mixed with chopped radishes she calls *gozen*."

He knew very well what was to be the bill

of fare, for an hour before he had peeped through the shabby front door to the kitchen. He saw his mother with a radish on the chopping board, and her knife in her hand.

"If I was not so hungry I could not eat this stuff at all," he thought, as he sat down to his meal.

As it was, his chop-sticks did not rest until his bowl of *gozen* was empty. He drank hot water in which had been steeped for a few minutes a handful of tea leaves, that were carefully saved and dried for future use. That was the extent of his dinner.

Sumioka went moodily back to his lazy corner, and continued smoking the poor tobacco his mother had called him from.

He could hear her talking to herself as she washed the little trays and the bowls from which they had eaten.

\* [Copyright in U.S.A., 1900, by Carrie Elizabeth Harrell.]



"*Domo!* Sumioka is a strange boy. He does not like this *gozen*. I wonder if he thinks I have a bag of money under the mats. How does he expect a poor widow to have any better than this? Indeed, he should be thankful it is not even worse."

"Thankful, indeed!" grumbled Sumioka to himself. "I would truly be thankful for one decent meal of *gozen*."

He smoked awhile.

"*Saa!* I have it. That knife shall be lost, then the radish will have to be left out!"

Presently his mother stretched herself out on the mats for her afternoon nap.

Sumioka slipped into the kitchen, took up the knife, and hid it.

Several hours afterwards he heard a distressed wail:

"Sumioka! Sumioka!"

"*Hai!*" he replied.

"Do you still smoke, Sumioka? And that, too, when I am in such trouble?"

"What is it, *O-ka-san?*" (mother).

"What, indeed!" she said. "My knife has gone. It is lost or stolen. *Saa!* Get to work, and look for it. I will call in a neighbour to help hunt for it."

The little house was searched throughout. Every box and drawer was emptied.

Sumioka worked with a will. Really, it was too funny! All this fuss about one knife.

"*Shikataganai!*" (There is no help for it!) finally exclaimed the poor woman.

She held her patched sleeve to her eyes, and began quietly to sob.

"I have not even a *tempu*" (penny), she said. "I cannot buy a new one. My rice will not last at all without the radishes mixed with it. Whatever is a poor widow to do?"

Sumioka felt ashamed of himself when his mother began to cry. He would not own that he had played a trick on her.

"*O-ka-san!*" he said suddenly. "Shall I find your knife? The gods have taught me to divine."

"What did you say?" cried the bewildered woman. "If you can divine, try to find my knife, by all means. I can't get along without it."

Sumioka began a nonsensical incantation; then he paused for some time, as if in deep thought.

"*Saa!*" he said. "You will find your knife under a stone at the west corner of the house."

His mother ran to the place, lifted the stone, and found the knife as predicted.

The old lady was astonished and delighted.

As the gossips gathered about the village well, she proudly informed them that her son had become a remarkable diviner.

The news soon spread, and Sumioka was besieged by people who wanted him to tell them where to find their lost goods.

This was very embarrassing.

Sumioka smoked awhile over it.

"Well," he said, "I would gladly accommodate you, but if I use this gift for any except those of noble birth the gods have told me that it will be taken from me."

This did not damp the credulity of the village folk; they had implicit belief in his powers.

Some time afterward the Prince of that country lost a great treasure.

He called together all the famous diviners to tell him where it could be found.

They made a great many guesses, but none of them were correct, and his Highness flew into a great rage.

"Pshaw!" he said, contemptuously. "You are a set of humbugs! There is not a genuine diviner among you. If I did not know my business better than you, I would stop it altogether and make my living catching sparrows with *mochi!*" (paste).

He waved his fan in vexation, and the diviners meekly crept out of his presence.

The Prince turned moodily to his secretary.

"Notify my whole country," he said, "that whoever tells me where this treasure is hid will receive a reward of five thousand *koku* of rice per year."

This notice had travelled to even the remote parts of the country.

"*Maa!* Here is a great chance for you, Sumioka," cried his fellow villagers.

Sumioka was so vexed and frightened that he did not fill his shabby pipe for a whole day.

"Very true," he said finally, "but I have



"He saw before him a beautiful woman."

no clothes good enough to wear before his Highness."

"That is nothing," cried the village pawnbroker, "I will let you have a suit of ceremony. When you get the reward you can pay. In every way you will then reflect honour upon your native place."

"It is very singular," sobbed his mother. "I should think, with your gifts, you would be only too happy to have this chance. Come, make no delay, my son, for fear the treasure will be found by someone else."

The situation was critical.

"I dare not tell the truth," Sumioka thought; "my neighbours would heap insult upon me. Yet, if I go to the Prince and fail, I may be punished for pretending. Well, it is the same either way. I will try. I may hit the spot at random."

His neighbours furnished him with clothes and a little money, and he started on his journey.

His thoughts on the way were not at all cheerful; he bitterly regretted the stupid joke he had played upon his devoted mother. Though a lazy fellow, he was not bad hearted by any means, so, when his reflections were interrupted by a tired fox darting across his path, he looked up quickly, and sprang upon

the large dog which was bounding after the fox.

"You old cur," he exclaimed, between blows, "you are no hunting dog. Go home and attend to your own business, instead of chasing foxes over the countryside."

The ambitious cur put his tail between his legs, and slunk off in a shamefaced manner.

Sumioka could see nothing of the fox, and presently forgot the incident.

The highway now ran by the seashore. The breaking of the waves on the beach and the sighing of the wind through the great pines gave Sumioka the first feeling of loneliness he had ever had.

He was beginning to be quite oppressed by the sensation, when he saw before him a beautiful woman, who held towards him an extraordinary-looking object, shaped something like a bird.

"Will you not accept this insignificant gift?" she said. "I was that fox\* you rescued awhile ago. I cannot thank you enough."

Sumioka stared at this beautiful apparition without a word.

"When you get to Waseda bridge," she

\* The fox is popularly believed not only to change its form when it wants to, but also to have the power of bewitching all other animals and human beings.

continued, "you will hear a raven croaking. Put on this hat, and you will find a way to make your fortune."

Sumioka mechanically accepted the hat. Before he recovered himself sufficiently to thank her she had disappeared.

He went on his way in a dazed manner, thinking over this strange adventure.

He glanced frequently at the hat, to convince himself that it was not all a dream.

When he came to the bridge he was recalled from his wandering thoughts by the hoarse croaking of a great raven. He instantly clapped on his hat. In a moment he understood the language of ravens.

This one was saying:

"What fools men are! They are rushing here and there hunting for the Prince's lost treasure. We all know that it is hid in the temple of this very village of Waseda. Men call these diviners famous. I would not give



**"He was recalled from his wandering thoughts by the hoarse croaking of a great raven."**

a dried persimmon for the whole lot of them! What idiots they are!"

Sumioka clapped his hands, and cried:

"I have found it! I have found it!"

Then he started running for the palace of the prince.

Suddenly he stopped.

"This will not do! I must be dignified. I will go to an inn, and act as other diviners act."

When the Prince heard that a village diviner desired an audience, he laughed.

"He will be just like all the rest—I have

been besieged by guessers for months; but, as I gave out the notice, I am obliged to keep my word. Let him come tomorrow."

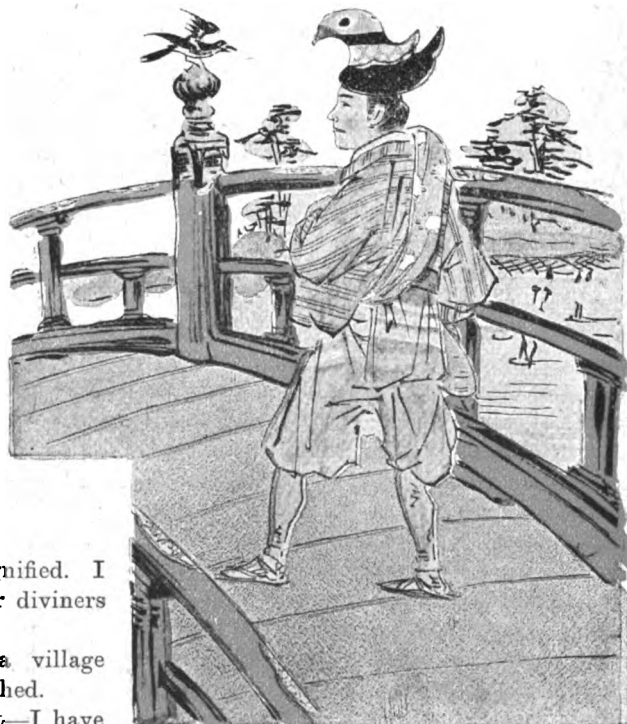
Sumioka clothed himself in the robes of ceremony lent by the pawnbroker, and presented himself before his Highness. When he was asked to say what he knew of the lost treasure, he imitated the ways of other diviners, and presently pronounced that the treasure would be found in the temple of Waseda.

As this village was near the palace, messengers were immediately sent out, and soon returned with the astonishing news that the money was actually all there!

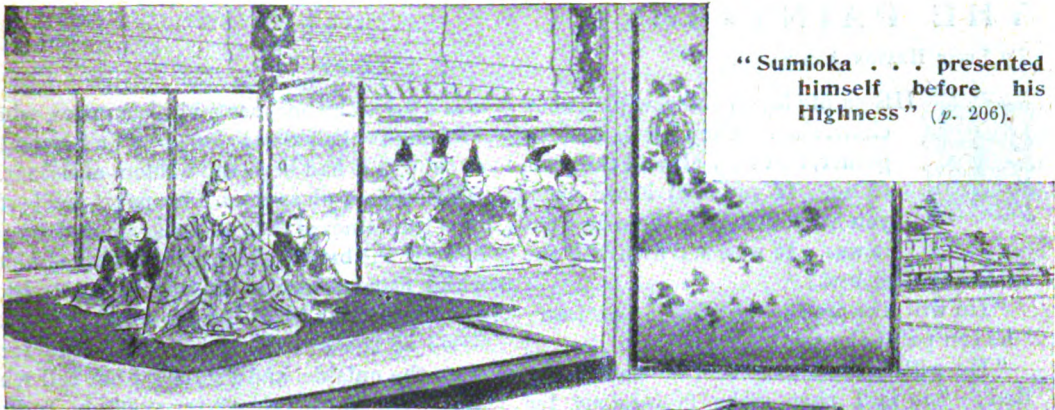
The Prince was delighted, and his attendants and subjects were even more so, for while the uncertainty existed each felt he might be suspected of the theft.

The Prince's temper had driven them frantic, and everyone was pleased that the treasure was found.

Sumioka received the promised yearly







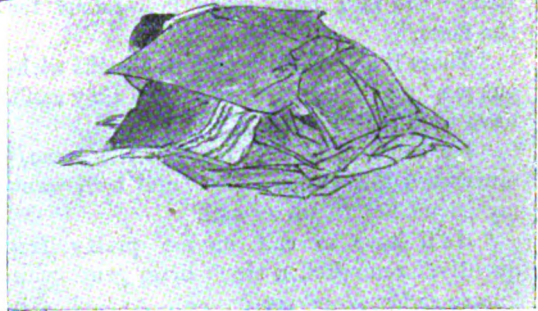
"Sumioka . . . presented himself before his Highness" (p. 206).

allowance of five thousand *koku* of rice\*, as well as many other gifts.

By this unexpected good fortune he obtained all he needed.

He was very generous to his native village, and was always called there "The Lucky Diviner." He had one peculiarity—he never ate a radish under any circumstances. His mother found him a devoted son, and when he married, and had children of his own, he

\* One *koku* of rice is five bushels. In Japan, until the Restoration, all incomes were reckoned in *koku* of rice.



talked to them by the hour about the duty of being kind to all animals.

"If it were not for this," he said, "I should never have been 'The Lucky Diviner'!"



"He talked to them by the hour about the duty of being kind to all animals."

# THE PAINT-BOX.

By LUCIE HEATON ARMSTRONG.



HE paints lay in the new paint-box chattering. They all talked together, and they all said the same thing. If you had heard them you wouldn't have known what it was. It was, "Which will the little boy like best?"

"He will like me the best," said Cerulean; "he can paint the sky with me."

"He will find me most useful," said Light Red; "it is I that make flesh-colour for the faces."

"There'll be no colour in their cheeks without me," said Miss Carmine; "and they can't have pink lashes either."

"He can't paint the trees without me," murmured Mr. Green Bice, "and he'll want my friend Mr. Sepia as well."

"He'll have to call on me pretty frequently," remarked a stout little gentleman known as Mr. Vandyke Brown.

"And on me," said Mrs. Emerald Green.

Mr. Lamp-Black was growling away something all the time, and his next-door neighbour, Chinese White, mustered enough English to say, "Him likee little Chinese Whitey best."

"Oh, what nonsense you are all talking," cried Mr. Vermilion when the hubbub had ceased; "of course, he'll like me best! All little boys like scarlet—the colour for soldiers' coats. Of course he'll like me best! The minute he opens the box he will clap his hands and say, 'Bright red!'"

"Me for the trousers!" said Mrs. Prussian Blue.

"Yes, of course," said Mr. Vermilion, "you are useful too, but it is certain he will like me best. Red coats! I'm the popular favourite! It would, indeed, be a poor world without me!"

\* \* \* \* \*

The birthday had come, and the dear little boy saw his paint-box. The dear little boy! Curly-haired and smiling! He for whom surprises were prepared, for whom all pleasures were ready! The dear little boy! Whose smile

was a joy to his mother and his aunties, whose broken English was listened to and repeated as though it had been the wisdom of Solomon. Oh, he was so pleased with his paint-box! He read the names of the colours again and again; he tried the brushes, admired the china palette which fitted so nicely into its place. He liked the red best, as Mr. Vermilion had predicted. Some of the colours looked much the same from the outside, and you could not tell what they were like till they were ground. Indigo, Sepia, and Sap Green looked very dull in the box; you could not even tell what Miss Carmine was like till you ground her on the palette. But there was no mistaking Mr. Vermilion! He was always bright and cheerful; he looked like a general officer in his bright red coat, commanding all the colours in the box.

"Bright red! Bright red!" cried the little boy when he saw him. And he clapped his hands just as Mr. Vermilion had said.

The box itself was in cedar wood, and there was a picture of Robinson Crusoe inside the lid. There were three rows of paints, and there was a compartment for indiarubber, brushes, and pencils, and a secret drawer at the bottom of the box, which could not be opened till you had taken out a brass screw. There was a tiny glass for painting water, but it was too small to satisfy the little boy, who preferred to use a good-sized tumbler.

Nothing would do but that he must begin to paint at once, and all manner of pictures from the *Illustrated London News* were brought for him to paint. His mother and aunts looked on well pleased whilst he daubed the pictures all sorts of bright and impossible colours, did not laugh when he brought the outline of the lady's hat well out into the distant landscape, or when he painted some of the faces yellow and others vermilion red. If he thought that horses look well in sapphire blue, and that emerald green was the proper colour for grass, who could venture to dispute with him? They could only bow to his superior taste.

A year had passed, and the painting-box was not quite what it was. The box was splashed with different colours, the peg which held the secret drawer was lost; the china palette had got a crack in it, the painting-glass was broken, Mr. Vandyke Brown was lost; the sober colours were still in pretty good condition, but the brighter colours were all in a very sad way. Emerald Green was worn down, Sapphire Blue was only half her original size, Miss Carmine seemed to have all the spirit

taken out of her, and Chinese White was worn to a thread. But Mr. Vermilion was the worst! He was but half the size he had been last year, and not only had he been remorselessly ground down on the palette, but the paint had been taken from the outside with the brush till he was quite worn down in the middle.

"It's dreadful to be worn to this pitch," sighed Mr. Vermilion; "this it is to be a popular favourite!"

## TRYING IT ON.

COME, try it on,"  
laughed the sun-  
beams.

As they danced  
through her golden  
hair;

"Yes, try it on," cried  
the cuckoo,  
Away in the sweet  
summer air.

So Maggie donned her  
new bonnet,  
And peeped in the  
glass just to see.  
"It's charming," twit-  
tered a sparrow,  
Perched high in the  
old apple-tree.

Then someone spoke at  
the window,  
A fairy, the wee  
girlie said—  
"Now don't be vain,  
little puppet!"  
In truth, it was sly  
Brother Ned.



"Trying it on."

*Byrne & Co., Richmond, phot.*





Cassell & Co., Ltd., phot.

A Little Bugler.

## LITTLE SOLDIERS OF THE KING.

**I** THINK most boys and girls will agree with me that one of the best and merriest of games is playing at soldiers. It must be a queer child who has never played this game and enjoyed the fun. I, for one, have often pushed my cap to the side of my head, fastened a belt round me, shouldered a broomstick, and marched solemnly round the dining-room table, while my playmates, Tom, Dick, and Harry, have followed on behind, beating a tea-tray or blowing a penny whistle—all of us feeling as brave and proud as if we were really soldiers marching to battle.

But, after all, that is merely *playing* at soldiers. It is quite another thing to be dressed in a real uniform, to blow real bugles, to have real guns, to live in great barracks, and to be drilled like real soldiers. That must be splendid for a boy who is proud to be a soldier of the King.

In the West End of London there is a great building called the Duke of York's Military School, and here the passers-by may peep through the railings and see hundreds of boys in red coats, not very old, and not very big, playing about or being drilled in the courtyard. These are the Duke of York's boys, as they are called. Most of them are the sons of soldiers who have lost their lives while fighting their country's battles. The son of many a hero whose name can be read in history, and whose brave deeds live in the memory of his comrades, finds a home at this great school, where he is taught to be as brave a soldier as his father. These orphan lads are very proud of being the sons of soldiers, and they look forward eagerly to the day when they, too, may serve their country with brave and faithful hearts.

The Duke of York's boys are taught everything that will help them to be good soldiers in after life. Of course, they have to go to school, to learn to read and write, and do arithmetic, like other boys of their age, but they do not spend such a long time in school over books and slates, and for many hours every day they are out in the courtyard getting health and strength by their drill exercises.

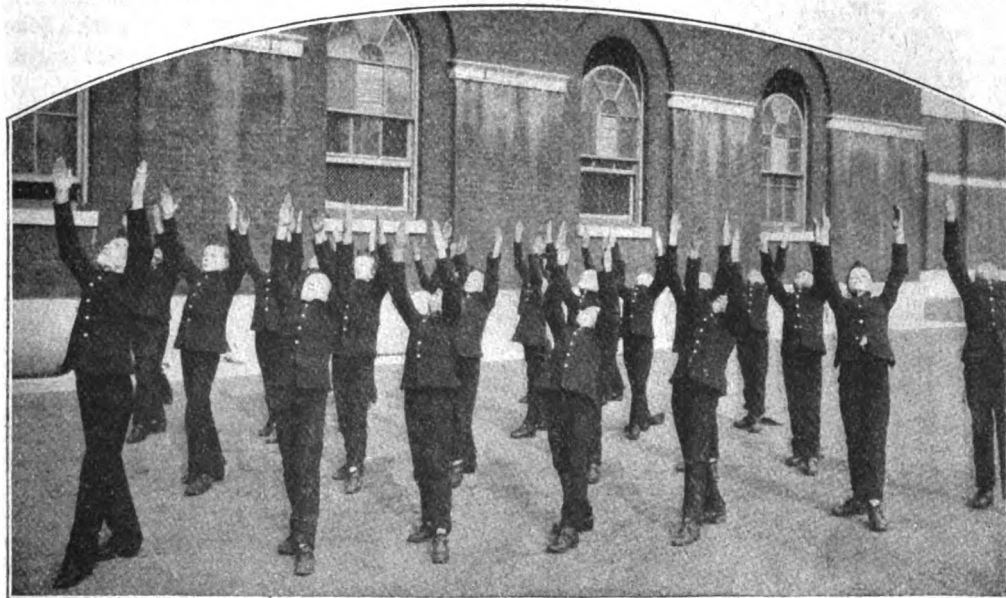
It is a splendid sight to watch these hundreds of boys drawn up into a great square, each one shoulder to shoulder and toe to toe. Not a boy moves, not a voice is heard in the ranks, not a foot shuffles. With head erect, and well-squared chest, they stand waiting for the command of the drill sergeant. And presently the words of command ring out, and the boys "form fours" or move quickly, foot by foot, and everyone together, until they take up the new position required of them. Then again the commands peal out, and the boys begin their exercises. "One!" Their hands are raised high in the air with their heads held well back. "Two!" Their arms sweep downwards, and with the tips of their fingers they touch their toes, without bending their knees. "Three!" Quickly they spring upwards again with their hands in the air, waiting for the fresh command. Thus they con-

tinue going through a great number of pretty exercises until their cheeks glow with a healthy heat. It is a great treat to see them marching. Their legs move as regularly as clockwork, and they keep in step as well as any old soldiers could do. Besides this kind of drill, they are also taught to handle a rifle and to limber a gun. To "limber" a gun means to fasten it on to its gun carriage, and to harness it with ropes so that it may be dragged along. This the Duke of York's boys do with great speed. Each of the small gunners has one duty, and at the word of command each one knows which is his right place and exactly what he must do. Some hold the ropes, some carry the shafts, some have to place the gun on the carriage, and so on, so that almost as soon as the words have left the officer's lips, everything is in its right place, and the gunners are ready to march along with their precious burden.

The boys have a real band of their own, and buglers, drummers, and fifers, who march at the head of the regiment and play splendid tunes. It is a grand thing to be a bugler. He has a beautiful brass instrument which he carries across his shoulders fastened to a green cord and tassel. When all the boys are

being drilled together, one of them stands by the side of the Colonel, and when the officer gives a command the bugler blows certain notes on his bugle which can be heard by everyone, and which everyone understands. Supposing, for instance, the boys were taking part in a sham fight and the officer wanted them to charge the enemy. He would speak to the bugler, and then in a moment would come ringing bugle notes, which all the boys would know to mean "Charge!" On Sundays, when the boys are all assembled in the great courtyard to be inspected by their officers before going to church, it is a fine sight to see them all marching up in their best uniforms, with the band in front. At the head of the band walks the drum-major. He is a little fellow, with chubby cheeks, but he wears a grand uniform, and carries a tall stick twice as long as himself, called a "bâton." He steps out proudly, beating time with this stick with magnificent flourishes. I do not suppose the Emperor of Russia or the Sultan of Turkey is so full of pride as this little drum-major of the Duke of York's!

The first thing a soldier has to learn is obedience, and, above all things else, the Duke of York's boys are taught to obey. Not only at



*Cassell & Co., Ltd., photo.*

**"Their hands are raised high in the air" (p. 210).**

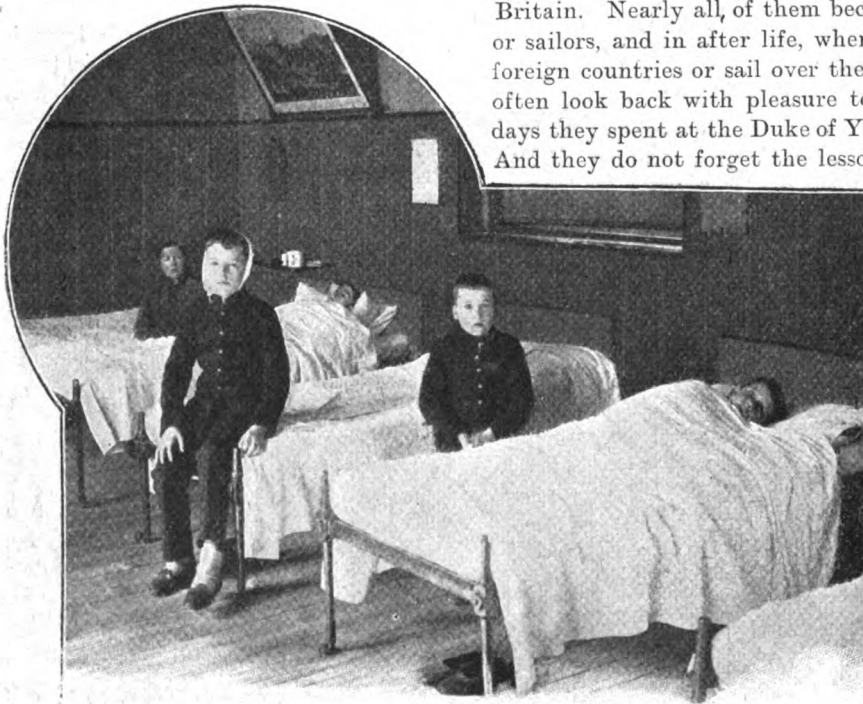
drill or during lesson time must they obey the commands of their officers and teachers, but even when they go to bed or when they get up in the morning they have to take off their clothes or put them on by word of command. The boys sleep in long dormitories, or bedrooms, each in a little cot of his own. In the morning each boy must make his own bed, and each must fold up his mattress and clothes in perfect order. Woe betide any careless youngster who leaves his bolster crooked or bundles up his clothes untidily. The voice of a grim old sergeant—a hero who has taken part in many a hard fight—thunders out words of anger, and sentences the culprit to punishment.

As soon as the boys are in bed the lights are put out, and everyone is supposed to go to sleep. But boys will be boys. Some of them manage to hide sticks in their cots, and with these they tickle the ribs of their neighbour. Sometimes, too, two of them will jump out of bed and challenge each other to a pillow-fight duel. Then furious blows will be given on

either side, and the fight is watched with breathless interest by the other boys until the heavy foot of the old sergeant is heard outside the door, and the warriors scamper into their cots, and pretend to be asleep with loud snores.

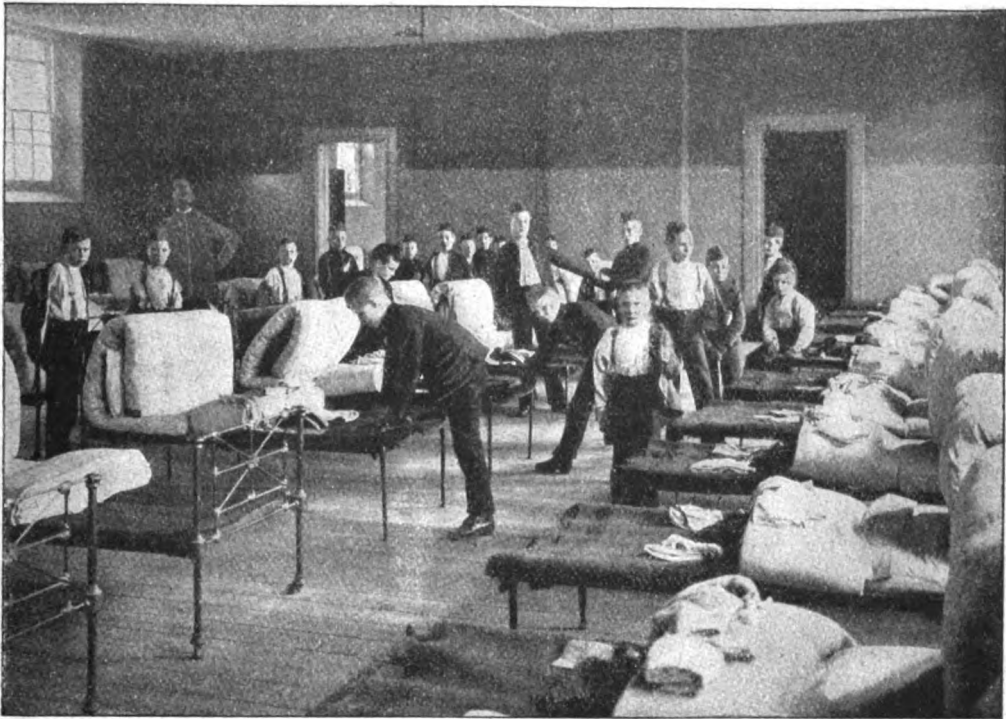
At one end of the great Courtyard, at some little distance from the school, stands a small and lonely building. This is the hospital, where the boys are sent when they fall ill. It is not often that it contains many patients, for the Duke of York's boys are mostly rosy-cheeked, healthy youngsters. But sometimes they eat too much pudding or suffer from that demon called Toothache, or catch the measles, and then they have to be sent to bed in the little hospital. Here they are nursed by a motherly old lady, who cuddles them up with hot gruel and goodies. It is my opinion (though this is a secret) that sometimes a boy gets ill—not *very* ill, you know—so that he may spend a cosy time under the care of the kind and motherly nurse.

The Duke of York's boys grow up to be brave, strong, honest, and gallant sons of Britain. Nearly all, of them become soldiers or sailors, and in after life, when they go to foreign countries or sail over the ocean, they often look back with pleasure to the bright days they spent at the Duke of York's School. And they do not forget the lessons learnt at



In the little hospital.

Cassell & Co., Ltd. photo.



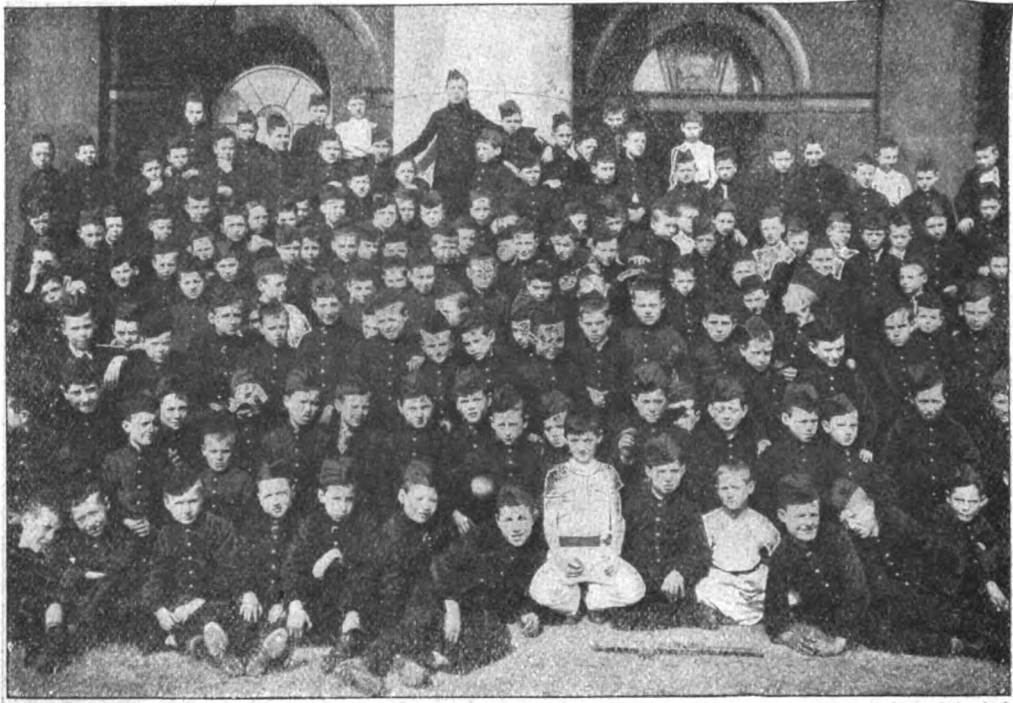
Cassell & Co., Ltd., phot.

**"Each must fold up his mattress and clothes in perfect order" (p. 212).**

that time. In many a regiment that has won honour and glory in the great South African war are heroes whose boyhood was spent at the Duke of York's School, and those who are there now read of their brave deeds with beating hearts, and long for the time when they, too, may gain honour in the service of their King and country.

The chief of the Duke of York's School is a gentleman named Colonel Forrest. This gallant officer once had part of one of his lungs shot away during a battle. The shot was extracted, and, curious to relate, now hangs as a memento on the *châtelaïne* of Mrs. Forrest. The next officer in command is Captain Thomas, and no one is more beloved by the boys, who look upon him as a hero. The Captain always has a cheery smile and a kindly word for "his boys," as he loves to call them, and if any of them get into trouble they find a gentle judge and a wise counsellor in this officer. Perhaps the next person in importance after the Colonel and the Captain, is a

portly, rotund gentleman who generally wears a long white apron and a white calico cap. This jolly-looking personage is the cook, and it is a glorious sight to see him march into the dining-hall carrying a great trencher laden with a huge, steaming joint, which wafts delicious odours to the nostrils of the hungry young soldiers. The boys sit in rows on either side of long tables, and they watch with eager eyes for the arrival of the cook and his assistants with the good cheer. No sooner is everyone served and grace has been said, than such a din and clatter commences that a person can hardly hear his own voice. The knives and forks rattle on the plates, and four hundred hungry mouths soon clear off the first serve and are ready for another helping. The cook is looked upon with great admiration by the boys who so quickly gobble down the food he provides for them. He was a soldier before he became a cook, and a row of medals on his breast shows that he played a brave part in the battles which were fought long years ago.



A group of "Little Soldiers."

*Cassell & Co., Ltd., phot.*

One of the pleasantest days of all the year at the Military School is Christmas Day, when the boys have a splendid feast, and are allowed to invite their relations and friends. They are dressed in their best uniforms, and their faces shine brightly after much scrubbing and rubbing with soap and water. Many of them have little sisters who come dressed in pretty frocks with dainty bows and ribbons. At tea-time, when the table is laden with buns and cakes and bonbons and all good things, a little girl is placed between each young soldier. It is very pleasant to see the way in which the gallant young warriors look after their guests. At first they are rather shy of one another, but towards the end of the evening they are

on the best of terms, and walk about with their arms round each other's waists. Then when the time for parting comes, promises are made by all the newly-made friends to remember one another for ever afterwards, and to write long, long letters every week. I am afraid these promises are not always kept, for little girls sometimes have short memories, and young soldiers are often too busy learning to march and drill to sit down and write loving letters to their friends. But the girls and boys often meet year after year, and when they grow up into men and women they remember these Christmas days at the Duke of York's School as some of the sunniest memories in their lives. **PHILIP GIBBS.**

## NOTES.

### A Friendly Zebra.

Once upon a time a Burchell's zebra strayed from the White Umvolosi district and quartered itself amongst the rye on Mr. White's farm, near Melmoth, in Zululand. By-and-by it left the cattle and herded with the horses. Just before the Boer war broke out, Mr. White sent his cattle towards the coast lest they might be captured by the Dutch troops, and the zebra went with them. However, it soon came back to the horses, with which it kept company even after the cattle had returned. There was one horse for which it had a great fondness. One day, whilst Mr. White was riding this horse, he passed his other horses. The moment the zebra saw its pal, it trotted up to it, gave a sort of bray, rubbed noses, and otherwise expressed its joy at the meeting. It followed Mr. White home and then went with the horse to its stable. Such is its liking for its friend, it will even allow Mr. White to touch it. The odd thing

is that it hates dogs, chases them away, and lashes out at them with its powerful fore feet. Some day it is confidently expected that it will kill a dog.

### Lord Roberts and the Youthful Stamp Collectors.

The following true incident is worthy of notice as showing Lord Roberts's love for children, and his wonderful attention to small details. A gentleman, the father of two little boys, was asked by them to write to Lord Roberts requesting him to send over some Transvaal stamps for their albums. This the father did, enclosing a postal order for half-a-crown. To the delight of the boys, a letter came from Lord Roberts's secretary enclosing the stamps asked for, and returning the postal order. The latter was promptly sent up to the Absent-minded Beggars by the father, and the stamps are now the most cherished contributions to the albums of the two boys.







## THE BOOK OF BETTY BARBER

### AND THE TROUBLE IT CAUSED.

By MAGGIE BROWNE, Author of "Wanted—a King," "The Surprising Adventures of Tuppy and Tue," etc.

#### CHAPTER V.

"A FAIR LITTLE GIRL SAT UNDER A TREE."



HE tree was there — a very large, beautiful tree, too—and the work was there; but Lucy was neither sitting under the tree nor "sewing as long as her eyes could see." She was walking up and down the garden, looking very serious and very solemn.

"Caw, caw," called the Rooks, who lived up in the tree.

Lucy made no answer.

"Caw, caw, caw!" called the Rooks very loudly.

Lucy looked up at them.

"I don't think I can cut you out," she said, "I love to see you fly over my head."

"Cut us out! What is she talking about?" said the Rooks.

"She said something to us about cutting," said the tall pink Foxglove.

"Oh, I've been cut out," said the Work, "it's quite all right!"

"Excuse me," said Lucy, waking up from her dream, "it isn't all right, it's all wrong."

"What is all wrong? Tell us all about it," said the Violets, curtsying.

Lucy frowned. For the first time in her life she wished the Violets would not curtsy; she wished they would dance a hornpipe or jump, do anything but curtsy. She felt quite sick and tired of seeing the Violets curtsy, and she could not help thinking that if she were sick of her own Violets it was not very surprising that Betty Barber was sick of her.

"I must cut some of them out," she said, "but I cannot make up my mind which it shall be."

"You won't cut me," shouted the Foxglove.

"Or us," called the Violets.

Lucy ran across to the tree, picked up her work, rolled it up into a tight, tight ball, and threw it on the ground.

"Well, I never did," said a girl who was peeping over the garden gate. "Here is quite a new story—

"A queer little girl stood under a tree,  
Spoiling her work, so silly was she;  
She rolled it up small, and squeezed it up tight,  
And said, 'Stupid work, good-night, good-night.'"

Lucy stamped her foot. "Be quiet, Mary," she said, "it is easy for you to laugh, you have only three verses."

"And quite enough, too," said Mary, walking through the gate, "quite as many as most children can get into their heads. I can't think how you manage with six, and you've so many things to look after, too—foxgloves, violets, rooks, horses, and oxen. Why, I find it takes me all my time to keep one lamb in order."

"But I don't get on," said Lucy. "I don't get on at all with the children. They say that I am too long, and that they are sick of me."

"Too long, too long! What rubbish," grumbled an old Spider, who was very busy close by Lucy's tree, making a most superior parlour for silly flies to walk into. "They'll say I'm too long next, I suppose. You haven't enough verses, that's what's the matter with you. You want more verses and more lines. It takes a great many lines to make a really good web."

"Cut out two or three verses," said Mary, taking no notice of the Spider.

"I've been trying to do it all the morning," said Lucy, "and I can't manage it. I love my flowers, and birds, and beasts. I can't leave one of them out."

"I won't leave a single verse out," growled the Spider.

"Well, then, in my humble opinion, you are in a pretty fix," said Mary. "Now, if I were you I would make up my mind to cut three verses out, and do it too. You would certainly be more popular. I haven't said so before, because I didn't want to hurt your feelings; but do you think you are quite as popular as you were? Have you noticed that



Jill and Bopeep.

our friends on the other side of the road, the Owl and the Pussy Cat. The Walrus—"

"I know nobody who lives on the other side of the road," said Lucy, quickly. "I have nothing to do with nonsense."

"But, my dear," said Mary, "what if the children prefer nonsense?"

"My love," said Lucy, very crossly, "you'll say next they prefer nursery rhymes."

"Well, don't shout," said Mary, "there are Jill and Bopeep outside the gate this minute. Don't lose your temper, good little Lucy."

"Good little Lucy losing her temper?" shouted Jill. "What can be the matter?"

"She says the children are sick of her because she has too many verses," said Mary quickly.

"I think she might do with fewer," said Jill, "Jack and I find three plenty."

"If you will take my advice," said Bopeep, "you'll get rid of some of those verses. If you don't, you will find you will gradually lose them. How many children, do you suppose,

really know all my verses? I shudder to say it; but most of them, I find know only my first verse, and some of them never even take the trouble to find out what happens to my sheep's tails. I'm getting quite out of patience with the children."

"Don't do that," said Lucy.

"You must not do that," said Jill.

"Take a nap, and you'll feel better," said Mary.

"Really," said Bopeep, "you seem to think I am always wanting to sleep in the day-time," and she walked past the gate and up the road. The other three looked at one another, and Mary shrugged her shoulders.

"There, my dear," she said, "take warning. You see what will happen to you."

"She is nearly always cross," said Jill, sighing. "I must talk to her and try to soothe her," and Jill followed Bopeep up the road.

"I was cross, too, just now," said Lucy. "I can't bear to think the children are getting tired of me. What am I to do? Can't you help me?" She held out her hands beseechingly to Mary.

"It seems to me," said Mary, "that you have too much of the 'Good-night, good-night,' business. Couldn't you cut out some of that?"

"I might, of course," said Lucy doubtfully. "Anything would be better than leaving out my dear animals, or birds, or flowers."

"Caw, caw, caw," called the Rooks.

"Moo, moo," said the Oxen.

And the Horses neighed.

"I shouldn't be very sorry to leave out the Violets," said Lucy.

"Then, really, I don't see any reason why you should not be able to do it," said Mary.

"Beware, beware! In my youth——" called a voice.

The two girls looked up quickly.

A stout old gentleman was running up the road, calling as he ran.

"Who is it?" whispered Lucy.

"Hush!" said Mary. "Wait a minute. you will see. He will tell us about his youth. and ask us the way to the Land of Poetry."

The old gentleman was stopping at the gate.

"Good afternoon," he said, "I am sorry to trouble you, but do you happen to know if I am in Rhyme Land? I never can find out where I am. I used to live always in the beautiful Land of Poetry. Then one day I found myself in Nonsense Land, and since then I cannot find my way back home."

"We are in Rhyme Land," said Lucy. "Come through the gate and you will be in Rhyme Land, too."

The old gentleman sighed.

"There's my son, you know. He won't come, he prefers Nonsense Land. Beware of Nonsense Land. But I'll go and tell him about this gate. In my youth——"

And the old gentleman hurried up the lane, sighing and groaning and muttering.

"You are old Father William," said Mary. "Poor Father William! He is always trying to find his way to the Land of Poetry; but he always, somehow, gets back to Nonsense Land."

"Then I must be careful not to get into Nonsense Land," said Lucy.

"Yes, you had better be very careful," growled the Spider, who had finished his fine parlour. "I only wish I had a few more lines."

"But the children," said Lucy.

"Moo—moo—moo," said a Cow, poking its nose over the gate.

"Thank you, pretty Cow," said Mary. "Now, the pretty Cow manages quite well with only three verses. Lucy, you must cut something out."

"I will," said Lucy, and she ran to the gate to stroke the Cow's forehead.

"Silly things, silly things," growled the Spider. "Nearly as silly as flies."

Mary followed Lucy to the gate.

"Cut out the last two lines of the first verse," said Mary, "and three lines of the second verse."

"Yes," said Lucy, as she opened the gate and stepped into the road.

"Beware, beware! In my youth——" shouted the voice of Father William, far away in the distance.

"Then leave out the Violets, and tuck in the Foxglove," said Mary.

"Let me see," said Lucy, walking slowly down hill—

'A fair little girl sat under a tree,  
Sewing as long as her eyes could see;  
A number of crows flew over her head,  
The tall pink foxglove bowed his head.'

I seem to be getting on very well. I'm sure Betty Barber will be pleased."

"Who is Betty Barber, might I politely inquire?" demanded a very queer-looking brown Lobster, who was leaning over a stile on the other side of the lane.

Mary jumped and looked decidedly frightened.

"Lucy, my dear," she said, "we must be careful not to go too far."

"We must go on now," said Lucy. "Who is this gentleman?"

"If you will excuse me," said Mary, "I think I will go back. 'Tis the voice of the Lobster."

"How interesting!" said Lucy.

"Who is Betty Barber?" demanded the Lobster.

"I'll tell you all about her," said Lucy, and without waiting to see if Mary were following her, she climbed over the stile.

"Betty Barber wrote a book, you know," she explained, "and in it she said that no piece of poetry ought to have more than three verses."

"Don't see the use of verses myself," said the Lobster. "Come and talk to the Walrus about it, he has a good many verses."

"The Walrus!" said Lucy, "I never talked to a Walrus."

"Oh, he's quite all right," said the Lobster. "and we'll call on the Owl and the Pussy Cat, and a few others."

Lucy looked rather bewildered.

"The Owl and the Pussy Cat!" she said. "Am I in the Land of Poetry?"

"Ah, here comes the Walrus," said the Lobster. "I say, old friend," he went on, "there's one Betty Barber, who says that no piece of poetry ought to have more than three verses."

"I've been trying to get into three verses all the morning," said Lucy, "and, do you know, I believe I've done it, too."

"Three verses! Absurd!" cried the Walrus. "I have eighteen very useful verses. Of course I might——" and he looked round cautiously and lowered his voice, "I might leave out the Carpenter. He's rather a bore is the Carpenter, and he is too fond of oysters."

"The Walrus, the Carpenter, the Lobster!" said Lucy. "Oh, am I? Oh, I'm not——Oh, don't say——"

"What is the matter?" asked the Walrus.

"Am I in Rhyme Land?" asked Lucy.

"I don't know what you are talking about," said the Walrus, "but you come along. I want to talk to you about cutting out the Carpenter."

Lucy followed him sadly.

"I must be in Nonsense Land," she said. "Dear! dear! What shall I do? If only I hadn't tried to get into three verses. It's all Betty Barber's fault. But I'll get out somehow or other. I must and will, and then I'll go to the tree, find the book, and tear—— Oh, what am I saying?"

"What are you mumbling and grumbling about?" said the Walrus. "Come along. You see the Carpenter is only on in six verses. I suppose—but you are not attending."

"I'm sorry," said Lucy, "but the fact of the matter is, I must go back. I've come too far."

"Rubbish!" said the Walrus. "Here, some of you, come and help."

"What is the matter?" asked the Lobster.

"Hullo, here's a new arrival," cried an Owl, hastening to meet them.

"Let me go," said Lucy. "I must go."

"Not until we've seen something of you," cried the Clangle-wangle, who was a very wonderful person.

"Are you in rhyme, my dear?" asked the Pussy Cat. "I'm sure I hope so."

"I'm poetry," said Lucy faintly, for she was beginning to feel rather frightened.

"Of course," said the Lobster, "so are we all."

"Ah, you did get here then," said a Young Man. "Father William was talking about you. I must tell him you've come. It's capital fun, you know."

Lucy was almost crying.

"What shall I do? What shall I do?" she said.

"Let us hear something about you, now you are here," said the Walrus. "Who are you, anyway?"

"I'm good little Lucy," said Lucy. "Don't you know my piece, 'Good-night and Good-morning'? It begins—

'A number of rooks sat under a tree,  
Sewing as long as their eyes could see.'

No, that isn't right. I was going to cut that line out. No, I wasn't. Oh dear, oh dear! I must go back. Let me go, let me go."

"There, then, there!" said the Clanglewangle.

"But we won't let you go," said the Lobster.

"You must stay with us," said the Walrus.

"I won't," said Lucy, and she began to run.

But the Pussy Cat caught hold of her, the Owl jumped on her shoulder; the Walrus, the Lobster, and a number of queer beasts and fishes seized her and held her fast.

Lucy began to sob and cry aloud, and struggled to get free. The animals seemed rather scared.

"I'm going for a sail in my pea-green boat," said the Pussy Cat, as the Owl jumped down from Lucy's shoulder, and one after another the animals moved away.

Lucy, left alone, sat down on the ground, feeling as miserable as a good little girl can feel. She was so full of her troubles that she did not notice that someone had come close to her, and was standing by her, looking down at her; and when she felt herself lightly touched on the shoulder she stopped crying instantly and jumped up from the ground.

"What is the matter?" asked a very kind voice, "Have you, too, been trying to make apple pies out of cabbage leaves?"

Lucy examined the new-comer carefully, beginning with his boots and ending with the little button on top of his head, and Lucy bowed low. "You must be the Grand Panjandrum himself," she said, and she bowed again and began to walk backwards.

"Let me help you, don't go," said the Grand Panjandrum. "I know she very imprudently married the barber, but don't go."

Lucy still continued to walk backwards.

She knew that people always walked backwards before Royalty, and she felt sure that the Grand Panjandrum himself must be a person of very very great importance.

"What, no soap!" cried the Grand Panjandrum, and then quite suddenly he began to dance.

Lucy watched him a minute, then she called out, "Oh, the gunpowder!" and began to run as fast as ever she could, for she knew gunpowder was a thing with which no good little girl should play.

Though she soon began to puff and pant, she did not stop running until she found herself in front of a hedge, and she threw herself down beneath it.

"There's no doubt about it," she said sadly. "I'm in Nonsense Land. Well, I must get out. I must find that stile." Then she stopped talking, and stared hard at a wood not very far away in the distance.

Something was happening at the top of one of the big trees. Something on it was moving, something white, or was it grey? It could not be a bird, it was too big. It was a signal. Lucy jumped to her feet, and looked about her for something to wave back. Someone up the tree was waving to her. Perhaps the tree was the one in the trunk of which the Book of Betty Barber was hidden. Perhaps it was Half-term or Thirteen-fourteenths signalling.

Lucy took off her pinafore and waved it in the air wildly.

Then she shouted, "Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" and began to feel quite happy once more.

Someone knew where she was, someone would send help; but first she would try very, very hard to help herself.

She waved once more; then she put on her pinafore, pushed her hair out of her eyes, and began to search the hedge very carefully for some sign of a gap or stile.

## CHAPTER VI.

### WHAT THE WHITE OWL KNEW.

NOW, in the hollow trunk of the tree in which Betty Barber's book was hidden, lived the very sleepest of all sleepy owls, and she hated being disturbed.

"Peace!" she said to her friend, Mrs. Bat, "there's not a bit of peace. Ever since Betty Barber hid that book in my tree, it's coming and going, it's fussing and fuming, it's raging and ramping, but never a bit of peace and

"The Pussy Cat caught hold of her, the Owl jumped on her shoulder" (p. 220).



quiet. I'm getting about tired of it. What with majors and fairies, and persons that are not even whole numbers, my tree is not my own."

"Get rid of the book," said Mrs. Bat sleepily, "peck it to pieces; it seems to be the cause of all the trouble. Ah! There's the

dawn breaking. I thought so, that's why I am so sleepy—Day—day—Peck it to pieces, and you'll be able to sleep in peace."

"I only hope I shall get some sleep," said Mrs. Owl, and as the Bat flew away she settled herself down in her favourite corner, blinked and winked, and nodded, and was beginning to feel quite dosy and comfortable, when she heard a scratch, scratch, at the foot of her tree.

"At it again," sighed Mrs. Owl, "there's somebody after that book, and at this time of day, too."

Scratch, scratch, scrape, scrape!



"Well, I shan't move to see who it is," said Mrs. Owl, "if only there are not two of them, and if only they don't talk, I shall get a nap."

But the scratching and scraping and digging went on, and Mrs. Owl could not sleep.

"There is only one of them," she said, "I wonder which it is. The Major, the little girl, one of the fairies, perhaps. Yes, I almost think I will just hop down. Hullo! they are going away—I mean he is going away, or perhaps it is a she."

Mrs. Owl flew down from her comfortable corner and peeped out of the tree.

"Well, here's a pretty mess," she said, looking at the bark and twigs and moss scattered over the ground, "and nobody in sight, and, dear me, surely never," and she began scratching about in the moss, and searching inside the tree. "I do believe—well, now, isn't that a good thing! I really shall have some hope of getting a good sleep at last."

The Owl flew back to her perch, settled herself comfortably, and murmuring, "Well, who would have thought it! I call that a real blessing!" blinked herself to sleep.

The birds began to twitter, and the sun half opened one eye, the sleepy wood began to waken; but the Owl, tight asleep, heard nothing. A rabbit ran past the tree, and stared at the scraps of moss and bark, a robin picked up some of the loose pieces and carried them off, a large beetle tumbled over one of the twigs and grumbled at the mess.

Still Mrs. Owl slept on peacefully and happily, and dreamt she was having a most delightful supper of teeny tiny mice.

Then through the wood came the sound of footsteps, and Half-term walked slowly up to the tree, threw himself down beneath it, and yawned three great big yawns.

Such big yawns that Mrs. Owl's dream-supper disappeared, and Mrs. Owl opened one eye.

More footsteps sounded.

Half-term did not even trouble to look up to see who was coming, and when Thirteen-fourteenths threw himself on the ground on the other side of the tree he only yawned again.

Thirteen-fourteenths, sighed, such a sigh

that Mrs. Owl opened the other eye, and began to blink at the daylight, which peeped in at her through the chinks of the tree.

A yawn from Half-term, a sigh from Thirteen-fourteenths, then three groans from each of them. Then they both rolled over and met face to face.

"Oh, it's you," said Half-term, "and you don't seem quite chirpy."

"You seem a bit depressed yourself," said Thirteen-fourteenths.

"I'm sick of it," said Half-term.

"So am I," said Thirteen-fourteenths.

"I'm tired of painting all the time," said Half-term.

"Not half as tired as I am of seeing those children paint all the time," said Thirteen-fourteenths. "Not a girl, not a boy, will do a sum; not a girl, not a boy, will do anything but paint, paint, paint. I can't think what has come over them all."

"Oh, well, you see, I thought it would be fun to paint all day long, so did Easter, so did Summer, so did dear old Christmas," said Half-term, "and we told the children so; but really, even I have had enough of it."

"Had enough of it!" said Thirteen-fourteenths, quite angrily. "So you are the cause of all this trouble. And pray, did you think what would happen in Paint Land?"

Half-term picked himself up from the ground, and gave a long, low whistle.

"My young friend," said Half-term quite solemnly, "if you'll believe me, I never thought of that at all."

"Well, then, perhaps you may as well have a look and see," said Thirteen-fourteenths crossly, and he pointed to the tree.

"I will go and see," said Half-term solemnly, "but first I should like to explain that if mischief has been done I am not the real cause of the mischief."

"What do you mean?" cried Thirteen-fourteenths. "You say you and your precious sisters told the children to paint all day long."

"So we did," said Half-term, "but only because I saw it in the book."

"Saw what, in what book?" said Thirteen-fourteenths, angrily jumping to his feet, for

he thought Half-term was only making excuses.

"In the Book of Betty Barber," said Half-term. "Don't you remember, she says, 'I shall let my children paint all day long'?"

Thirteen-fourteenths began to think.

"Don't you know the Book of Betty Barber?" said Half-term. "Why, I read it through, and, by the way, I wonder how the Major is getting on with the Sharps and Flats, and good little Lucy, too. She promised to try to get into three verses."

"I wonder where Lucy is," said the Fraction. "I haven't seen her lately. I hope she hasn't got into Nonsense Land with her three verses. If she is there, she'll find it is far easier to get in than to get out."

"Dear, dear," said Half-term, "I'm afraid that book has caused a great deal of mischief. But I should like to find out about Paint Land. Let us climb the tree."

He jumped up from the ground, and began to climb the tree, and Thirteen-fourteenths followed him slowly.

"Mischief!" he said. "Mischief! He thinks the book has caused mischief, does he? If Lucy is lost in Nonsense Land—and she was talking nonsense the last time I saw her—I shall wish I had torn that book to pieces. Where did I put it? I know, in a hollow tree, and the trunk of this tree is hollow. I believe it was this very tree," and Thirteen-fourteenths nearly tumbled out of the tree in his excitement. "It is not too late," he cried. "I'll go down this minute and tear the book up."

But Half-term had reached the top of the tree, and he was calling loudly:

"Come up, come up. We must do something, we must get somebody to help. Look at Paint Land!"

Thirteen-fourteenths followed Half-term up to the top of the tree.

He looked across to Paint Land, and sighed.

"Yes," he said, "it is as I thought."

Though they could only see Paint Land in the distance beneath them, they could see enough to guess that terrible things were happening.

"The Paint Lakes have disappeared, the

water in the wells is all used up," said Half-term. "I know there are no more brushes, for I used up the last this morning."

"The children are painting with sticks," said Thirteen-fourteenths, "and they are painting so carelessly—blue noses, red eyes, and green hair; and they are making such a mess, very soon all the soap in the world will be used up."

"Dear, dear, dear," said Half-term. "Let us go to Paint Land. I will fetch my sisters, they will help. The children must be stopped."

Half-term began to climb down the tree, as quickly as he had climbed up it.

Thirteen-fourteenths followed slowly.

"It has gone too far," he said, "the mischief is done; but we can destroy the book, and we will."

Half-term was nearly down, when he suddenly stopped, and held up a warning finger to Thirteen-fourteenths.

"There's somebody at the foot of the tree," he whispered, "two somebodies, and they are searching for something, I think."

"They are looking for the book," whispered Thirteen-fourteenths. "How do they know I hid it there? Can you see who they are?"

"I can see a girl," said Half-term, "but I never saw her before, I don't know who she is."

"But there's Major C," cried Thirteen-fourteenths. "Hurry up, old boy, we must talk to him, he may know something about Lucy."

But in his eagerness to hurry Half-term slipped, there was a sound of crashing and cracking, and Half-term found himself tumbling down, down in the dark, inside the tree, instead of outside, to the great annoyance of Mrs. Owl, who flew at him and tried to strike him with her wings.

"Help! Help!" he shouted.

Major C and Minora—for, of course, it was Minora—were frightened out of their wits.

"Come away, come away," said Minora, seizing the Major's arm, "there are fairies protecting it, it must be a magic book."

And the Major would have hurried away, had not Thirteen-fourteenths, who was re-



**"Half-term found himself tumbling down"**  
(p. 223).

covering from his hasty descent of the tree, seized his arm.

"It's all right," he said. "We'll get you out, old chap," he called to Half-term, who was still calling for help, though he had managed to frighten Mrs. Owl away.

"Who is it?" said the Major.

"It's only Half-term," said Thirteen-fourteenths, "and he has slipped inside the tree, instead of outside. 'All right, old chap,' he called once more to Half-term. 'I'll come and give you a hand.'"

"It's easy for you to say it's all right," shouted Half-term, "there's an old Owl inside here, and the stupid old thing keeps flapping her wings; but I've caught her now. So come along and get me out."

"I think perhaps I had better help him

out," said Thirteen-fourteenths, and he began to climb the trunk.

"Here, I say, Thirteen - fourteenths," shouted Half-term, "are you coming to help me out? I want to show you the Owl, and she'll get away if I try to get out by myself."

"But make him search well first for the book," said Minora.

"Which book?" said Thirteen-fourteenths, dropping lightly to the ground. "Not the Book of Betty Barber?"

Minora nodded.

"But I thought I saw you getting that out of the trunk a minute ago," said the Fraction.

"We were trying to get it," said Minora, "but we can't find it—it's gone."

"Gone!" shouted Thirteen-fourteenths.

"Yes, gone," shouted Half-term from inside the tree. "Catch her if you can, I couldn't hold her any longer."

Mrs. Owl fluttered out and flew away.

Thirteen-fourteenths was not troubling about Half-term, he was poking his arm through the hole in the trunk at the foot of the tree, trying to find the book.

"We thought it was inside the tree," said Minora.

"Of course it is, and so is my arm," said Thirteen-fourteenths, "but I can't feel it, and I can't find Half-term's feet, or I'd tickle his toes. It's really a good thing he tumbled in, he must make a thorough search."

But as he spoke Half-term's head and shoulders appeared in the branches of the tree.

"Wait," screamed Minora, the Major, and the Fraction.

"Not a bit of it," cried Half-term. "I've had enough of this," and he pulled and tugged to get himself out.

"The Book of Betty Barber is somewhere inside the tree," shouted Minora.

"I'm coming out," said Half-term; but as he spoke something white flew before his eyes, almost striking his face, his foot slipped, and down he fell, grumbling and shouting.

Thirteen-fourteenths started to climb the trunk; but as he looked up something white fluttered in front of his eyes, and he, too, fell down.

"I've fallen," shouted Half-term, inside the tree.

"So have I," called the Fraction, outside.

"It's that Owl," shouted Half-term.  
"Catch her."

But Mrs. Owl was not to be caught a second time.

"I'll keep her away until you are up in the branches," said Minora.

"She'd better keep out of my way," shouted Half-term.

Minora picked up a big stick, and the Major waved his hat. Mrs. Owl flew away to look for a quieter sleeping place, and Half-term and Thirteen-fourteenths met in the branches of the tree.

Then the Fraction explained about the book; but as Half-term refused to go down inside the tree again, Thirteen-fourteenths had to go himself. But it was of no use, the book was not there.

"Then where is it?" said Major C, as Half-term and Thirteen-fourteenths threw themselves down on the grass, tired out.

"I don't know, and I hope I shall never see it again," said Half-term, who was rather out of temper. "If it hadn't been for that silly old book I shouldn't have been in that tree all that time."

"If it hadn't been for that silly old book, I should have never troubled about Sharps and Flats," said Major C.

"Oh, how did you get on?" said Half-term.

"Get on!" cried the Major.

"We had to get out," said Minora, and then the Major told his sad tale.

"Well, this seems to be a very serious business," said Thirteen-fourteenths, when he had finished. "Major C is driven out—I mean, thinks it well to leave Music Land. Paint Land is nearly dried up, and I strongly suspect Lucy is lost in Nonsense Land."

"And I'm all bruised and sore and tired out," said Half-term. "Well, it's a good job the Book of Betty Barber is lost."

"But it may be found," said Thirteen-fourteenths.

"Indeed, it must be found. We must not rest until the Book of Betty Barber is found and destroyed. If it is only lost, someone may

find it, and it will make more mischief. We will make it our business to find it."

"And tear it into teeny tiny little bits," said Minora.

"Certainly, certainly," said the Major, "but how are we to find it?"

"It seems to me we ought to help them in Paint Land before we bother about the stupid old book," said Half-term. "Let me fetch my sisters; then we will all talk the matter over, and see if something cannot be done."

"Very well," said Thirteen-fourteenths, "we'll have a conference. You fetch your sisters, and until they come we will be looking for the book."

"What's that?" said Minora, as something white flew up into the tree. "Perhaps the book has wings, perhaps it is a magic book, after all."

"That was only the old white Owl," said Half-term, as he bounded away, "the one I caught."

"Only the old white Owl!" muttered Mrs. Owl. "If he only knew it, I could tell him a pretty tale about the Book of Betty Barber, but they won't see that again, I know. It's gone to——" And still muttering to herself, Mrs. Owl flew away through the wood.





#### The Sleeper Awakened.

It was the Duke of Wellington's habit to make a point of going to church, but he had his little failings. At Strathfieldsaye, when strange preachers occupied the pulpit, they never failed to notice one curious custom. After service the verger went up the stairs, opened the pulpit door, then slammed it to, and then opened it again for the minister to come down. The preacher asked the verger in the vestry why he banged the door so. "Oh," he was told, "we always have to do that to wake up the Duke."

#### Lord Rosebery's Romps.

Amongst his friends the Earl of Rosebery is usually able to indulge his fondness for bairns. On entering the drawing-room of a house blessed with the presence of youngsters, almost his very first question is, "Where are the children?" And he generally expects them to be sent for. When they come he is quite ready to withdraw to a suitable room for a jolly game of romps. It is nice to think of his lordship relieving the cares and worries of State in such an amiable fashion.

#### The Golden Stool of Ashanti.

When the British Governor of Ashanti wishes to hold a palaver with the natives, it seems that he must sit upon a golden stool. Unless he occupied a seat made of the precious metal, the king and chiefs would not believe that he was the fully-qualified representative of the great White Queen beyond the seas. So much importance do they attach to this ceremony that, during the troubles at Coomassie in 1900, the Governor once made a formal complaint to the natives that they had not fetched this stool of gold for him to sit upon. He appeared to think the natives meant to offer a slight to Queen Victoria, and he therefore required them to produce it.

#### Why he Wore his Hat.

After the British troops occupied Johannesburg, during the Boer war, the massed bands played "God Save the Queen." Most folk usually take off their hats at such times, but one spectator of the ceremony — a tall artilleryman of the Orange Free State—continued to wear his, seeing which, a small fellow at his side tried to remove it forcibly.

A British soldier bade the man behave himself, remarking, as he shoved him aside, "Leave him alone. He fought for his flag, but you fight for none."

#### **Bully for the Butcher.**

Not long ago a bull made its escape from a butcher's stall in Bedford. The kitchen door of the Star Inn standing invitingly open, the animal walked in and the occupants at once walked out by another door. The way being clear, the bull proceeded to climb the staircase. In due time it found itself in a bedroom, disturbing by its unexpected appearance the landlady, who was about to put her baby to rest for the night. She did not wait to do this just then, but, infant in arms, dodged the bull before it entered the room. Here the creature seemed to detect some resemblance to a china shop, for it began to break the furniture and crockery, and at last smashed the bedstead in two. This done, it came down the stairs and stalked out of the house, without even stopping to take a drink at the bar. By-and-by it was conveyed to its old quarters, and we shall mercifully say nothing as to its fate.

#### **Nothing Like Leather.**

Edward Irving was for a time helper to Dr. Chalmers when this great man was a minister in Glasgow. Irving had a fine way of winning the confidence of working men. He once called upon a shoemaker of very advanced views, who showed no desire to talk with his visitor. Irving, taking no notice of this, began to speak of the man's trade, and asked whether he had heard of the new invention in London for connecting the double soles of shoes. The shoemaker, thrown off his guard, laid aside his tools and discussed the matter eagerly. Then Irving left him. He returned in a few days and was received more graciously, and by-and-by the man welcomed him, and at last gladly talked upon sacred subjects. Irving was the son of a tanner, and knew all about leather. This was the shoemaker's opinion anyhow, for, speaking of Irving to a mate, he said, "He's a sensible man you: he kens aboot leather."

#### **The Story of a Siege.**

On the 2nd of November, 1898, when Lord Kitchener was on his way back to London after his visit to the Queen at Balmoral, the train rested for a while in Waverley Station, Edinburgh. During some talk with the Lord Provost of the city, the hero of Khartoum was besieged by a newsboy beseeching him to buy of his wares. For a time the Sirdar ignored the lad, but a Scottish boy with his back up is not easily put down. Standing on tip-toe, he tapped Lord Kitchener on the lowest button of his waistcoat—a very dangerous part—with the upper edge of the book which he was wishful to sell. No one has a keener eye to business than his lordship. He pleased the lad so far as to glance at the cover of the proffered volume, but noticing that it bore the title, "With Kitchener to Khartoum," he resumed his seat without buying a copy.

#### **The Lioness and the Lady.**

From a travelling menagerie, stationed for the moment in Chartres, there escaped not long since a lioness. In the course of its rambles through the town, an old woman met the creature, and, taking it for a mastiff, patted it on the head, probably saying in French "Good dog!" and using other terms of endearment. Instead of smacking its lips and having eyes lit up with the diabolical gleam of the pleasures of unholy anticipation, the lioness meekly followed her kind patroness for a while. But the townsfolk had now taken alarm. The old lady might not care much, but they were very anxious about their skins. Women and bairns ran into their houses screaming and barring windows and doors. All these demonstrations terrified the lioness, which sought the friendly shelter of a carpenter's yard, where it was captured by-and-by without any trouble.

#### **He could Jump, at all Events.**

Handel once accompanied, so the story goes, a singer named Gordon, who didn't seem to think much of the master. It needs a musician of fine taste and skill properly to play an accompaniment, and this Handel seemed a very poor hand. At any rate, Gordon fell a-scolding him, and told him that if



he didn't accompany him better, he would jump upon the harpsichord and smash it. "Ach," answered Handel, "tell me ven you vill do dat and I vill advertise it. More people vill come to see you chump dan to hear you sing."

#### Truth from a Rebel.

Sir Claude Macdonald, the former British Minister at Peking, who went through such a terrible time during the siege of the Legations in 1900, saw a good deal of service with the 74th Highlanders. It was his duty to try the Egyptian prisoners at Cairo who had taken part in the famous rebellion of Arabi in 1882. As man after man came before him, each told in fear and trembling the same story of having been forced to join the revolt. At length an Egyptian appeared who spoke in different tones. "I joined Arabi," he said, "because I hate the English, and would fight them again if I had the chance." Major Macdonald, as he then was, shook the prisoner by the hand and set him free, telling him he was the only man who had had the pluck to speak the truth.

#### Water Wagtail Defying the Trains.

Birds do not care a fig where they build their nests, and often choose places so dangerous as to show, on the one hand, that their nerves must be made of iron, and, on the other, that their intelligence is rather limited. A pair of water wagtails seem to have capped every performance when they selected a railway sleeper at Weedon Station, on the London and North-Western Railway. More than a hundred trains went over the sleepers daily, their wheels only a few inches from the nest. When some platelayers found the nest it had five eggs, upon which the hen sat, neither disturbed nor dismayed by the terrible shaking-up she must have had every few minutes.

#### Colonel Boyle's Leg.

Dr. (afterwards Sir) Joseph Fayrer was field surgeon during the first Burmese war. After one of the fights a wounded officer was brought to him. Asked where he had been hit, he pointed to his leg.

"This," said Fayrer to someone standing by, as he took hold of the officer's trousers, "This must come off."

"Sir," answered the patient, "you shall not cut off my leg. I am Colonel Boyle."

The doctor hastened to assure the officer that he only meant that the trousers must come off, in order that the wound might be examined. It turned out that the injury was of the slightest.

#### A Patron of the Fine Arts.

Thomas Faed, R.A., was unrivalled as a painter of simple, homely subjects. One of his finest water-colours was a study of an old Scotswoman in her cottage. He called it merely "Granny Maclachlan." When it was nearly finished, he allowed "Granny's" daughter to see it.

She looked at it for a long time in silence, and then said, "It's awfu' like my mither, sir. I wad like fine to buy it frae ye."

"Weel," remarked Mr. Faed, "I'm glad ye're pleased wi' 't. Hoo muckle will ye gie me?"

The girl counted up her money and replied, "A shillin', and a wheen (lot of) apples I'm keeping for Hallowe'en."

"Eh, lassie," said the painter, "that'll no dae. I'm wantin' £300 for the picture."

"Blethers!" was the emphatic retort, "the haill bigging (whole house), garden, an' a' wadna bring half that money!"

#### The Queen Rewards a Brave Engine-Driver.

Whilst he was trying to save a collie dog that had strayed on to the lines in Newcastle Station, Thomas Scott, an engine-driver in the service of the North-Eastern Railway Company, was run over and so badly injured that both his legs had to be cut off. His humane conduct was naturally greatly admired, and a fund was raised to help him in the misfortune caused by his heroism. Queen Victoria's attention having been drawn to the case, she at once sent a subscription of £10, with an expression of her sincere sympathy with the brave engine-driver.

# The Stars in the Well.

Words by J. CHARLES KING.

Music by FREDERICK J. CROWEST.

PIANO.

1. Some stars when they fell Found a home in the well— To light up the Truth that  
 2. Tho' the buck-ets may skim, And be filled to the brim, There's room still on top for a  
 3. So leave them to shine, Like gems in a mine, Where they nev-er make pom-pous pride

*dim.* , *cres.* ,  
 lay there— They shim-mer a-bout, Nor care to come out, But link earth with  
 star; But in broad light of day It fades quite a-way, From earth back to  
 swell; As a soui-spark so bright, Each shines day and night, To lus-tre life's

, CHORUS OF CHILDREN. ,  
 heaven so fair, But link earth with heaven, Earth with heaven so fair.  
 heaven a-far, From earth back to heaven, Back to heaven a-far.  
 draft from the well, To lus-tre life's draft, Lus-tre life's draft from the well,

## PAGES FOR VERY LITTLE FOLKS.

### BA-BY'S PRES-ENT.



**STITCH**, stitch, stitch; oh, how bu-sy they were! Fred, Kit-ty, Jem, Nance and Ba-by.

The room was fill-ed with the noise of Fred's fret-saw, as he bus-i-ly work-ed a-way, while Jem kept ask-ing Nurse for "more paint-wa-ter, please."

"We shall have to be quick," said Kit-ty pre-sent-ly, "for Mo-ther's birth-day is on-ly the day af-ter to-mor-row."

"Oh, dear," said Nance, "and I have two more seams to sew."

Sud-den-ly Ba-by jump-ed up from the hearth-rug where she had been sit-ting.

"Me work; me make a pe-sent for Mum-ma," she cri-ed. "Kit-ty, lis-ten; can't me do some-pin?"

"You're too lit-tle, Ba-by; you must give Mo-ther a big kiss. You must wait to work un-til you are big, like us," an-swer-ed Kit-ty.

"Me wants to; me'll make—" Ba-by paus-ed and look-ed round the room, while Kit-ty pick-ed up an-oth-er ball of wool.

"Well, go and think a-bout it," she sug-gest-ed, feel-ing sure that Ba-by would soon for-get.

As the lit-tle girl tod-dled back to the rug, Mo-ther's step was heard out-side, and the way those pre-sents flew out of sight was sim-ply won-der-ful.

Of course Mo-ther pre-tend-ed not to know an-y-thing, but per-haps she was not ve-ry much sur-pris-ed to hear, on the im-por-tant morn-ing, the sounds of whis-per-ing and laugh-ing out-side her door.

Soon all was qui-et a-gain: she o-pen-ed the door, and saw quite a pile of queer-shap-ed par-cels.

Then the child-ren sprang out of their hid-ing-pla-ces.

"Oh! do be-gin to o-pen them, Mo-ther, quick!" cri-ed Nance, danc-ing round in her lit-tle white night-gown.

"But you must not run a-bout like this in the cold," said Mo-ther, "get in-to my bed;" and how they laugh-ed as she chas-ed them in!

"That's from me," cri-ed Fred, as Mo-ther un-pack-ed a pret-ty, carv-ed brack-et.

"And I made the cuffs, Mo-ther; do you like them?" said Kit-ty.

"They are *ve-ry* nice, dear," an-swer-ed Mo-ther, "and I am sure Nance work-ed this pret-ty night-dress case; and I think I know who did this too."

Jem laugh-ed as she pick-ed up his pic-ture.

But be-fore she had time to thank them, the door o-pen-ed, and who should trot in but Ba-by!

She car-ri-ed a big bas-ket cover-ed with fea-thers and gar-den flow-ers.

"Here's my pe-sent, Mum-ma," she cri-ed. "It's a bon-net for you to wear when you go to church!"

Mo-ther said af-ter-wards that she did not know when she had laugh-ed so much, while Ba-by sat on the pil-low crow-ing with de-light.

F. M. H.



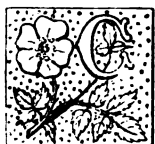
A. Drew, phot.

# HUSH!

**H**USH! my Doll-y's fast a-sleep:  
If you talk you'll wake her!  
Be-sides, she's got a dread-ful cold—  
To the doc-tor I must take her.

P'r'aps he'll give her nas-ty pills  
And phy-sic, too, to take;  
I hope she'll soon be well a-gain.  
Be qui-et, or she'll wake..

# LIT-TLE MAB.



**C**OME a-long, and see me  
start, Pus-sy," said  
Un-cle Ru-pert. He  
look-ed so gay in his  
hunt-ing coat that Mab hard-ly knew  
him, but she sprang to-wards him  
gai-ly.

"Won't you be my horse, Un-cle?"

she said; "it's a ve-ry long way down-  
stairs," she add-ed grave-ly.

He laugh-ed, and swung her up on  
his shoul-der.

"Why, you are quite a lit-tle hunts-  
wo-man," he said; "you on-ly want  
a hat and whip."

"Here they are," said Aunt-ie, who

was coming behind; and in another moment the hat was on her head and the whip in her hand.

Mab said the stairs were very long a few minutes ago, but oh! how soon they came to the bottom, and then the ride was over.

"Don't put me down yet, Uncle, please," she said.

"I'm afraid I must, little one," answered Uncle; "I am rather late as it is. But I'll tell you what, Pussy," he added, as he saw her disappointed face, "if you run down to the stile at the end of the lane about tea-time I shall be there, and you shall ride up to the house on Black Morgan. Be good until I come back."

Mab's face shone with pleasure, and she danced happily away to her lessons.

But somehow the lessons did not go well. Mab's head was so full of her promised ride, that she was inclined to spend her time looking at the clock and wondering why the hands moved so slowly to-day.

But presently she remembered Uncle's words, "Be good," and set to work at her lessons, so that she was surprised when school was over.

The afternoon was rather long, but at last the distant rattle of tea-cups told Mab the time had come.

Auntie looked out at the window. "I'm very sorry, darling, but it is raining, and you must not go out."

"Oh, Auntie!" cried Mab dismally; "it isn't much: couldn't I go just that little way?"

Auntie looked very kindly at the little girl, but she shook her head.

Mab ran out into the hall, hardly knowing whether she would cry or be cross.

"It isn't raining much," she said to herself, "if I took an umbrella Auntie would never know," and she moved towards the hat-stand. Soon she stopped, thinking hard. "Uncle said, 'be good,'" she thought, "and I suppose that wouldn't be good. I don't think I like being good." And for quite two minutes Mab stood at the window, before she made up her mind that it was best to "be good," as Uncle Rupert said.

Just then he came cantering up to the door.

"Stand aside, little one, I'm dreadfully wet," he said as he came in. "I'm glad you did not come, and we must have our ride another day."

And so they did, such a long ride; down the drive and along the road. How Mab enjoyed it! But she was too little to quite understand *why* she enjoyed it so much.

Can you guess?

F. M. H.

# THE CHILDREN AND THE JAM.



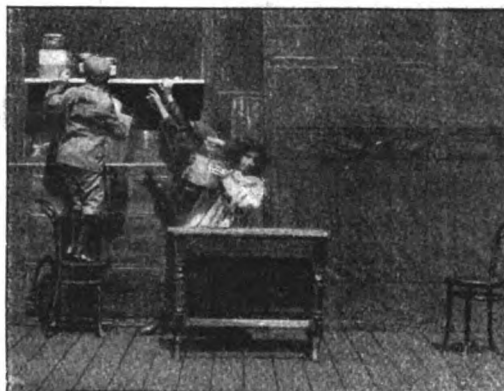
*Biograph Studio, photo.*

## SCENE I.

### The Idea.

## SCENE II.

### Beginning.



*Biograph Studio, photo.*



*Biograph Studio, photo*

## SCENE III.

### Going On.





*Biograph Studio, photo.*

**SCENE IV.**

**Still At It!**



*Biograph Studio, photo.*

**SCENE V.**

**Worse and Worse.**



*Biograph Studio, photo.*

**SCENE VI.**

**The Result.**

## A PUZZLING QUESTION.

O H, please, will some wise person say,  
Which is the really proper way  
For mother's little sleepy-head,  
To get each morning out of bed?

For often when I cry and pout,  
As nursie combs my tangles out,  
She says, "Miss Rose," and shakes her  
head,  
"You've got the wrong way out of bed!"

I've tried both right and left foot first,  
I'm not quite sure which is the worst;  
But was it not unkind of Ned  
To bid me "fall out on my head"?

So, please, if some one really knows,  
Just send a line—my name is Rose,  
At mother's house I always stay,  
And our old postman knows the way.  
MABEL A. CLINTON.

## THE SONG OF THE TEA-KETTLE

BUBBLE!  
B B  
U U  
B B  
B B  
L L  
E E  
!

Hear the song  
the kettle sings.  
Bubble! bubble! bub-  
ble! In the kitchen  
it rings. Fill me up  
with wa- ter fresh. Put my cov-  
er on, pl ace me where the fire  
glows. Hark! my merry song.  
A cup of tea for Father, and a  
cup for Mother dear; hot  
water for the little  
ones, Oh! that's the  
song you'll hear. Bub-  
ble! bubble! bubble!

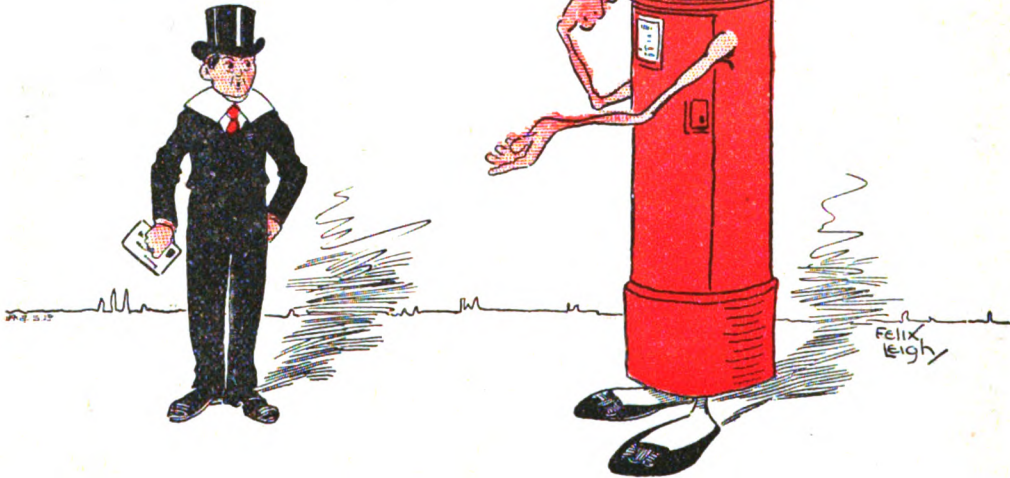
MAGGIE WHEELER ROSS.

## THE YARN OF THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING.

We hear the bray of the  
Christmas horn; and loud-  
ly the merry bells ring.  
But listen to me just a  
moment, and hear the won-  
derful yarn I can sing.  
I'm a great Christmas  
stocking, stuffed full  
up to the top with so  
many beautiful things.  
A watch, and two balls;  
a soldier of tin, and a  
jumping-jack filled  
up with springs. A  
top and a horn, and  
candies and nuts;  
a big apple, ro-  
sy and red; all  
squeezed down  
in me to sur-  
prise a dear  
boy who lies  
fast asleep in  
his bed. And when the  
morn comes and the little  
boy wakes, and gets all the  
good things in me, I am ve-  
ry certain, my dear little friend,  
that you know how glad he will be.  
MAGGIE WHEELER ROSS.



# Correspondence



*Fairfield View, Rydal Road, Ambleside.*

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I am writing to tell you how I like *LITTLE FOLKS*. I do not think there *could* be a more interesting and delightful magazine. We used to have it yearly, but now my auntie gives it to me every month. My favourite stories are "All in a Castle Fair," "The House by the Moor," "A Self-willed Family," and "Toby's Promise." But I like all the others too. Now I will tell you a little about Ambleside, for that is where we have come to live. Do you know it at all? It is a very mountainous place and is the centre of the Lake District. It is a very pretty place, but quite small. There are a great many lakes round about. We are only three-quarters of a mile from Windermere. We have a great amount of rain, therefore we appreciate a fine day. Yesterday we had some tobogganning (or sledging); it is great fun; the snow was lovely. I do not quite understand the Stamp and Postcard Column. Now I must stop, asking you to be kind enough to print this in "Our Little Folks' Own Post Office."—I am, your very interested reader,

GEORGINA CLENDINEN (12).

*Avington, London Road, Guildford, Surrey.*

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I have written to you twice before, but have not been successful in getting my letters printed, but do please print this one, because I would so like a little French girl, about thirteen, to write to me. I went up to see Lord Roberts; we stood against the railings in Hamilton Gardens and saw splendidly. The Horse Guards lined the way in front of us, but we could see quite easily between the horses. We have a great many animals—a dear little fox terrier—he will "brust" and walk on his hind legs so prettily—also a pair of guinea-pigs, three dormice, a dove, a canary and goldfinch, a tortoise, some goldfish, pigeons, and hens, and two cats, and a sweet little squirrel called "Vic." I have had him ever since he was a tiny baby; poor little thing, he was picked up after having fallen from his nest. He is very tame and will come when called. Our father and mother are in India. Father knows "Robs" and Baden-Powell very well. We have three horses, one called "Laura," another "Starlight," and our father's charger, which is named "Mac." I have taken in *LITTLE FOLKS* for nearly six years, and I think it is the nicest magazine there is. My favourite stories are "Astray in the Forest," "In the Red Kitchen," "A Self-willed Family," and "The House by the Moor." Our father had such a splendid horse, only the poor thing died when father was fighting

in Afridi Land. The other day I saw the Prince and Princess of Wales when I was in London, they were driving in their carriage. —I remain, your interested reader,

DOROTHY M. TRISCO (13).

P.S.—This is my *unaided* work. I hope you will think it worth printing.

*Hilcote, Lancaster Road, Wimbledon Common, S.W.*

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I am taking in *LITTLE FOLKS* for the second year now, and I am going to have them bound. I have often written before, but have never had my letter printed, so I hope you will print it now, as they would all be so surprised. I don't think Master Charlie would have got his letter printed if he had written, as he spelt awfully orfly. I do think it was rather too bad to hide your face in your photo, but I knew your little trick, as I have seen it before. Please put my letter in *LITTLE FOLKS*. Good-bye now.—I remain, your interested reader,

EILEEN M. DURLACHER (94).

*oolquil, Roth Road, Wandsworth Common, S.W.*

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I have never written to you before, but I am going to now. I hope you will print my letter. My name is Eileen Palliser and I am Irish, but we live in England. I and my sister have taken *LITTLE FOLKS* for seven years, and my favourite stories are "Beyond the Blue Mountains," "Running Away to School," and "The Surprising Adventures of Tuppy and Tue." I do look forward to the 25th. I have two cats—a mother cat and her son; their names are Charlotte and Redvers Buller. I hope you will have a very, very happy New Year.—From your very enthusiastic reader,

EILEEN PALLISER (11).

*Oaklands, Westbere, Canterbury.*

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I have written once before, but did not succeed in getting my letter printed. I think that "The Book of Betty Barber" is going to be very nice. I like "The Knights of the Square Table" very much. I wish you would have a Letter Competition in *LITTLE FOLKS*. Our house looks very pretty in the summer; it is perfectly buried in small white roses. Would you like a photo of it? My father and sister both photograph a great deal in the summer. I have two cats, one canary, eleven mice, and a lot of guinea-pigs. I think there are rather too hard competitions in *LITTLE FOLKS*, but the stories in it are delightful. Hoping to see this letter in print.—Yours sincerely,

DOROTHY A. HILTON (114).

## PICTURE STORY WANTING WORDS.

**THREE HALF-GUINEA BOOKS** will be given for the **BEST ORIGINAL STORIES** on the subject of the adjoining Picture. There will be, as usual, **THREE DIVISIONS**, in each of which **One Prize** will be awarded: the **First** for Readers of the *ages of 14, 15, and 16*; the **Second** for those of the *ages of 10, 11, 12, and 13*; and the **Third** for those *under the age of 10*. No story must exceed 500 words in length, and each must be certified as the *original and unaided work* of the Competitor by a Parent, Minister, Teacher, or other responsible person. The 12th of April, 1901, is the last day on which stories can be received from Readers in the United Kingdom, while for those residing on the Continent, in the English Colonies, or other places abroad, the date has been extended to the 19th of April, 1901. In addition to the **THREE PRIZES** and **OFFICERS' MEDALS**, a **SPECIAL LIST OF HONOUR** will be published, in which some of the most deserving Competitors—who will receive **MEMBERS' MEDALS** of the **LITTLE FOLKS** Legion of Honour—will be included. All envelopes containing stories should have the words "*Picture Story Wanting Words*" written on the left-hand top corners, and be addressed to "*The Editor of LITTLE FOLKS, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.*" Competitors are referred to a notice about the Silver Medal on page 153 of Vol. LIII.



W. J. Roberts, Torquay, photo.

### THE DANDELION CLOCK.

## STAMP, POSTCARD, AND CORRESPONDENCE COLUMNS.

### STAMPS.

**ELISE TWYNE**, Beaconsfield, Nelson Road, Southsea (Hungarian, Australian, and Russian stamps for Holland, Denmark, India and Spanish); **HILDA TWYNE**, same address (crests and postmarks); **KATIE MOLONY**, Winton, Canterbury (Indian and Canadian stamps—for British and French Colonies, Transvaal and Orange River Colonies; also crests and postmarks); **G. INMAN**, Tougaat Beach, Victoria County, Natal, South Africa; **JOHN GODDARD**, Park Dale View, Tottenham Road, Wolverhampton (foreign and English stamps with collectors in Tasmania, Jamaica, Canada, America, Newfoundland, Africa, Transvaal, New Brunswick, Argentina, Nova Scotia, S. and W. Australia, Fiji, and N. S. Wales); **DOROTHY WILKINSON**, 5, Windsor Terrace, Newbiggin-by-Sea (Indian, European, Canadian and Australian for S. American, French or German colonies; also official postcards); **HENRI SALLE**, 29, Rue Chanzy, La Roche-sur-Yon, Vendée, France (stamps from any British colonies in large numbers, all alike or not, or from any country except Europe); **EDITH LATHAM**, Ashlea, Cheadle, near Manchester; **MICHEL DEVEREUX**, Chertington, Highfield Road, Malvern Link (foreign stamps for those of China, Baden, Iceland, Cyprus, or Crete); **MARGERY RUDOL**, 103, Balham Park Road, Wandsworth Common.

### POSTCARDS.

**IZA BROWN**, 9, East Port Street, Dunfermline (foreign cards only); **KATHIE FISHER**, Bank House, Douglas Street, Dunfermline; **MARY HUNTER**, 37, Carnegie Street, Dunfermline; **AGNES HODGKINSON**, 17, St. James's Avenue, Brighton, does not wish to exchange any more; **KATIE MOLONY**, Winton, Canterbury (p.c.s of Canterbury for Canadian and Australia); **JOHN GODDARD**, Park Dale View, Tottenham Road, Wolverhampton (see notice in Stamp Column, one illustrated postcard for one postcard of the countries therein mentioned—with stamps printed on preferred); **GLADYS MUNDY**, 28, Campbell Street, Milson's Pt., N. Sydney.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

**DAISY WENDELL**, 11, Devonshire Place, Newcastle-on-Tyne (with German girl of 15, and Irish girl); **HERBERT WADDELL**, same address (with boy 15-17, in S. of England. One who goes in for Natural History and pet-keeping preferred); **CONNIE PUSSE**, 1, Southdown Villas, Hailsham, Sussex (with girl of 12); **ELISE JEARY**, Beaconsfield House, Acle, Norwich, Norfolk (with English boy or girl of 14-16); **A. H. SECRETAN**, 2, Cambridge Villas, Carshalton, Surrey (with boy of 10-13); **VIOLA BAWKIE**, Clapham Lodge, Sutton, Surrey (with English girl in London or English-speaking Spanish or Portuguese girl of 15-17); **W. LAMBERT**, The Chestnuts, Gwyddor Road, Elmers End, Beckenham (with English boy or girl 12-13); **MURIEL DEVEREUX**, Chertington, Highfield Road, Malvern Link (with French girl of 12-14); **DOROTHY DOWNS**, Some lands, 9, College Road, Bromley, Kent (with English girl of 12-14, living in India or any British colony); **DOROTHY WHITTINGHAM**, Hurstcroft, Fret Road, Bexley Heath, Kent (with American or Austrian girl of 13).

**NOTICES.**—**DOROTHY GEORGE**, The Laurels, Blandford, Dorset, would be very much obliged if any reader would forward **LITTLE FOLKS** for February, 1900, February and April, 1899, or write to her—would send stamps or postal order in return.—**SOPHIE RALLI**, 109, Avenue Henri Martin, Paris, collects portraits of ladies and children (with names) cut out of magazines, etc. Will send postcards or stamps in exchange.—**SUSI MACLAUGHLEN**, Brezenmont, Coleraine, will be very glad if any reader will send her any old stamps (any will do), as a friend of hers is making a collection.—**DORA W. KEY**, Kent House, Aldeburgh, Suffolk, has the "**Little Folks Entertainment Album**" and the "**Simple Songs for Little Folks**." She has no further use for them and will be pleased to sell them to any *L.F.* reader, the former for 3d., and the latter for 3d., as the cover is slightly soiled.—**LILA RETALLACK**, The Laurels, Southwick, Birmingham, offers 6d. to any reader who could let her have the number of **LITTLE FOLKS** for September, 1900.

## OUR LITTLE FOLKS' OWN PUZZLES.

### HIDDEN PROVERB.

BY taking a word from each sentence and reading downwards, a well-known proverb may be found.

1. There are a great many people in London.
2. The man who shot my dog is a thief.
3. Isabella lives with Aunt Dora, but I live with Meg.
4. Mother is in the garden plucking roses.
5. Do not look in the glass, you vain girl!
6. There are to be a lot of new houses built along this road.
7. James should go to America.
8. Do not waste my paints, George.
9. Throw that paper into the fire, please.
10. Our gravel consisted of little white stones.

*Beechgrove,*

*Melrose, N.B.*

IRENE TOCHER.

(Aged 10.)

### RIDDLE-ME-REE.

MY first is in cloak, but not in hat;  
My second is in mast, but not in sat;  
My third is in call, but not in shout;  
My fourth is in salmon, but not in trout.  
Now if you guess this riddle-me-rec,  
A serial from LITTLE FOLKS you will see.

*Fairfield View,*

*Ambleside.*

GEORGIS CLENDINNEN.

(Aged 12.)

### MISSING LETTER PUZZLE.

T x e x a i x t x e x o x n x a x e x o x n x o x s x o x,  
A x d x s x e x h x s x a x t x N x r x i x h;

I l x w x n x t x t x e x o x t x, a x d x u x n x d x i x  
m x u x h

W x t x e x t x n x e x l x p x u x p x r x i x g x.

12, *King Square,*  
*Bridgwater, Somerset.*

NORA H. WILSON.

(Aged 14.)

### JUMBLED NAMES OF ANIMALS.

1. E GRTI.
2. E Maelc.
3. Olfw.
4. Nadcoibto.
5. Letpeona.
6. Baerz.
7. Tra.
8. Rulerqsi.
9. Kkusn.
10. Msoupos.
11. Oeml.

*Avington,*  
*London Road, Guildford.*

DOROTHY M. TRISCOTT.

(Aged 13.)

### WORD SQUARE.

1. A VEHICLE.
2. A Scarce.
3. A vacant space.
4. Contemptible.

4, *Windmill Hill,*  
*Hampstead, London, N.W.*

OLIVE M. ELSDELL.

(Aged 14.)

### RIDDLE-ME-REE.

MY first is in orange, but not in pear;  
My second is in couch, but not in chair;  
My third is in glass, and also in plate;  
My fourth is in door, but not in gate;  
My fifth is in fire, but not in coal;  
My sixth is in basin, but not in bowl;  
My seventh is in tongs, but not in poker;  
My eighth is in clerk, but not in stoker;  
My ninth is in hear, and also in heard;  
My whole is a very well-known bird.

"*Garth Howe,*"  
*Ambleside.*

ETHEL MAVES.

## ANSWERS TO OUR LITTLE FOLKS' OWN PUZZLES (Vol. LIII., p. 154).

### BURIED NAMES OF ANIMALS.

1. Dog. 2. Goat. 3. Camel. 4. Pig. 5. Ass. 6. Mouse.

### HIDDEN BIBLE NAMES.

Joshua.  
Israel.  
Enoch.  
Samuel.  
Zacchaeus.  
Bartholomew.  
Augustus.  
Methuselah.  
Rachel.  
Nehemiah.

### RIDDLE-ME-REE.

PRETORIA.

### TRANSPOSITION PUZZLE.

FLORENCE.

1. Frances.
2. Lisbon.
3. Owen.
4. Rome.
5. Esther.
6. Norman.
7. Charles.
8. Ella.

### CURTAILING AND BEHEADING PUZZLE.

Leaf, lea; ruby, rub; gray, ray; Fred, red; orange, ringe; pear, ear; Owen, owe; Mary, mar; brown, brow; house, Ouse.

### TRANSPOSITION PUZZLE.

BEEHIVEN.

WE have also received Puzzles and Answers from the following:—E. R. Craske, N. Chadwick, E. Long, L. Dawnay, E. and G. Holmes, M. Graves, D. Brereton, M. Barry, F. Castello, R. Speight, H. Richardson, N. Wallace, B. Elrick, M. Christopherson, H. Pimm, A. Elliot, M. Watson, T. Dent, M. Russell Smith, C. H. Vincent, I. Brown, G. and W. Browne, A. M. Dallas, N. Mitchell, W. Weir, E. Mayes, N. Wilson, A. Cockburn-Hood, N. Hamer, G. Filliter, H. D. H. Bell, M. Handley, E. Gedge, V. Farrington, M. Tweedy, J. Beck, E. Lewis, R. Wilks, E. Middleton, M. Hurn, D. and P. Evans, C. Ellis, D. Humphreys, J. and M. Hardisty, F. Blaauw, B. and M. Mathews, E. Hynes, E. Sackville, F. and M. Robinson, M. Erskine, C. Edwards, A. Emberson, A. Gibbons, F. Smith, M. Le Sueur, W. Gibson, H. and N. Kauntze, A. Laing, B. Caudler, D. Downes, D. Whittingham, E. Style, D. Forster, E. Ellis, F. Dickinson, E. Donne.

WE have also received Letters from the following:—M. Graves, M. Légise, D. and N. Knight, E. and G. Holmes, G. Davies, M. Kemp, M. Barry, D. Brereton, L. Grice, A. Richard, C. Fusse, F. Castello, W. Parker, D. Wharton, C. Stroud, O. Bath, F. Sutton, M. Christopherson, E. Maunering, "Dinah" (M. Stevens), "Squib" (D. Forster), "Smut" (V. Taylor), "Punch and Judy" (D. Grinling), A. James, M. Watson, F. Mallam, N. Irons, N. Larnach, M. Le Sueur, Y. Chattaway, M. Russell Smith, A. H. Secretan, M. Andrews, A. Mason, I. Hunter, D. and M. A. Chappell, A. Benison, "Toby" (D. Archer), N. Boneton, E. Scott, M. Mooney, A. Wickens, M. Isaac, W. Weir, "Olive," P. Woodward, A. M. Dallas, M. Harrop, M. Reid, D. Jackson, M. Cook, G. Inman (with photo), K. C. Wheeler, Countess T. Bernstorff, H. D. H. Bell, G. Fosbery, V. Anderson, "Muca" (M. Kayss), M. Handley, E. Atkinson, J. Colmer, E. Gedge, L. Coles, M. Grey, W. and E. Perks, B. de Galember, O. and V. Farrington, J. Beck, P. Hollings, W. Lambert, D. Humphreys, L. Deutsch, M. Stafford, N. Craven, W. Payne, D. Horne, F. Goring, G. Wright, J. Calvert, F. Karm, M. Smith, B. Müller, F. and M. Robinson, G. Richardson, P. Garth, M. Thomson, G. Coke, F. Emberson, L. Fulcher (with story), R. Orbell, G. Savage, M. McCaw, M. Stafford, K. Leslie, G. Arnold, N. Bostock, P. Oldfield, M. Herdman, S. Luker, C. Schlesinger, E. Tucher, E. Tulloch, H. Smith, M. Hallward, A. Smith, A. Ashdown, S. Wright, D. Whittingham, F. Mirquet, J. Chambers (with story), F. and N. Baxter, E. Style, C. de Ghellinck, E. Ellis, E. Donne, D. Higgs, A. Heenan, E. Downham, J. Coke.

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

*F. Robinson* (8, Mile End Road, Eaton, Norwich, Norfolk) has several hundred silkworms' eggs to sell at 1d. per hundred, or 300 for 2d. Postage 1d. extra.

*K. J. S.* suggests that "we should have a Humane Society Brooch—it might have H.S. in silver to show that we belong to the Society." I think not, *K. J. S.* Isn't a certificate enough for you? And am I to supply all the Silver Brooches? I think not, *K. J. S.*

*Nellie Irons.*—I'm afraid I can't manage to adopt your suggestion of printing the photographs of special prize-winners on the cover.

*A. H. Secretan* writes:—"Has any reader some copies of the *Locomotive Magazine*? If so, would he lend me some? If he will, let him write to me." (His address is 2, Cambridge Villas, Carshalton, Surrey).

*Mary Grant* (27, Tentercroft Street, Lincoln) writes to say that she has six white rats which she wishes to sell for sixpence each. They are young ones, and if anybody would like any of them, will they please write to her?

*Georgiana Fosbery* suggests that we should always have the same picture on the cover of *LITTLE FOLKS*, having a competition to select the most popular picture. Personally, I don't agree with you, *Georgiana*, and I don't think *L.F.* readers as a whole would, either. But I should be glad to know what they think, and thank you, *G. F.*, for making the suggestion.

*II. Dorothy Bell* says:—"About the yearly competitions: my birthday is in August, and then I shall be fourteen and shall be in Class I., but if I do the work *before* I am fourteen, will it pass in the second class?" (Answer: Certainly it will.) She also suggests that I should set some history questions every month and give marks. No, thank you, *Dorothy*, I shouldn't like it at all, and I don't believe you would either, *very* much.

*Elsie Atkinson.* (1) In the Scrap-book Competition the point that counts for most is the tasteful arrangement of the scraps. (2) In the Doll Competition, it is the neat stitches of the dresses rather than the size or quality of the dolls, that win the prizes.



Hettie Heymann.

TWO  
MORE



SILVER  
MEDALLISTS.

Countess Hanna Strachwitz.



## Competition for Three Fountain Pens.

### RESULT. LIST OF HONOUR. 30 CONSOLATION PRIZES.

#### ENORMOUS NUMBER OF ENTRIES.

**FIRST DIVISION PRIZE (Gold-Mounted Fountain Pen):**—ARTHUR W. SLAUGHTER, 250, Sherrard Road, Manor Park, E.

**SECOND DIVISION PRIZE (ditto, ditto):**—HILDA SAYER, Athassel, Glenageary, co. Dublin.

**THIRD DIVISION PRIZE (ditto, ditto):**—FRANCIS JOHN MILLER, 2, Talbot Villas, Prince's Road, Buckhurst Hill.

**CONSOLATION PRIZES (Little Folks Certificates of Merit):**—NANCY MANFIELD, 62, Billing Road, Northampton; DOROTHY CUNNICK, 34, Croxteth Road, Liverpool; ROBINA WOOD, 51, Montgomerie Street, Kelvin-side, Glasgow; HENRIETTE DE MOULINS, 19, Boulevard de Saumur, Angers, Ilaine-et-Loire, France; DORIS BENJAMIN, 9, Douglas Mansions, West Hampstead, N.W.; MARY DEMBINSKA, Gory p. Pinczow, Russian Poland; ETHEL DANCY, 43, Cathcart Road, Redcliffe Gardens, S. Kensington; MYRIAM DRUGMEM, 105, Avenue Louise, Brussels; BESSIE SOMERVILLE, Bally-tivnan, Sligo; MARIA AUGUSTA F. DOS SANTOS SILVA, Rua da Rozario 160, Porto, Portugal; W. F. SHUFFLE-

BOTHAM, Clenthyrst, Meadow Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham; ROMOLA GOULD, 41, Lower Hastings Street, Leicester; MARGARET McVEY, 3, Linnwood Terrace, Glasgow; GABRIELLA SPADONI, Via San Filippo, Reggio Emilia, Italia; AGNES CASTLE, 97, West Gate, Grant-ham, Lincs.; IRENE GLANVILLE, Ashley House, Grove Hill Road, Tunbridge Wells; EILEEN KUHNING, North Ferriby, Brough, E. Yorks.; ARTHUR SMITH, Crafnant School, Buckhurst Hill; ANNA SILVA TAROUCA, Pruhonitz via Prague, Austria; DAISY DUPREY, 1, Beach Avenue, Birchington-on-Sea, Kent; WINIFRED WADLAND, Aller Court, Langport, Somerset; THOMAS SMITH, Moreton, Sutton, Surrey; MADGE PRICE, Bank House, Tewkesbury; BESSIE STEANE, Moor Cottage, Earlsdon, Coventry; AMY NITCHE, c/o Mrs. F. Brown, Castello di Paraggi, S. Margherita, Liguria, Italy; GLADYS SANGER-DAVIES, Gensing Manor, St. Leonards-on-Sea; JANET HANBURY, 1, St. James's Cottages, West Malvern, Worcs.; CLEMENT SELLS, Highfield, Oxford; ARTHUR THOMASON, 30, George Street, Cheetham Hill, Manchester; MARY GABRIEL DE PFYFFER HEYDEGG, Chateau de Heydegg, près Lucerne, Suisse.

## THE "LITTLE FOLKS" HUMANE SOCIETY.

THE LITTLE FOLKS Humane Society was founded by the Editor in January, 1882, for the purpose of inculcating Kindness towards Animals; and in order to become a *Member* the accompanying "form of promise" must be copied out, signed, attested, and forwarded to the office of the Magazine.

The name of the sender will then be inscribed on the Register of the Society, and Certificates of Membership sent to any who desire to have them, if stamped addressed envelopes be enclosed for the purpose. (The limit of age for enrolment is 21.)

Members will be eligible to become *Officers* of the Humane Society, and receive *Officers' Certificates*, if they induce Fifty other Children to join, and send in that number of "promises" to the Editor *all together*.

The "form of promise" (to be attested by a Parent, Teacher, or other responsible person) is as follows:—

To the Editor of LITTLE FOLKS.

[Here insert full name.]

I.....heroby undertake, as far as it lies in my power, to be kind to every living creature that is useful and not harmful to man.

[Full name.]

Witness (of signature)

[Address.]

(Date)

(Age.....)

All communications to the Editor in reference to the Society should have the words "LITTLE FOLKS Humane Society" on the left-hand top corners of the envelopes





ANDRÉ & SLEIGH, LIMITED, BUSHEY, HERTS

## A HANDY MAN.

THE anchor's weighed, the sail's unfurled,  
Heigho! for the rolling main!  
Over the world and round the world,  
Then back to port again.

One last long look at old England's shore  
We are leaving far astern;  
It's many a month will pass before  
The *Will o' the Wisp's* return.

For we are bound for the China seas  
And the Isle of Borneo;  
We'll just look in on the Japanese  
For a couple of weeks or so.

Then off again to the golden west,  
Wherever we have a mind;—  
The *Will o' the Wisp* must have the best  
Of cargoes she can find.

So wish good luck to your Sailor Jack,  
To cheer him upon his way;  
Never will he come sailing back  
For many a weary day.

And whenever at night you wake from sleep  
And list to the storm wind's howl,  
Remember them, pray, who brave the deep  
Though the weather be fair or foul.

For the sea may rage as fierce as it can,  
And the rain in torrents fall;  
It's all in the work of the Handy Man,  
Who answers to Duty's call.

Over the world and round the world,  
Heigho! for the rolling main!  
Till the good ship lies with sails all furled  
In an English port again.

A. L. H.

## VALOUR FOR VICTORIA.

### IV.—THE FIRST CROSS.



URING the whole course of the Crimean War. Queen Victoria followed, with mingled feelings of pain and wonder, the details of the fierce fighting and the hard work in the

trenches—pain at the terrible sufferings and the awful slaughter of her brave soldiers; wonder at their amazing derring-do. For one of the chief features of that campaign was the extraordinary number of personal encounters, of hand-to-hand conflicts of all kinds which it witnessed. Her heart was greatly moved by the devotion of her army and navy. For the first time since she had worn the crown, she fully realised what was meant by men freely giving their lives for Queen and country, in quarrels not of their seeking, but simply at the call of duty. There had been other wars before this—in Afghanistan, in Sindh, and at the Cape—but they were in far-off lands, and news travelled slowly in those days. In

Europe it was even then somewhat different. Swift steamers were constantly passing to and fro between South Russia and England, and tidings of battle came to hand well within a week. In the Crimean campaign, too, the War Correspondent made his *début*, for Dr. (afterwards Sir) W. Howard Russell sent to the *Times* thrilling letters that told of things not always mentioned in official despatches. So the Queen, in common with her people, got to take a keener and deeper interest in the doings of her men on the field of battle than had ever before been possible to any sovereign of any country.

When, then, she became profoundly impressed with the number of heroic deeds performed on sea and shore in presence of the enemy, she naturally felt that she would like to stamp such acts with the seal of her approval. The outcome of her intense desire was the Victoria Cross. Her plan did not commend itself to everyone. Old soldiers like

Sir Colin Campbell—who refuses to be recognised as Lord Clyde—who remembered the hardships and bloody days of the Peninsula and Waterloo, shook their heads. They loved not the new-fangled notion of decorating a British soldier for that he was brave. When, they asked, had British soldiers and sailors ever been otherwise?

Theirs not to reason why,  
Theirs not to make reply,  
Theirs but to do and die.

But the Queen persisted. It was said that the sight of the French soldiers, who fought with, not against, the British in the Crimea, wearing their badges of the Legion of Honour, had made the officers and Tommies of the new school ambitious to win similar prizes. Moreover, no doubt, had the Queen's reign only begun thirty years earlier, she would have been just as eager to found a reward for signal merit in the face of the foe, and to adorn Moore and Napier, Picton and Wellington, and Colin himself. She longed to show her own sense, not the War Office's sense, or any other person's sense, but her own sense of gratitude to the brave men who so courageously and so unselfishly risked their lives for her, not counting the cost. And so she had her way—as, indeed, most queens have a knack of having, and as this Queen in particular had.

Thus it came to pass that on the 29th of January, 1856, her Majesty laid her commands upon the Secretary for War. By that date, of course, the Crimean campaign was over. But it was Crimean heroes that had moved her pity and won her admiration, and she resolved, therefore, to begin with them, and not wait for the next war. The name of every winner was to appear in the *London Gazette*, along with a short statement of the deed for which the Cross was given. Unluckily, care was not taken to stick to strict historical order, with the absurd result that the first man "gazetted" was not really the first to gain the prize. This rare distinction was secured, by great good luck—for the navy is the senior service, and it was a happy chance that gave it pride of place—by a "middy"

named Charles Davis Lucas, who was actually No. 24 in the *Gazette*. How this gallant young sailor won the Cross we will now proceed to tell.

When it was seen that war with the great White Czar could not be avoided, Admiral Sir Charles Napier was ordered to sail to the Baltic to pen up the Russian fleet, and do whatever damage might be done in the hope of bringing the Emperor Nicholas to his senses. Queen Victoria went to Spithead on the 11th of March, 1854, to say good-bye to her sailors, and as "Fighting Charlie's" flagship *Duke of Wellington* passed the royal yacht she cried "Adieu," and waved her lily handkerchief. The tough old Admiral was in high glee, and promised his men they should be in Cronstadt or Heaven within a fortnight. This was very improper, to say the least of it, for war had not actually broken out, and in point of fact they never did Cronstadt any harm, and happily few of the men had any opportunity of going aloft, Death, "who kings and tars despatches," sparing the sailors whilst mowing down the soldiers.

At last, on the 28th of April, to Napier, at Copenhagen, came the *Bulldog* steamer with tidings of war.

"Lads," said Old Charlie by signal to his fleet, "war is declared! We are to meet a bold and numerous enemy. Should they offer us battle, you know how to dispose of them. Should they remain in port, we must try to get at them. Success depends upon the quickness and precision of your fire. Lads, sharpen your cutlasses, and the day is your own!"

He could not have spoken more boldly had he been on the boards of Old Drury. And how the Jack Tars cheered! Still, I prefer the simple solemnity of Nelson's famous message, "England expects every man to do his duty."

Russian ships with their cargoes fell an easy and an early prey. Then Napier went to work to blockade each of the great gulfs that open on the Baltic. This he did without any difficulty. It was child's play to him. Not a vessel could leave the Gulf of Bothnia, or the Gulf of Riga, or the Gulf of Finland—unless it chose to run the gauntlet of British men-of-





"Picked up the bomb, and hurled it overboard" (p. 244).

war, the beautiful old "wooden walls" once the country's glory and its pride.

Cronstadt, however, was not forgotten, but there Sir Charles was balked. The grim gigantic fortress that keeps the keys of St. Petersburg could not be touched. The water was too shallow for the huge line-of-sail ships, and nothing was to be gained by running needless risks, or showing feeble bravado. Besides, the Russians had laid down plenty of obstacles to block the passages, which otherwise might perhaps have been forced by light gunboats. Sir Charles was loth to leave without firing a shot. He hovered in the neighbourhood waiting for the Russian admirals, but they stayed indoors expecting the honour of a call from him. That was an "At Home" which the peppery Napier did not care to attend. In the meantime, whilst he was hanging around inviting the foe to perform what on shore might be described as the treading on

the tail of his coat, he sent a few of his ships to pay their respects to the large and important fortress of Bomarsund, which the Czar had built on Aland, the chief island of a group of isles of that name, and which was intended to play to Stockholm the part that Sebastopol played to Constantinople. The Aland Islands lie in the mouth of the Gulf of Bothnia, being about midway between the coasts of Sweden and Finland, though rather nearer the latter. They are chiefly used by Swedish fishermen, and offer good havens for distressed ships in dirty weather. Many of them are well wooded to the water's edge with pine and fir and birch trees.

Very pleasant, calm, and picturesque, the islands looked on that Midsummer's Day, in 1854, as the small squadron of battleships drew near, daintily picking their way through the many narrow straits. On such smiling scenes the storm of war was to break time



and again that year, for thrice had Bomarsund to be bombarded ere its commander should cry "Hold! Enough!"

At five in the evening of the 21st of June the British vessels took up their stations—the *Hecla*, Captain Hall, man-of-war, and the *Valorous*, *Buckle*, and *Odin*, three paddle-boats. Their programme was simple. They were to move in a circle, and as they passed each was to pour her shot and shell into the fortifications. Business began precisely at the hour named, and a lively cannonade at once ensued, the besiegers trying to give as good as they got. But the British ships were either better handled or fired heavier metal with truer aim, for in a short time their 96-pound shot and 100-pound shells and rockets set the Russian barracks and other buildings ablaze.

Nor were the enemy slack to respond, though doing no harm to speak of. They mounted a battery of six horse artillery guns on the fringe of a dark forest of pines, which kept up a brisk fire that should have been galling, only it wasn't, although supported by a body of sharpshooters under cover of the dense trees. Probably these marksmen might have become really troublesome had they been left alone for a bit. But so far from neglecting them, the steamers diverted their attention from the fort for a few minutes, and poured upon the devoted battery and men such a deluge of missiles as to force them to stop firing. Twice the gunners actually fled, the bombs were bursting so near them. They could not be expected to remain and be slain, for they were plucky fellows, and every time the 100-pound shells spread havoc and scattered the men, next moment fresh men were at the guns, firing as bravely but as harmlessly

as ever. Gallant unscientific gunners, could you but have aimed straight what a different story I might have to tell!

Once, however, they *did* aim straight, and sent plump on to the deck of the *Hecla* a live shell with its burning fuse. Let that fuse but reach the powder and the bomb shall do a deadly work. But the hour finds the man. Midshipman Lucas espied the stranger, knew that every moment was of priceless value, leaped forward in the midst of the hurly-burly, picked up the bomb, and hurled it overboard as calmly as a goal-keeper, beset by half the field, manœuvres the ball out of harm's way. It was the work of an instant, but it showed fine presence of mind, and a shining valour well worthy of the first Victoria Cross. As in a flash there stood revealed the captain courageous and resourceful admiral of later days.

By seven o'clock the battery was knocked out, but the forts maintained a dropping fire that still fell short of the ships. Three hours later the main fortress was in flames, the conflagration being greeted with three times three from the throats of British sailors, dry no doubt, but full of fight. The cheers had hardly died away when the *Valorous* sent a big bomb crashing through the roof of the stronghold, where it exploded with a dreadful din. "Well done, *Valorous*!" was Captain Hall's brief but emphatic signal. At one in the morning the British fire ceased, the ships weighed anchor and steamed slowly back to bring the good news of their victorious exploit to "Fighting Charlie." The loss of the British was three men wounded.

And so ended the first bombardment of Bomarsund.  
JAMES A. MANSON.

## A CONSOLING REFLECTION.

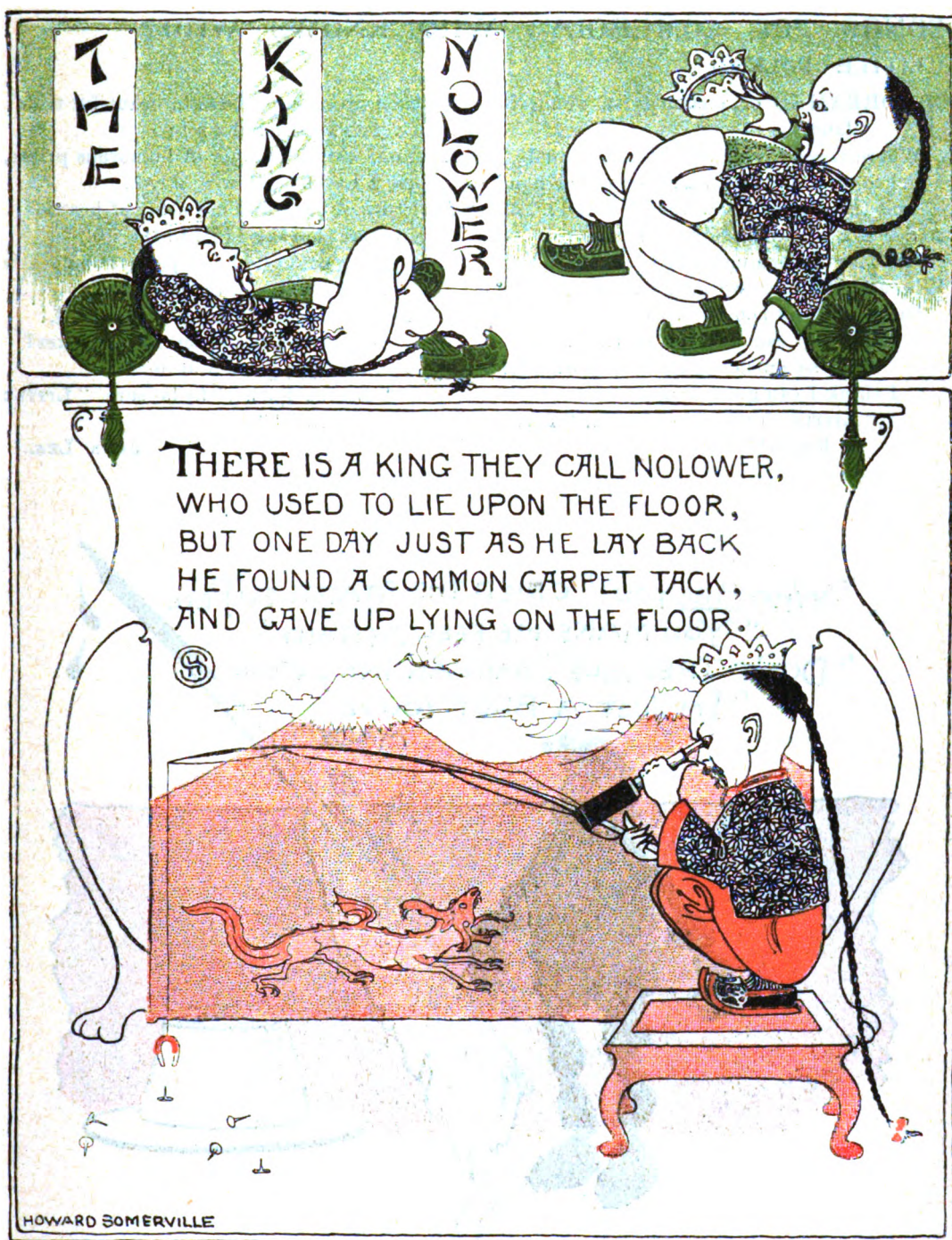
WHEN I am in my bed at night,  
And nurse has carried off the light,  
I curl up in a cosy heap,  
And try my best to fall asleep.

But in the dining-room below,  
The shaded lamps are all aglow;  
For when *my* little day is done,  
The grown-up day seems just begun

They have such lovely things to eat,  
The table decked with blossoms sweet,  
And mother wears a silken gown,  
To welcome daddy home from town.

When I am just as old as they,  
*I'll* have late dinner every day;  
And when nurse says, "'Tis time for bed,"  
*My* little boy shall go instead.

MABEL A. CLINTON.



## SONGS FOR SOMEBODY: WHO KNOWS WHO?

## "LITTLE FOLKS."

I DREAMED of a country, a wonderful land,  
Where treasures were scattered around;  
I picked up a score with a sweep of the hand,  
And these were a few that I found:  
A. Serial Story concerning a farm,  
Another concerning a book  
Where fairies were working a magical charm  
On mortals by hook or by crook.  
Now, who can be king of this land,  
Who so much amusement provokes?  
I think I can guess it at once:  
"LITTLE FOLKS," to be sure, "LITTLE  
FOLKS!"

I picked up some pictures in beautiful tints;  
Of verses I gathered a set;  
And, oh! such a number of humorous prints,  
That I haven't got over it yet.  
A picture of Jane and her army of beasts,  
Of a rock that *would* go to the sea;  
Of pigs that could fiddle at parties and feasts  
In "More about Dicker and Me."  
Now, who can be king of this land,  
Who so much amusement provokes?  
I think I can guess it at once:  
"LITTLE FOLKS," to be sure, "LITTLE  
FOLKS!"

JOHN LEA.









ANDRE & SLEIGH, LIMITED, BUSHEY, HERTS

"A BEAUTIFUL WHITE PONY HELD BY AN UGLY LITTLE GNOME."

# THE WITCH AND THE JEWELLED EGGS.

By MRS. M. H. SPIELMANN. Illustrated by HUGH THOMSON.

## CHAPTER V.



ON the night oefore, whilst the Prince and Princess were tasting of the Witch's power, the King, sorely troubled at his daughter's absence, had sent scouts round about in search of her. All the night long he had sat and gazed into the moonlight watching and waiting, his face grave and pale with anxiety. No news had come, for every messenger must have lost his way, and no one sent out that night returned until late on the morrow.

As the first streak of dawn tinged the sky, the weary King himself rode forth with his attendants, as we have seen, in quest of his daughter. He knew that of late she and his nephew were sad; but he had smiled when he had heard of their youthful impatience to be married, and had bid them wait a short while longer.

It was a bright morning, the sun shone gaily, birds were singing, and all the animal world was happy, as the King and his retinue came to the curve of the brook and the daisies. There they dismounted, and, standing close to their horses, they listened, for strange noises were in the air. On a patch of shrivelled grass the morning dew seemed to

glisten strangely. It looked so refreshing that the King, heated by his ride, stooped and gathered some of it in the palm of his hand. He was about to drink, when he was suddenly stopped, for the noises were now connected sounds, and were borne upon the ears of all around like a distant echo of words clearly uttered. The King and his followers listened; and it was the voices of the cockatoos which were screaming out the lines of the Incantation which they had overheard; and then the monkeys piped back the Enchantment in thoughtless glee!

Then all was confusion once more, and there followed a deep silence. The King staggered back, and would have fainted, but his attendants carried him to the brook, whose sweet water quickly restored him. Soon, as they rode homewards, he learned how an old Witch had been seen near by, and he knew it must be she who had used her wicked spells. He understood now what fate had befallen his loved ones, and how the Witch had tricked them with her cunning lies.

Slowly and dejectedly the brilliant cavalcade proceeded, the King deep in thought, his head bent forward in sorrow, his pointed grey beard drooping on his breast, as the tears coursed down his cheeks. Suddenly he was aroused by a low whinny. He looked up and saw standing in his path a beautiful white pony held by an ugly little gnome. They gazed at him with the eyes of dumb creatures. Then shaking above his head his Royal fist, he cried out his Curse:

"Now down upon the wicked Witch  
Descend my Royal bitter curse!  
May all her days be dark as pitch!  
And though she ever slave and stitch,  
Oh, never may the hag be rich!  
Cut poor, and ill—then worse, and worse,  
Come well within my Royal curse!"

\* \* \* \* \*

In front of the Rainbow Palace, he installed





*"Putting their heads together"*

the gentle pony, where he could see it always, in a bower of roses, and he spread all kinds of tempting food before it. But the poor creature for a long while refused to eat, and sank down exhausted upon its sweet soft bed of rose leaves. So he set a guard of soldiers round about, whilst the faithful gnome stretched himself on the ground across the entrance to the bower.

The King then withdrew to his thinking chamber, known as the Brown Study, and he remained there all alone. And no one dared to disturb the great scholar when he went there to wrap himself up in profound thought and a purple dressing gown.

When they heard what had befallen the Prince and Princess, the whole countryside wept for their King in his sorrow. They searched everywhere for the Witch so that they might burn her hut, wherever it might be, and might revenge themselves upon her, but they could find neither the one nor the

other. She seemed to have vanished, and was seen no more, and as for her hut, not a single trace of it was to be found anywhere, although everyone took part in the search for it, and all made sure that they would discover it somewhere.

After a while they braced themselves for action, and began putting their heads together in order to find how the enchantment could be undone before the coming Easter, with the intention of presenting the solution inside the new Jewelled Egg. So they held meetings and discussions, and they talked and argued and thought, till the months had slipped by before they realised they had gone.

When Eastertide arrived, their imagination had brought them no further than the silly suggestion to cut off the mane and beard, exchange them, and glue them on; and so exasperated did they become at their want of success that, in their vexation and despair, quarrels and even riots took place. The people, indeed, became so hopelessly empty-headed in their anxiety, that when the auspicious day arrived, it came about that they had thought of no great scheme for a new Jewelled Egg at all, and consequently they had nothing better to present to their sorrowing Sovereign than a common, every-day great auk's egg, which he was too miserable to notice.

He even thanked them as usual, and graciously gave the usual order for its removal to the Treasure Chamber. Nor did he ever know that as the Lord High Duke was carrying it thither he dropped it—perhaps purposely—so that it was broken and was thrown away. But so afraid was his Dukeship and the people that the King might have had a glimpse of it, and so be reminded of their only failure, that they set out and killed all the great auks they could find.

Perhaps that is why great auks' eggs are now so very expensive, or perhaps it is not: you have your choice.

## CHAPTER VI.



THE fact is that from continually pondering on how to make the Royal White

Pony's mane change place with the gnome's beard, the King had become strangely absent-minded, and he no more interested himself in things in general. So much so, that one morning, being more confused than usual, he dismissed his gentleman of the bed-chamber too soon. Five minutes later he found to his astonishment that he had combed his beard (which had become long and white) instead of his long white locks; and that instead of shaving his upper lip, which he always preferred to do himself, he had shaved every hair off his head.

"My mistake!" he muttered.

Now this act led to great things. The royal head became remarkably cool, and on the evening of the very same day, the King issued the following extraordinary proclamation:—

*"Whosoever shall restore my dearly beloved daughter and nephew to their proper shapes, shall receive from my Treasure Chamber one dozen times the Royal White Pony's weight in my far-famed Jewelled Eggs."*

Early the next morning after the edict had gone forth, the witch appeared at the great glass gates of the Rainbow Palace and demanded audience of the King. She was recognised at once, and was quickly seized and bound.

The King showed no surprise on hearing of her arrival. He sallied forth and ordered his guards to set her free. She looked very evil as she stood there panting, breathless, and resentful.

"Speak!" commanded the King, and all the people gathered round.

"I alone can restore the Princess and the Prince to you," exclaimed the Witch, pointing at him with her finger. "It takes me to settle these little matters!" she added with a sneer. "High and mighty as your Royalship thinks yourself to be, my mind is far greater and cleverer than yours. See how I have plunged you and your whole country in such woe that you are helpless against it and me!"

The crowd made a rush forward with angry faces and clenched fists to avenge the insult.

But the King stayed them with a gesture, and said sternly:

"Silence, woman. Do not boast of your love of doing evil. Say briefly what brings you here."

"Your Jewelled Eggs bring me here. Your Proclamation brings me here. There! Read this bond and sign it."

He took from her a black scroll



"My mistake!" he muttered.

and flask of red ink. Then the Witch, firmly planting her staff upon the ground with her outstretched hand, her whole attitude one of insolent scorn, watched the King as he read aloud the bond :

*"I hereby agree to pay to the great Witch, when her marvellous genius shall have accomplished the Act of Restoration, Jewelled Eggs in accordance with the exact terms contained in my Royal Proclamation."*

He opened one of the Eggs on his diamond chain, took from it a telephonographic penholder, whispered to it, and laid it on the parchment. All by itself it stood up on its nib ; it drank of the red ink ; and by itself it wrote the Royal signature to the deed as it had been commanded. The pen was replaced in its egg and the scroll given back to the Witch. His Majesty did not seem particularly angry or unhappy, or hopeful, or anything ; yet the corners of his mouth curved upwards for a second before he resumed his grave demeanour.

Throwing back her head, and pointing with her long crutch-stick, the Witch said :

"Now, before we proceed any further, show all these nice people, who are so fond of you, how you can do homage to your betters. Down—upon your knees."

At this there arose such a howl of execration from the populace that only by the quiet order of the King to the soldiers on guard did she escape the heavy blows aimed at her. Again he had raised his hand and stayed the tumult. Then with dignity he obeyed the Witch once more ; and the astonished assembly saw him stoop low before the old hag, and humbly make obeisance. Never had the venerable Monarch seemed nobler or more serene than at this moment, in the devoted act of a father's sacrifice.

The Witch, shrivelled and bent once more, turned round and slowly moved away. Looking back over her shoulder, and beckoning to them, she rasped out :

"Come now, all of you, and see me carry out the bargain ! It wants *me* to settle these little matters ! You'll own to it ! Come, follow me to the Forest—you two Bewitched Ones ! He ! he ! His humble Royalship ! The brave

retinue ! And the gentle crowd ! Come, see what *I* can do ! Follow me !"

The retinue objected, and implored their Sovereign not to venture after her. But the pony and the gnome had already started, so that the King, in order to keep them in view, unhesitatingly strode forward. The retinue were thus forced to follow, which they did in some fear, though sustained by the ever-increasing train of followers.

Curiosity grew keener at every step, and the crowd grew bigger and bigger. Thus, after a time, the long procession arrived at a remote part of the Forest, where stood the hut they had never seen before, covered with withered ivy and poisonous-looking creepers, making a desolate and mournful show under the overcast sky. They grouped themselves as close as they could around the King and his attendants. They stood in front of the paved court, and the wafer-lily-covered springs, and spread far back into the Forest and among the trees. All were on tiptoe of expectation, and breathless with wonder and excitement.

## CHAPTER VII.

THEN they saw the Witch motion to the gnome to stand with the pony in front of the right hand spring, before she withdrew inside her hut.

Soon they heard in her shrill voice the chant of

### THE GOLDEN HAZE.

'Tis only in the Golden Haze

Can beard and mane their place exchange :  
And only by my secret ways—

My ways so weird and wise and strange.

'Tis I who make the Golden Haze,

Wherein I may undo a spell ;  
(And then 'tis only when it pays—  
Or when I think 'twill pay me *well*.)

Behold me weave the Golden Haze,  
Now look with your intensest gaze—

The transformation must be wrought !  
(Yet no one here my word obeys,  
So fierce and dazzling is the blaze—  
Like sunshine in the hottest days,  
When eyesight can distinguish nought !)

Now look into my Golden Haze,

And when you hear the gnome's loud voice,  
And when the snow-white pony neighs,  
The transformation's done—Rejoice!

*'Tis now the time!* Behold, I raise  
At my command, the Golden Haze!

And in their astonished sight a cloud of shimmering gold had risen slowly from the water-lilies, and enveloped the pony and the gnome, and hid them quite from view. It became so brilliant, so blinding, that the spectators were forced to shade their eyes. But only for a moment. They looked again. A hoarse shout and sweet whinny resounded through the Forest, and the Golden Haze suddenly fell in a cascade of liquid gold back into the lilies' spring, revealing the adored Princess and Prince standing together hand in hand, grown a year taller, a year handsomer, and a year happier!

The King opened wide his arms, and amidst the joyous hurrahs from the delighted multitude, he clasped the children to his breast, and hugged them close as he bent and kissed them.

Just then the Witch, whom for a moment everyone had forgotten, came hurrying forward with the blinking black cat perched high on the great brim of her hat.

"The Jewelled Eggs!" she demanded eagerly. "Quick, quick! Give me the Jewelled Eggs!"

"Softly!" replied the King. "I promised them to twelve times the weight of the Royal White Pony, did I not?"

"Yes, yes, according to your Royalship's signature here. I've got it. On the bond."

"Softly!" repeated the King. "What is its weight? The Royal White Pony is no longer here to be weighed. Do you grasp that fact, hag? Dear, dear," he continued in a bantering tone, "Wherever can that White Pony be?" and then he frankly smiled.

The people understood him at last, and the plot he had devised; and they laughed and scoffed, and mocked, and jeered, and laughed again, whilst the Witch stood there powerless, rooted to the spot with astonishment, her face livid and her teeth chattering as if with cold.

Then, seeing that she was beaten—exasperated and quivering with rage—while the cat with his back high arched, spat defiance at the seething crowd, she yelled out, "Wait! Only wait!" Glaring malignantly at them, she turned to go indoors. But she had made but a single step in that direction when she threw up her hands, and started horror-stricken like the crowd itself. For, by reason of the Black Sprinkle being no longer under control, it exploded in the hut with a terrific noise. Smoke and flames belched out of the building, setting it on fire and crackling furiously among the ivy.

Then out of the chimney spurted a black, bubbling, frothing liquid which gushed down and round about, destroying and covering everything within reach, as it spread and spread in a streaming flow. Nearly the whole hut was now ablaze.

In the breathless silence that followed, there came on the breeze the voices of the screaming cockatoos:

"Now down upon the wicked Witch  
Descends the Royal bitter curse!"

And the monkeys gibbered back:

"The Sprinkle Black is black as pitch,  
But tastes and smells and burns much  
worse!"

Then the voices of the cockatoos and monkeys mingled together, uttering in discordant tones:

"Cursed be the Witch, no longer rich,  
Without a farthing in her purse.  
The curse has worked without a hitch—  
The honoured King's most Royal curse!"

The Witch shuddered, and tottered into the burning building. The next moment she appeared on the roof amidst the smoke and flames, with the blinking black cat clinging to her shoulder. She mounted astride her broomstick, and yelling out threats of coming vengeance, she jumped upwards into space.

A shriek rent the air. Down came the Witch and her Nemesis, and fell with a thud upon the court below; and they never stirred.

For the first time the Witch had been outwitted. She who thought herself so wise had

been beaten throughout the whole scheme, and so had lost all power for ever. But, although she had suddenly realised this, she would not bring herself to "own to it."

The inky stream flowed on and on, obliterating everything in its course. The people fled in all directions to escape, rushing madly away for safety; and the King, dragged by the hand by the Prince and Princess, ran nearly as fast as the rest, and far more merrily.

When they looked again at the spot, no hut was there. Nothing was left of all that they had seen. Only the sameness of the Forest—great trees everywhere, as though nothing else had ever been. Yet they saw an object lying there on that bald black patch of ground. They approached, and found it was nothing more than an old broomstick. But for all that there was nobody who had a fancy to have it, nor could anyone be found even to touch it.

The Court returned to the Palace, and the people went homewards, singing blithely after the great events of the day.

"I think it took *me* to settle that little matter!" remarked the King with a jovial smile.

\* \* \* \*

There lay the old broomstick, and the people from all around the country would come and look at it, and hear from those who had been eye-witnesses all about the Witch and the

Jewelled Eggs. Then they would laugh and extol their King for his wisdom: and they were thankful for their many blessings.

One day the wonderful report got about that the old broomstick was sprouting. And in truth it had actually taken root and was shooting young leaves. Then it developed into a big, bushy plant with beautiful yellow blossoms along its slender rod-like stems, and all around it was a sweet scent, and there arose the hum of many bees.

So the people, knowing as they did, that it sprang from a broomstick, called it "Broom," and soon the whole countryside was bright and gay with this new bush which had never been seen before. And to this day it flourishes plentifully all over the land, which it beautifies with its growth.

Now, when all the broom was in full blossom, preparations for the Royal wedding were finished. For in the meantime the King had not forgotten what he owed to the brave young Prince, whom he now loved to honour in every way. And that he might hear his lovely daughter say that she had not one wish left unfulfilled, he forthwith gave her to the Prince for bride.

So the wedding took place in the great Rainbow Palace, amid much pomp and circumstance. And the King blessed his daughter's marriage with the Prince, and every one rejoiced greatly in their happiness.

## TAKING IT LITERALLY.

I HEARD dear Granny say to-day,  
What sounded very queer:  
"We must not try to put old heads  
Upon young shoulders, dear!"

It was to Mother that she spoke  
In such a funny way,  
And Mother only sighed and smiled,  
And bade me run and play!

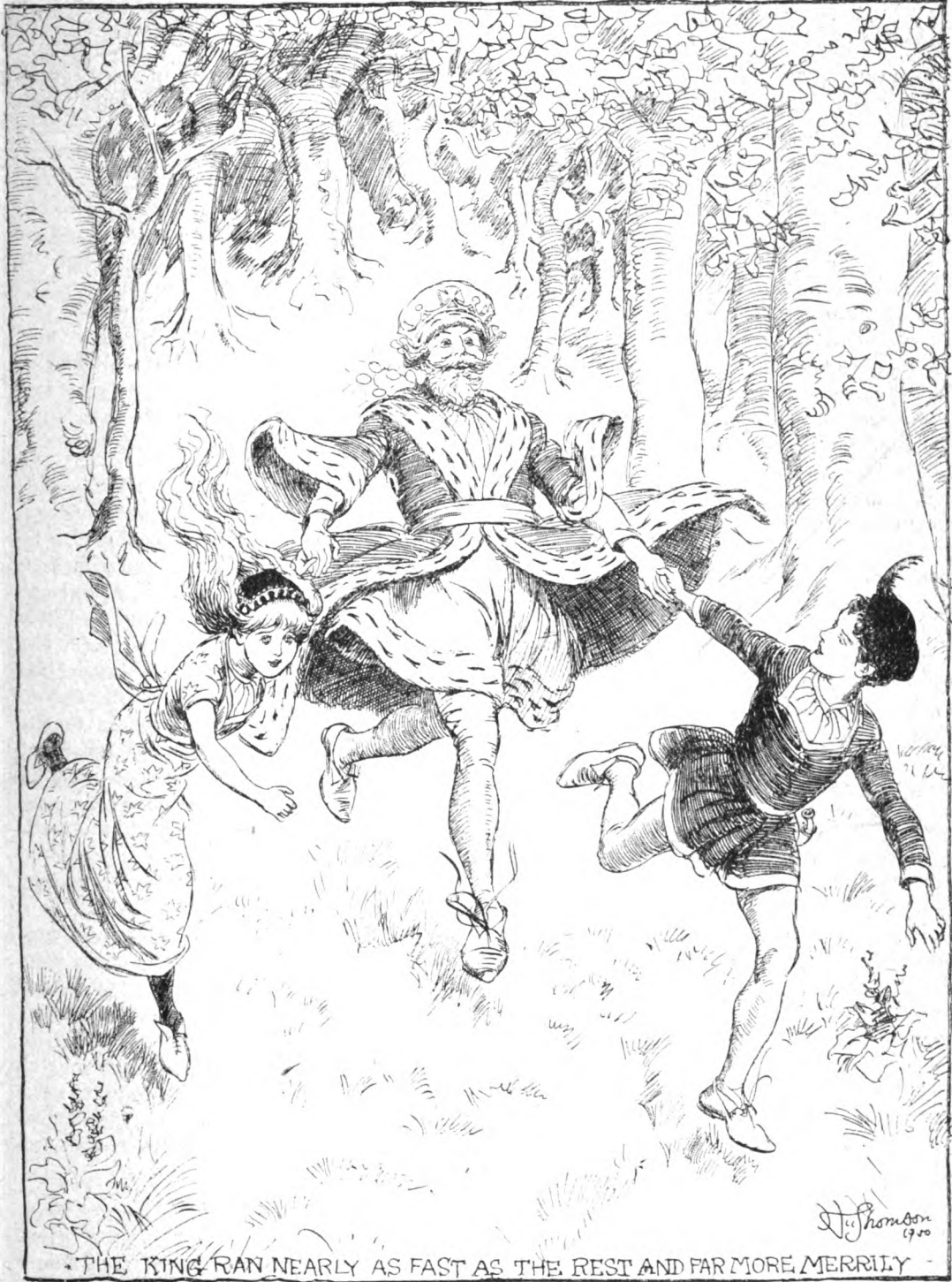
But when I came to think of it,  
I thought how very strange  
We children all of us would look  
If we could make that change.

Suppose I had dear Granny's head,  
Her cap and soft white hair,  
Upon my shoulders fixed—my word,  
How all the folks would stare!

I almost think 'twould even be  
Yet still more queerly mixed,  
If Granny had my curly pate  
Upon her shoulders fixed!

How funny both of us would look!  
We shouldn't like it, though;  
And so I'm glad they can't attempt  
To make the change, you know!

CONSTANCE M. LOWE.



THE KING RAN NEARLY AS FAST AS THE REST AND FAR MORE MERRILY



## ODDS AND ENDS.

### A Compliment to the Iron Duke.

One day an old gentleman presented himself at Apsley House and asked to see the Duke of Wellington. He had never met his Grace, and had no appointment with him then, but the porter seemed to like the look of him, for he showed him into a room while he took his card to the Duke. By-and-by his Grace appeared, saying, "I can spare ten minutes, Mr. Robertson. What is your business?" The visitor answered that, as his Grace saw, he was a very old man, who had followed the Duke's career from first to last. He could not live much longer, but before he died he felt he would like to see the Duke. With that end in view he had travelled from the north of Scotland, arriving in London that morning. Now that the desire of his heart had been gratified, he would return home on the following day. The Duke replied that, next to the honours he had received from his Sovereign, this was the greatest compliment ever paid him, invited Mr. Robertson to dine with him that night, and offered to take him to Windsor to see the Queen. "No," responded Mr. Robertson, "I have seen your Grace. I want nothing else," and with a deep bow he bade him goodbye.

### The Red Hot Poker Plant.

In the north of Cape Colony there stretches for many a weary mile the great tableland of the Karroo, famous for its queer plants and its life-giving air. Here grows the African aloe, an ugly-looking plant save at the time of flowers. Then it offers a brilliant spectacle as it lights up the hillsides in spring (which, in South Africa, corresponds to the English autumn). Its big, dull scarlet and orange-coloured flowers have earned for this aloe the familiar nickname of the "red hot poker plant."

### The Bowery.

New South Wales has a Bowery as well as New York, but except in name there is no resemblance between them. In the Empire City the Bowery is not a very safe or very salubrious quarter, but in the great Australian

colony there is many a bowery in every forest, for the Australian starling builds unto itself a bower for a home, and from this pretty habit it has obtained the name of the Bower Bird. The bower is usually built below the spreading branch of a huge tree. It stands upon a platform of boughs, and is itself made of fine twigs that bend readily, and take a curious form at the top. The birds adorn these houses with feathers, rags, shells, and indeed every bright object they can lay their beaks to. This custom has even led them to steal. When, therefore, the natives miss any of their small gaudy gew-gaws, the first thing they do is to search the nearest bowers.

### 'Twixt the Cup and the Lip.

Queen Charlotte once asked that a clergyman in whom she was interested might be presented to a rich living then vacant, which was in the gift of Lord Chancellor Thurlow. The curate, who had served the parish faithfully for thirty years for small pay, as is the manner of so many of his kind, begged for Lord Thurlow's patronage in securing him in the curacy, especially having regard to the fact that he had a large family dependent on him. When the rector-that-was-to-be called to thank Thurlow, the latter placed the case of the curate before him with all the force and feeling he could command. "I should be glad to oblige your lordship," was the answer, "but I have already promised the post to a friend." "Well," retorted the Lord Chancellor, "I cannot make the gentleman your curate, but I can make him rector. If he cannot have the curacy, he shall have the living." He then summoned his secretary and bade him make out the presentation in favour of the curate. The Lord Chancellor's word should doubtless be as good as his bond, but at the same time the grasping rector was deservedly punished.

### How a Goldsmith Stoked his Fire.

"Jingling Geordie" Heriot, the great Edinburgh goldsmith, was a friend of James VI.'s, to whom he often acted as banker. Calling on the king in Holyrood Palace one

day, he found him seated before a fire of cedar wood, the fragrance from which made the room very pleasant. Heriot remarking it, the king told him it was as costly as it was agreeable.

"Ah," said Heriot, "if your Majesty will visit me at my booth in Parliament Close, I will show you a more costly fire."

"Say you so?" retorted the king, "then I will call."

He was as good as his word, but only saw a common coal fire.

"Where's your costly fire, Georgie?" asked James.

"Give me leave, sire, to get my fuel," said Heriot, as he went to a cupboard, from which he took the king's bond for £2,000. This he threw into the fire.

"Now," quoth he, with a triumphant smile, "which is the more costly fire—yours in Holyrood or mine here?"

"Yours, Master Heriot, yours certainly," replied the king, glad to be quit of a debt on such very easy terms.

## THE TWO ROSES.

TWO roses grew upon a bush.

Beneath the summer sky;  
And one, alas! through all the day  
Would hang its head and sigh;  
The other raised its crimson bloom  
When morn had first begun,  
To breathe a tender perfume out,  
And watch the golden sun.

"I felt a rain-drop," cried the first.

"I dread the angry storm."

"'Twas morning dew," replied his friend

"A crystal drop and warm.

I felt its soft and gentle kiss

As from my leaves it rolled;

And, see! the sun has sent a ray

To fill it full of gold."

"I felt the wind," the sad one cried.

"A hurricane will blow  
And cast our petals far and wide  
Upon the earth below."

"'Twas but the gentle zephyr, friend,"

The other gaily said,

"That came across the leafy wood  
And o'er the primrose bed."

"I see the shadows," cried the first,

"The tempest has begun;

The heavy clouds are o'er the sky  
To hide us from the sun."

"'Tis but the restful shade of eve,"

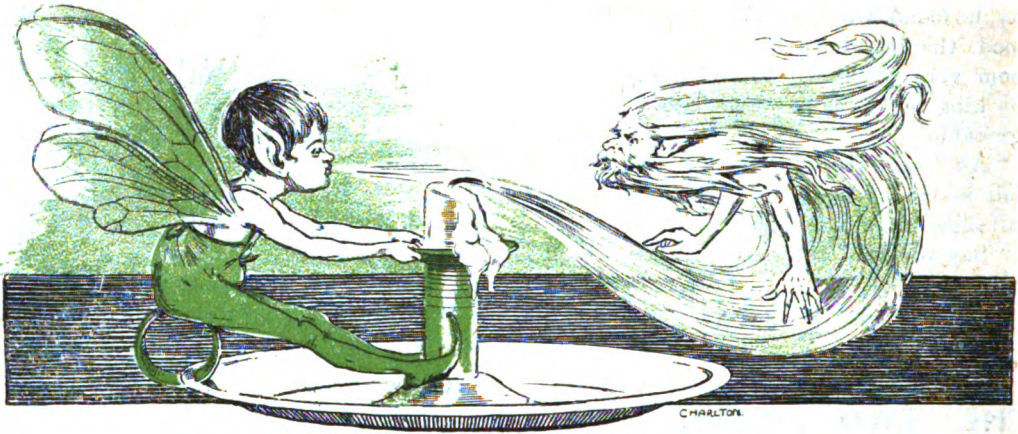
Replied the happy rose,

And bent its lovely head to meet

The summer night's repose.

JOHN LEA.





## THE BOOK OF BETTY BARBER AND THE TROUBLE IT CAUSED.

By MAGGIE BROWNE, Author of "Wanted—a King," "The Surprising Adventures of Tuppy and Tue," etc.

### CHAPTER VII. A BOX OF OINTMENT.

**I** HAVE thought of a splendid plan," said Thirteen-fourteenths. "Until the Conference begins——"  
"What is a Conference?" asked Minora.

"Until the Conference begins," said Thirteen-fourteenths, and the Major frowned at Minora, "we will all search high and low for three separate things. What will you hunt for, Minora?"

"I thought we were all to look for the book," said Minora.

"Of course, we are all hoping to find the book," said the Fraction, "but don't you know that if you want to find one thing, the best way is to look for something else?"

Minora shook her head doubtfully.

"Well, we will try your plan," said the Major. "Minora, my dear, look for that wonderful wand of Father Time's. If you really could find it, we could have any number of Sharps and Flats in the house."

"But it isn't lost," objected Minora.

"It may be, by this time," said Thirteen-fourteenths, "and if it isn't, it will be all the more difficult to find in this wood."

"I won't look for the wand," said Minora. "It is silly to look for a thing unless you are sure it is lost. If I must hunt for something

I will try to find out that old white Owl. She knew something about the book, I feel sure."

"Then I will look for the wand," said the Major.

"I will look for the lost piece of my jacket," said Thirteen-fourteenths, "I spend my life looking for that."

"Have you lost a piece of your jacket?" asked Minora. "Nobody would think you had. Your jacket is in a great many pieces, but I don't see one missing."

"The fourteenth piece is missing," said the Fraction sadly. "I used to be a whole number; then someone stole a piece of my jacket, and since then I have only been Thirteen-fourteenths. But we are wasting time; we should be working, not talking. Let us search high and low."

"I must search high," said Minora, "Mrs. Owl will be sleeping in some hollow tree."

They all three set to work. The Major hunted bush and tree, and searched most unlikely and unpromising places; but, needless to say, he didn't find anything at all.

The Fraction found something, not the book, not the lost piece of jacket, but a small round box. He shouted to the others to come and look at it.

"I've found this," he said.

"Where did you find it?" asked the Major.

"In the hollow trunk in which I hid the

book, queerly enough," said Thirteen-fourteenths.

"Let me look at it," said Minora, "is there anything inside?"

She took the box and examined it carefully, inside and out.

"Writing on the label," she said, "but no notes, or sharps or flats," she added slyly, looking at the Major.

"I hope not, I'm sure," said the Major.

"No figures," said Thirteen-fourteenths. "I wonder what is inside. Hullo, I hear Half-term coming back through the wood; but I fancy I hear two voices. I wonder if it is Half-term."

But Minora was looking at the soft, white, sticky stuff inside the box. She touched it with her finger, and she popped a little bit in her mouth; but it was not good to eat, and she made a grimace.

"I wonder what it is," she said.

"It is Half-term," said Thirteen-fourteenths, who had climbed into the tree, "and he is helping somebody along—a girl. She does seem tired. I'll go and help, too." And the Fraction jumped down from the tree and bounded away to meet the boy.

"Perhaps I had better go, too," began the Major.

But Minora pulled his coat.

"Look," she said, "there are three of them coming down the other path. Don't leave me alone. Who are they?"

The Major turned round, to see the three holiday fairies coming through the wood.

"Capital," cried the Major, "the very three people we want to see—the Holiday Fairies!"

"They don't look as if they were out for a holiday," said Minora, for the three fairies were not jumping and skipping, and laughing and joking, as usual; but walking solemnly and soberly.

"Something has happened," said the Major, "they were so cheerful the last time I saw them."

"They don't look any more cheerful than the other three," said Minora, as Half-term and the Fraction appeared, helping a girl who seemed scarcely able to walk. "If this is a Conference, I don't think it is much fun.

Flats and Sharps are jolly compared with these six dreary, dismal——"

"Hush, Minora," said Major C.

"Let her rest against the tree," said Half-term. "She told me she wanted to get to the tree."

Minora and the Major moved away, and the girl sank on the ground and shut her eyes.

Half-term looked up, saw the fairies, and beckoned to them.

"There," he said, pointing to the girl, "do you see who it is?"

Easter looked at the girl and shook her head. Summer seemed puzzled; but Christmas bent over the girl, and then started back with a cry of horror.

"Easter, Summer," she cried, "it can't be." And then in a whisper she added, "It is the B. of a C. of a P. G."

"Poor little Miss Crimson Lake!" said Major C. "What has happened to her? She was so pretty, so pink, and so lively."

"She looks rather washed out now," said Minora.

The holiday fairies looked at one another, looked at poor Crimson Lake, and burst out crying.

"It's our fault," said Christmas.

"Our fault," sobbed Easter.

"We are so sorry," said Summer.

"Then help us to do something to make her better," said Thirteen-fourteenths. "You know, it isn't all your fault. Betty Barber's book is at the bottom of the mischief. I expect poor Crimson Lake was trying to get here to look for the book."

Half-term nodded. "She was talking about the tree and the book, when I met her."

"She's gone to sleep," said Christmas, "perhaps that will do her good."

"We will move further away, so as not to waken her," said Minora.

"The Conference Meeting will be held in the Upper Hall," said Thirteen-fourteenths, and he swung himself up into the branches of the tree. The fairies followed, so did Minora, and the Major soon found himself sitting astride a branch, feeling quite happy and comfortable.

"I recommend the outside of the tree, not





"Helping a girl who seemed scarcely able to walk" (p. 257).

the inside," said Half-term, as they all settled down to plot and plan and scheme.

At the foot of the tree Crimson Lake lay quite still, fast asleep. As the Fraction had guessed, she had tried to get to the tree to tear up the book, feeling that that was the first thing to do; but had she not met Half-term she would never have reached the tree, for she was tired out.

Chatter, chatter, chatter went the voices up in the tree.

Half-term's voice could be heard distinctly

above the others: "Of course, Santa Claus would help."

Miss Crimson Lake moved in her sleep.

"I must find out if Lucy is in Nonsense Land, and help her out."

It was the Fraction speaking this time. Then once more they all began to talk together. They were all so eager to help, that they were nearly quarrelling as to which could help most.

Miss Crimson Lake rubbed her eyes and opened them slowly.

"The book must be found," said the Fraction, up in the tree.

Miss Crimson Lake sat up slowly, wondering where she could be.

"If only Queen Harmony would help," said Minora.

Then once more chatter, chatter, chatter.

Miss Crimson Lake stared up at the tree, feeling half frightened. Then she heard footsteps coming through the wood, and saw a boy running quickly towards her.

He began to speak almost as soon as he saw her, long before he reached her.

"Have you seen Thirteen-fourteenths?" he called.

Miss Crimson Lake shook her head.

"He's wanted at once," said the boy, "I can't stop, I must find him."

Miss Crimson Lake shook her head again, and the boy, never ceasing to run, disappeared through the wood, calling as he went, "Thirteen - fourteenths. Thirteen - fourteenths is wanted."

Before he was out of sight the Fraction's voice was heard in the tree calling, "Here," and when Miss Crimson Lake looked up she saw Thirteen-fourteenths swing himself to the ground over her head. One after another the others followed him.

"Are you better?" asked Christmas eagerly.

Miss Crimson Lake nodded.

"Who was it calling me?" asked Thirteen-fourteenths.

Crimson Lake pointed to the path down which the boy had run.

"Was it a boy dressed in black and white, with a round black ball on his head?" asked the Fraction, and when Miss Crimson Lake nodded he looked very solemn. "It must be Repeater," he said; "if he wants me, I think I must go back, for they must be in trouble at home."

Miss Crimson Lake nodded again, and her lips moved to say, "Yes."

"Well, he is sure to pass this way again," said Thirteen-fourteenths, "he always keeps on running. I had better wait to hear his message; then I must go. Now, before we separate, each to do our own particular work,

let us tell Crimson Lake our plans, and see if she approves."

"We will," cried the fairies and Minora.

"It will cheer her," said the Major.

"Your troubles will soon be over," said Half-term.

Crimson Lake managed to smile a faint, feeble little smile.

"Well, first of all," said Half-term, "my sisters and I will tell the children they must stop painting."

Crimson Lake nodded quite energetically.

"Then," said Christmas, "we are going to Father to ask him to tell Santa Claus to put matters to rights in Paint Land."

"And I am going to Queen Harmony," said Minora, "to ask her to pay a visit to the Scale family."

Crimson Lake looked puzzled, and shook her head.

"You haven't heard how badly I've been treated by the Sharps and Flats," said Major C, "they nearly battered my house down."

"I expect you don't know either that good little Lucy' is lost in Nonsense Land," said Half-term.

Crimson Lake sighed a big, big sigh.

"But I shall get her out," said Thirteen-fourteenths, "and we are every one to try very hard to find the Book of Betty Barber, to tear it up into little bits."

At last Miss Crimson Lake found her voice.

"Is it lost?" she asked.

"Lost! Lost!" said Minora and the Major together.

"It is, indeed," said Thirteen-fourteenths.

"It must be found," said Crimson Lake.

"It shall be found," said the Fraction.

"I hear someone calling," said Minora.

They all listened. Through the wood the voice could be heard distinctly, "Thirteen-fourteenths is wanted! Thirteen-fourteenths is wanted."

"It is Repeater," said the Fraction, "and he is coming this way. I knew he would come, he never stops running."

"You are wanted at home, Thirteen-fourteenths."

They could hear the words before they could see the boy.



"I must go," said Thirteen-fourteenths. "Goodbye."

"But he isn't here yet," said Half-term.

"He won't stay when he gets here," said the Fraction, "he never stops. Goodbye. Work hard, all of you. I will work hard, too. I will find the book. But where is the found box I *did* find?"

"Thirteen - fourteenths!" The voice sounded much nearer.

"Here is the box," said Minora. "Look at it, Half-term. Do you see what it says outside?"

"One shilling a box," read Half-term.

"Give it me," said the Fraction. "Here he comes."

But Christmas caught the box as Half-term threw it to the Fraction.

"What is inside, I wonder?" she said, and she took off the lid.

"Christmas, give me the box," said the Fraction.

Repeater was hastening down the path.

"Thirteen-fourteenths, you are wanted at home," he called, "there is trouble, trouble, trouble at home."

"Say I am coming," cried the Fraction, "coming at once."

And the boy took up the new call, and ran past them all through the wood, shouting, "Thirteen-fourteenths is coming, coming at once."

"My box," said Thirteen-fourteenths.

But the fairies had recovered their spirits. They began to play a game of catch with the box, Christmas throwing it to Easter, Easter to Summer.

Poor Thirteen-fourteenths ran from one to the other.

"If you won't give it me, I shall have to go without it," he said at last. "I must go."

Minora jumped up, and, by a clever catch, seized the box and threw it to the Fraction.

"Such a fuss about a box of ointment!" said Christmas, as Thirteen-fourteenths ran off with it, bounding through the wood trying to overtake Repeater, whose voice could still be heard in the far distance, shouting, "Thirteen-fourteenths is coming, coming at once."

"Was it ointment?" said Minora. "We

were wondering what it *was*, it certainly didn't taste very good."

The holiday fairies began to laugh.

"Taste very good!" laughed Christmas, and then the three sisters joined hands, and dancing round shouted in chorus:

"It's good for bumps and good for breaks,  
It's good for thumps and good for shakes,  
It's a capital thing for hard, hard knocks,  
And it only costs a shilling a box."

The others could not help laughing, and even Crimson Lake laughed, too.

But when the fairies stopped singing, and threw themselves down to rest, Major C looked very serious.

"Come, Minora," he said, "we must play no longer, we must get to work. I am off to find Queen Harmony."

"Good-bye," shouted Christmas, suddenly picking herself up. Easter and Summer followed her through the wood.

"They are flighty things," said Minora.

"But what will you do?" said Half-term, who was bending over Crimson Lake.

"I shall be all right," said Crimson Lake, "I feel much better. I will go back to Paint Land to cheer them, to tell them not to despair, that help is coming. Do not wait for me, I go slowly, and thank you, thank you." And as she watched Half-term and Minora hurrying away she said to herself, "And to think I ever called him a rude fellow!"

## CHAPTER VIII.

### IN SUM LAND

THIRTEEN-fourteenths hurried through the wood as fast as his legs could carry him; but the holiday fairies had wasted so much time teasing him about the box that he was some distance behind Repeater, and, indeed, only once heard his call, far away in the distance.

"How tiresome," he said, "if only I could have run home by Repeater's side, I could have talked things over and found out what was the matter; but those holiday fairies always do waste precious time."

Once out of the wood he began to trot, and when he saw in the distance the big buildings



"They began to play a game of catch with the box" (p. 260).

he knew so well, he began to run faster and faster.

The big gate was not even latched, it was thrown wide open, and there was nobody to be seen near it or at the lodge.

In front of one of the biggest buildings a heavy waggon was standing. It was very full, packed with piles of exercise-books, hundreds and hundreds of books and bundles of papers.

"Perhaps the driver will know what is the matter," said the Fraction, hurrying towards the waggon. "Something must be wrong, or somebody would be sorting that load and carrying some of those sums into the compound subtraction building."

But when he reached the waggon he found nobody, not even a driver. The waggon stood deserted.

He ran up the steps of the building, ran indoors, and began shouting through the rooms:

"Ellesdee, Ellesdee, are you there?"

Only his own voice sounded through the empty house, the building was deserted, too.

"Well, this is qucer, indeed," he said, looking about him, "and never do I remember seeing such an untidy house. Ellesdee, my young friend, you certainly ought to be at home clearing up this mess. Wrong sums lying about mixed up with right sums, pence and pounds lying about on the floor. It is quite evident that something has gone wrong with poor old Ellesdee."

But in the small building next door Thirteen-fourteenths found pretty nearly the same state of things — compound addition sums lying about, papers and books not sorted. There was not quite such untidiness, not quite so much mess, for there was never as much work in the addition as in the subtraction building; people in the world seem to find it easier to take money away than to pile it up. Thirteen-fourteenths began to feel very sad and sorry as he walked through house after house, and found confusion and disorder everywhere, and not even a cipher to speak to.

At last, from one of the windows, he caught sight of two figures hurrying away from the

store building, where all the paper was kept, carrying large piles of paper.

He recognised the figures, too, and gave a shout of surprise, wonder, and amazement.

"Tare and Tret working! Tare and Tret busy!" he cried. "Then, indeed, something is terribly wrong! I must find out what is the matter. I have never before seen Tare or Tret do a stroke of work."

He bounded down the stairs and out of the house, but by the time he reached the door Tare and Tret had disappeared.

Thirteen-fourteenths looked more puzzled than ever.

"They must have walked quickly," he said, "I didn't know they could hurry. Hullo! A piece of paper!"

It was a piece of paper lying on the ground, and further on he could see another piece.

"Hurrah!" he shouted, "they can't work properly, they are not used to it. If only they have dropped enough pieces of paper, I shall easily find where.—Yes, there's another piece, on the path leading to the Correcting-hall. How stupid of me, I never thought of looking in there."

The Fraction hurried away from the buildings, following up the pieces of paper, until he reached the round hall, with its many, many doors. Thirteen-fourteenths could hear voices calling to one another as he walked up the path, and he caught glimpses of heads bent eagerly over work through the windows.

The hall was not deserted.

"Everyone must be in the hall," he said. "What an amount of work they must have, and I can't understand it. The children, as I know only too well, have been painting all day long, I couldn't persuade them to look at a sum. I'll listen a minute or two before I go in; perhaps I may learn something."

But all Thirteen-fourteenths could hear at the door was a buzz of chatter. "Pass the india-rubber!" "Anyone got a blue pencil?" "More paper, please," and other equally valuable and interesting remarks.

He pushed open the door and stepped inside.

"It is Thirteen-fourteenths," called out several voices, and before he could speak a

word he found himself dragged across the hall and placed in a desk. A large blue pencil was put in his hand, a large piece of paper was laid before him, which was covered with figures, and at the bottom of which was written in big letters—

"Answer:  $\frac{182645367862187}{23665781909085}$ "

Thirteen-fourteenths stared at the paper, and then stared about him.

"It's rather a big one," he said at last, "and quite impossible, I should think."

Immediately all the heads were lifted from all the desks, and all the voices shouted loudly:

"Impossible! Of course it's impossible. They are all impossible."

"There are seven like that," said Tare, who was standing at the Fraction's elbow. "They want you badly to help put the sums right."

"There must be something wrong with the question," said Thirteen-fourteenths.

"He says there's something wrong with the question," shouted Repeater, who was standing behind the Fraction's back.

Once more all the heads were lifted from all the desks, and this time all the voices shouted with scornful laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha, Ho, ho, ho, ho. He's a clever chap! No wonder he can't find the piece of his jacket. He'll never be a whole number again."

"Do you think we should have been working at these sums all this time if we had had the right questions?" demanded a boy whose black and white dress, covered with L's and S's and D's, clearly showed he was the Elless-dee Thirteen-fourteenths had expected to find in the buildings.

"If we had had the right questions," shouted a girl, "our backs and our heads wouldn't be aching this minute."

"Anybody can put wrong sums right if they have the right questions," called several figures.

Thirteen-fourteenths felt sorry and angry too; angry because they were cross with him, and sorry that they were all so tired and worried and miserable. He looked at the paper in front of him.

"Where did this come from?" he demanded, turning to Repeater.

"Where did it come from?" shouted Repeater.

"It was copied from the book," said Tare.

"The terrible, terrible book, which has made all the work," said Tret.

picking up the paper from the Fraction's desk. And for one minute there was a sound of tearing paper, and then showers of



"Showers of little pieces were thrown up in the air."

"Were all the sums in it like this one?" said Thirteen-fourteenths.

"Mine are worse," said Ellesdee. "There are pounds divided by pigs, and peas multiplied by shillings. I shall never get mine right."

"And who did the sums in the book?" asked Thirteen-fourteenths.

They all shook their heads.

Then Ellesdee said angrily:

"I wish we knew whose book it was. We would——" Then he stopped. "What would we do to the boy or girl, whichever it was, who did all these sums so terribly wrong?"

They all rose in their desks, and Ellesdee held the paper over his head.

"We would tear that boy or that girl up into teeny tiny pieces, as we tear up these papers now," shouted Ellesdee.

"Tear these papers now," shouted Repeater,

little pieces were thrown up in the air, and fell fluttering to the ground.

"That doesn't do much good," said Thirteen-fourteenths. "The sums must be put right. You know that as well as I do, and now you will only have to set to work and copy them all out again."

"Copy them all out again," shouted Repeater.

"Give me some more paper, Tare," said Ellesdee. "I know I shall have to copy the old sums out again, but I feel better all the same. It has relieved my feelings wonderfully."

Tare carried round the sheets of paper.

"I'll get the book," said Ellesdee.

"Let me see it for one minute," said Thirteen-fourteenths.

Ellesdee walked out of the hall shouting, "All right, you shall see it."

"They had to take the book outside," explained Tare.

"It made them so very angry to see it," added Tret.

"It isn't a very big book," explained a girl called Sois, who had charge of the proportion-sums, and whose white dress was covered with four big black dots in front, and four big black dots behind. "It looks just like an ordinary exercise book. But, oh, sir, when you look inside," and the girl sighed, "page after page of the wrongest sums you ever beheld."

"Where did the book come from?" asked the Fraction.

"Where did it come from?" asked Tare, looking at Tret.

"Why, Ellesdee found it," said Sois, "and it was about the worst day's work Ellesdee ever did. But here he comes with the book."

Ellesdee marched through the door up the hall, holding what looked like a very thin book in his hand.

Thirteen-fourteenths stared at it. Thirteen-fourteenths rubbed his eyes, Thirteen-fourteenths would have shouted, but his breath suddenly all disappeared. He couldn't shout, he could only open his mouth and gasp. For the exercise book in Ellesdee's hands was no ordinary book at all, it was the most extraordinary book that ever existed. It was the Book of Betty Barber!

Thirteen-fourteenths stretched out his hand; but Ellesdee took no notice of him, he held up the book slowly and solemnly, and opened it. There was a shout from everyone in the hall, a shout not of joy, not of sadness, not of horror, but of surprise, wonderful surprise. There were no pages inside the book! The pages were all gone, only the covers were left!

Thirteen-fourteenths fell back in his seat and groaned, but all the others began to talk.

"Where have the pages gone?" said Tare.

"I thought the cover was loose when I had the book," said Sois.

"The cover was loose," shouted Repeater, and his voice could be heard above all the others.

"Now, isn't it queer?" said Ellesdee

"Where was the book?" asked Tret.

"Under a big stone just outside," said Ellesdee, "in the place in which I found it first of all."

Thirteen - fourteenths was beginning to recover. Never before had he felt so disappointed. For one moment he thought his search was at an end, for one moment he had pictured himself returning in triumph to the Major, Half-term, Minora, and the others, to tell them he had found the book. It was indeed a blow to discover that not the book itself, but only the covers, were there, and that the most important part of it was still missing. He jumped up on the desk in front of him, and held up his hand for silence.

"Friends," he said, "this book is more troublesome, more terrible, than you think. It must be found, it must be destroyed. Let me tell you all about it."

"Go on, go on," shouted several voices.

"You think it is only an exercise book, full of wrong sums," continued Thirteen-fourteenths.

"Only!" whispered Sois; but the other figures near her said, "Hush, Hush!"

"You only troubled about one end of the book," said Thirteen-fourteenths. "At the other is written the Diary of Betty Barber." The Fraction groaned out the name, but the hall was only filled with wondering faces, not horrified ones.

"It would be difficult to tell you all the trouble that diary has caused. An honoured major, Major C, has been driven out of Music Land; my dear friend 'Good Little Lucy' is lost—lost in Nonsense Land; Paint Land is almost dried up; and, added to all this, I find you all tired and cross with overwork and worry, your houses neglected, your proper work left; and all through this terrible book, this Book of Betty Barber."

"This terrible Book of Betty Barber," shouted Repeater, as Thirteen-fourteenths paused to get his breath.

"We must find this book," said the Fraction, "and we must tear it into little pieces."

"Let us all go and look for it," said Sois.

"Where did you say you put it, Ellesdee?" asked Tare.

"Outside, under the big stone," said Ellessdee. "Come, Thirteen-fourteenths, let me show you the way, and you shall look for it yourself."

The Fraction and Ellessdee ran out of the hall, hand in hand, and all the others followed.

There was nothing under the big stone, and after searching near it and round it they went sadly back to the hall.

"I don't know what is to be done," said Thirteen-fourteenths, sitting down in the desk and staring at all the little pieces of paper.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good," whispered Tare to Tret, "if they haven't got copies of the sums, they can't put them right; they will have to rest now."

But Ellessdee did not seem to think so. He was gathering together the little pieces which he had torn up, and was trying to make them fit one another.

As he stooped a small box tumbled out of his jacket on to the floor, rolled to the Fraction's desk, and stopped in front of his feet.

Thirteen-fourteenths picked it up.

"My box," he said, "I must have knocked it down."

"My box," said Ellessdee, "I found it."

Thirteen-fourteenths looked down at Ellessdee, who was getting very red in the face, and was about to place the box on the desk in front of him, when he saw one there already. He examined the boxes carefully. They were exactly alike, small and round, each with "One shilling a box" printed on the label.

"Come here," he said to Ellessdee. "Look there," and he pointed to the boxes. "What does it mean?"

"Two of them," said Ellessdee.

"Two of them," shouted Repeater.

"One is mine," said Thirteen-fourteenths, "and one is Ellessdee's."

"Exactly so," said Ellessdee.

"I found mine near the tree beneath which I had hidden the book," said Thirteen-fourteenths.

"Read stone for tree, and I say 'Exactly so' once more," said Ellessdee.

"One shilling a box," said Thirteen-fourteenths. "Someone must have dropped both boxes."

"If," began Sois, and there was at once silence in the hall. "If one man drops one box and takes one book, how many boxes—no books." And then Sois rubbed her forehead and looked puzzled. "It doesn't seem to come right," she said. "Ought it to be books or boxes? But my head aches so."

"It is nonsense," said Ellessdee.

Thirteen-Fourteenths jumped up.

"I don't think it is nonsense," he said. "If he has dropped more boxes, I may find which way he has gone and where he is. I found you were all in the Correcting Hall by following the pieces of paper Tare and Tret dropped. At any rate, I will try to find him."

"We'll all come with you," said Ellessdee. "We'll have a box chase—we'll all be the hounds and hunt the hare."

"Hurrah!" shouted Sois.

"Hurrah!" shouted Repeater.







## THROUGH TIME'S TELESCOPE.

### IV.—CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

**W**HAT an uproar to be sure! Steam whistles blowing with impatience, steam cranes working like mad, row-boats darting about under the dock walls, barges heaving and groaning at their moorings, and above it all the sound of voices in loud command. In the midst of all this din stood Toby Ballard, with his tutor beside him. The latter had often promised that he would

take his pupil one day to the London Docks to witness the departure of an "ocean greyhound." Accordingly here they stood. High above the dock pier rose the iron walls of the great ship, while her long side, with its portholes and deck cabin windows, looked like one side of a street. Toby was silent: partly on account of the confusion of tongues around him, and partly on account of the awe which took possession of his faculties as he gazed upon the mighty vessel, or watched her passengers leaning over the gunwales exchanging a few farewell words with their friends upon the pier. For the time had come when the monster was to be towed out into the open water by the small steam tugboat now panting for work at the dock gates. The cables were loosened and the floating town began to move. The voyage for the western hemisphere had begun, and Toby never said a word as he watched. It was a grand sight to see the water heaving as the great body moved along, and the departure of this ocean greyhound, which was to cross the broad Atlantic

in about five days, made such an impression on Tobias that he said very little all the way home. The tutor was not surprised, for he knew that those who say the least are often those who think the most, and he was quite willing to leave Toby to his thoughts.

The memory of that scene was with him all the rest of that day, and perhaps that is what made the Spirit of History come to him in the afternoon as he lolled on the river bank to ask if he would like to see the boy who was the first to cross the Atlantic? Toby started with delight, and cried that he should indeed. In another moment the magic telescope was

at his eye. But it did not bring the scene that Toby expected. As the focus became adjusted the towers of an ancient Italian city rose to view. Its principal thoroughfare was filled with busy crowds of people. The rest of the streets were narrow and almost deserted, and the high, fortified wall which completely surrounded the town looked like a huge cord drawing it together to prevent the houses from escaping. It was the city of Pavia, "the city of the hundred towers," in Lombardy, where Charlemagne had founded one of his universities about seven hundred years before. And it was to this university that a certain boy, born in Genoa, had come as a student about the year 1446. When Toby fixed his telescope upon the crowd of people in the Corso, as the principal street was called, he discovered among them a boy of about twelve years old, who was walking slowly along with a book in his hands and a very studious expression on his face. This boy was Christopher Columbus, the son of a woolcomber in the maritime city of Genoa, but being a boy of much intelligence he had been sent all the way to Pavia to cultivate his liking for mathematics. Toby followed him along the street, threading his way among the busy throng; watched him pause for a moment to gaze upon the great building which was being erected by the Duke of Milan on the spot where the palace of the Lombard Kings had stood; and at last lost sight of him as he entered the precincts of his school.

What a pity it is that even Time's Telescope cannot show us the greatest of men at *all* periods of their lives, particularly the earlier periods! It was owing to this fact that Toby found it impossible to focus the glass on young Christopher Columbus the moment after he had entered the gates of Charlemagne's university. To his surprise, the efforts he made produced quite another scene. There rose before him a far greater city. It was the capital of one of the strongest republics in Italy, and had, times and again, held its own in war against its powerful rival, Venice. Over the blue waters of the Gulf of Genoa fluttered whole fleets of argosies, to bring wealth to the merchants of the city. As war

was continuously raging between the Italian States, these marine merchantmen required protection, and no one was more willing to assist in their defence than a certain hardy Captain Colomb. As the glass was turned to the docks and quays of Genoa, swarming with craft of all kinds, Toby discovered one among them of very warlike appearance. It was under the command of Captain Colomb, and standing beside the bold captain himself was the studious boy whom he had recently followed through the streets of Pavia. His face was animated with delight. He ran little errands for the commander, and carried out his instructions with a skill that only one could have shown who took pleasure in his task and had studied his duties. The great longing of his boyhood was about to be realised. He had begun a sailor's life, and though only fourteen years old he was now to have an opportunity of learning a sailor's craft.

Some merchants in Genoa were sailing that day with rich cargoes for the ports of Greece, and Christopher's master was to accompany them with his vessel. There was such a lot to do that Toby found it quite difficult to follow the boy sailor as he ran from place to place: first down the stairs on to the lower deck; then up the rigging to fasten a loosened cord, and now swinging himself over the side on to the quay to carry some important message to the captain of another ship. Yet, all the while, a song was on his lips, and *willingness* was in every movement of his arm, for he meant to make his way as a sailor.

Toby watched the anchor weighed; the white sail spread, and ere the brave little barque had slipped from his view on the blue plain of the Mediterranean he knew, by what the captain said to Christopher Columbus, that the boy had used his time well in the city of Pavia.

But, alas! a sea mist seemed to settle down on all things, and much as Master Ballard longed to follow the ships through the perils and battles they were destined to meet and to fight before they again entered the harbour of Genoa, the obscurity over the magic glass was too great.

When it cleared away he knew that many

years had passed as well. Again he saw a busy seaport, but this time the waters that dashed against its harbour bar were the waves of the blue and wide Atlantic. Behind the little town of Palos, in Southern Spain, the vineyards were garlanded with fruit, and beyond them, on a high and wooded hill, Toby could see the white walls of a convent. His glass was turned again to the harbour. A scene of great excitement prevailed there around three small vessels, and conspicuous among the throng was a tall, proud figure dressed in the uniform of a Spanish admiral. It was Christopher Columbus, and Toby knew that at last the greatest enterprise of his eventful life had begun. He was going to discover a new world, the existence of which many men doubted, and only his own determination and the friendly help of a friar from that white convent on the wooded hill had at last persuaded the King and Queen of Spain to aid him in his scheme.

Toby watched the admiral conducted with great pomp to the largest of the three vessels (itself little larger than a tug-boat), saw the anchors raised, and heard the cheers of farewell. There was no steam whistle blown, there was no steam crane at work, but a green flag with a cross upon it, the ensign of Castile, flew at the masthead, and the glorious August sun of 1492 cast a light like a golden blessing upon this band of brave adventurers. The first voyage across the mysterious Atlantic had

begun, and as Toby saw those three little ships like three white butterflies flutter over the blue expanse below, there came to his mind another scene which he had recently witnessed. Four hundred and eight years lay between them, but the sight of these three tiny vessels with their white sails flowing, stealing quietly out into that unknown waste of waters, brought a glow of enthusiasm to his cheeks.

The magic glass followed the white sails till they were no more than three snowflakes falling into the mysterious distance, now darkening with the shadows of their first ocean night.

Many of the good folk of Palos had gone home to bed when Toby turned the Telescope upon them again. And they slept too soundly to dream of the wonderful things that Columbus had talked about. They did not believe in such romances. But ere the grape vines on the hills behind Palos had bloomed again, a vessel, storm-beaten and sea-worn, came in sight of the Spanish coast. It was on March 15th, 1493. Columbus had come back with his wonderful story to wake them out of their long sleep of ignorance.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Thank you," said Toby to the Spirit of History as this scene of long ago faded from his sight. "If Columbus did take months to get across, I think his was a grander voyage than any ocean greyhound makes, for he was the first to show them the way to go."

JOHN LEA.

## THE CAKE THAT WAS BURNT.

THERE was a little cook, and she made a  
little cake,

She put it in the oven just to bake, bake,  
bake;

It was full of plums and spice,  
And of everything that's nice,  
And she said, "An hour, I reckon, it will take,  
take, take!"

And then that little cook went to have a little  
play,  
With a very charming cat across the way, way,  
way;

She forgot the cake, alack!

It was burnt, well, almost black,  
And I wondered what the cook's mamma  
would say, say, say!

The little cook ran off, and confessed her tale  
of woe,  
For to find her cake a cinder was a blow, blow,  
blow;

"Cheer up," her mother said,  
As she stroked the golden head,  
"For accidents *will* happen, we all know,  
know, know!"

SHEILA.

## KATIE'S MISTAKE.



LD Mrs. Jones sat by the window knitting. It was afternoon, and the sun streamed in warmly through the lattice panes. Every now and then she raised her eyes from her work to look at her little grandchild playing in the garden. The spring flowers were bright and gay, and little Katie Jones' curly head shone golden in the sunlight as she ran in and out among the lilac bushes.

Katie's home was in the big town far away. She had no brothers or sisters to play with, only Araminta, her doll, and Toby, the black dog on wheels, and somehow she often got tired of playing with them. What a difference there was, to be sure, in playing with the real live animals in the country! That morning she had been helping her Aunt Mary to feed the fowls, and after the big ones had had their meal, her aunt led the way down the meadow where a hen in a coop was clucking noisily to her little fluffy brood. Katie was allowed to feed them all herself, to her great delight, and remained so long watching the little family that her aunt was half way home again before Katie overtook her.

After dinner old Mrs. Jones said :

"Mary, I wish you would go over to the Paines' this afternoon; I hear the little boy is ill—Harry, you know—and I should like to hear how he is."

"Very well, mother. I can put Katie on a clean overall, and she can play in the garden, but mind, Katie, you keep near the house in case Granny should call."

Katie promised, and Aunt Mary prepared to start.

Just as she was going, she said :

"Mother, I think that last brood of chicks ought to be fed again before I return; how will you manage? Ann is so slow."

"Perhaps Tom could do it when he comes in from milking," suggested grandmamma.

"Oh, that will be too late. I was wondering if Katie could feed them; but no, of course that wouldn't do, she is too little."

"No, Mary, certainly that would not do,"

assented Mrs. Jones. "Katie would not know what to give them. No, Ann will do it, and I shall tell her to be quick about it."

"Very well," said Aunt Mary, "and I'll give the hen some corn when I come back. Good-bye, mother; good-bye, Katie," and in another minute her tall form was seen passing down the straight garden path and out at the little wicket gate.

Now Katie had been sitting quiet in a corner of the room playing with her doll. She had heard all that was said, and did not like being thought too little to feed the chicks. She said nothing, but made up her mind she would show them she was not quite such a silly little girl as they seemed to think.

For some time after her aunt had gone, she played in the garden. She ran about picking daisies, and then sat down on the grass carefully, in order not to crease or soil her clean overall, and made daisy chains for herself and Araminta. She was a prim and proper little person, this Katie, and had a very good opinion of herself. She always thought she must be right about everything; indeed, it never struck her that she could be wrong. Needless to say, she was not very popular with her little friends.

After a while Katie grew tired of daisy chains, and she bethought her of the hen down in the meadow. She would feed the chicks herself, and then when Aunt Mary came back she would say, "Dear me, Katie is a clever girl!" So she ran into the back kitchen, where Ann was busy mixing a cake, and said :

"Ann, isn't it time to feed the little chicks?"

"Yes, Miss Katie," replied Ann, "and I'm a-going to do it as soon as ever I put this cake in the oven."

"Let me feed them, Ann; I'm sure I can."

"You! no, Miss Katie; you wouldn't know where the food was nor nothing. You wait and go with me."

"Oh, Ann, I *do* so want to go now and feed them all by myself." Katie's voice was very

pleading. "I know all about the food, I saw Aunt Mary take it out of the blue bowl this morning."

Ann looked doubtfully at Katie and then at her own floury hands, and finally said:

"Well, there's only just about enough left in the blue bowl, so you can't give them too much. It's on the second shelf in the pantry. You're sure you know?"

"Yes, I know, I know," said Katie, and rushed off to the pantry before Ann had time to give any more directions.

As she looked round the shelves she saw several bowls of different sizes and colours. However, she knew it was a blue one she wanted. Yes, but there were three blue bowls—two together on the second shelf. She really did not know which was right, and she was certainly not going back to ask Ann. Ah, it must be this one standing quite by itself, with the little pattern on it. So she stood on a chair and lifted it down. Inside was some dark-looking grain; Katie thought it looked rather funny but must be right, so she tipped it into her little basket and ran down the meadow to the coop. Out rushed the little chicks as Katie scattered the grain, and the old hen clucked noisily, craning her neck out of the coop to pick up as much as she could.

Her basket empty, Katie returned to the house and helped her grandmother to get tea ready. Tea-time came, but no Aunt Mary, and Mrs. Jones and Katie sat down by themselves.

After tea, in due course of time, Katie went to bed. It was still daylight, and she lay watching the glow of the setting sun fade out of the sky, and listening to the solemn tick, tick of the big old kitchen clock downstairs.

Presently she heard the garden gate click, and footsteps on the path, and knew Aunt Mary had returned. Then she heard voices talking, and after a little while the latch of the door went again, and Aunt Mary's voice said:

"All right, mother, I shan't be long," and Katie couldn't think why Aunt Mary was going out again till she remembered the hen in the meadow—of course, Aunt Mary had said she would give her some corn when she returned. Then Katie wondered whether the

chickens *had* had the right food that afternoon; but she was beginning to get sleepy, and argued that even if they hadn't, it would not much matter. Why, she herself had often mistaken salt for sugar, and it had done her no harm, and only the other day she had given Araminta a bit of soap instead of a sweetie, and Araminta hadn't even known the difference. Ah! but of course, she was a doll, and couldn't really—Oh, well, never mind: it was all right, and, with a contented little sigh, Katie slept. Presently, however, she awoke, hearing her aunt's voice calling loudly:

"Ann! Ann! Whatever did you give those little chicks to eat this afternoon?"

Then Ann's voice in a low murmur; Katie could not catch the words. Then her aunt again:

"Miss Katie fed them, did she? Well, I suppose you gave her the food?"

Katie lying awake upstairs listening, felt herself get hot all over.

"You didn't, Ann? Then it was exceedingly wrong of you. I suppose you did it to save yourself trouble. Well, anyway, here are the chickens all dead, and the hen seems very queer. I can't think how you came to be so careless, Ann. You might have thought that a child like that wouldn't know the right food." (There was a blow for Katie's pride!) "I expect she gave them that poisoned grain I keep for the mice."

The voices went on, but Katie waited no longer. She had been dismayed to hear about the chickens; indeed, she began crying as she thought of those pretty fluffy little things she had left pecking about so happily that afternoon, but it would never do to have Ann scolded into the bargain. So she crept out of bed, and with the tears still streaming down her cheeks she went quietly down the stairs and opened the door.

Aunt Mary was standing in the middle of the room talking to Ann; Katie made a swift rush and buried her head in the friendly shelter of her aunt's skirts.

"Katie!" said Miss Jones, in a surprised voice. "What's the matter? What have you come down for?"

"Oh, Auntie," sobbed Katie, "I heard





**THE OLD HEN CLUCKED NOISILY, CRANING HER NECK OUT OF THE COOP" (p. 270).**



what you said, and I *am* so sorry about the little chicks. I am, indeed, but I came to tell you it was all my fault, really, and Ann couldn't help——"

"Lor, there, Miss Katic," Ann broke in, "don't you mind me. I ought to have seen as you had the food right, but you seemed to know all about it as you never asked me no questions."

"Ah! Katie, Katie," said her aunt gravely. "I'm afraid that is just your way. Now let this be a lesson to you. Remember it has cost us the chickens this time, and that is bad enough, but it might be even something worse. You must be content to ask when you don't know, my child, else it may lead you into terrible trouble."

The mention of the chickens caused a fresh outburst of tears, and Katie would not be

consoled till she was told she might help to nurse the sick hen.

"She is big, and may get over it," said Miss Jones. "You see, you gave them the poisoned grain by mistake, Katie. There is the bowl quite empty."

She pointed to the blue bowl in Ann's hand. Katie glanced at it and hung down her head like a guilty criminal. If she had only waited to be told, and not been so very sure of herself, the little chicks would still have been alive and merry, and all would have been well!

"Well, run up to bed, Katie," said Miss Jones, "it's high time you were asleep. What is done cannot be undone, but I think you are sorry, and will not forget the poor little chickens."

For answer, Katie flung her arms round Aunt Mary's neck.

BARBARA LUCY.

## HEROES OF FAITH.

### IV.—GIDEON.

*By the Author of "The Land where Jesus Christ Lived," etc.*

**I**N a winepress in Ophrah, a city of Manasseh, in the time of the Judges of Israel, a man was threshing wheat. The merry voices of the men who had trodden out the precious juice of the grapes had long since died away, the luxurious vines were stripped of their fruit, and the vineyard was deserted. Only this solitary man was there, and he had stolen into the vineyard unperceived, as if he had been a thief bent on some wrong-doing. He looked cautiously around, smote the wheat with as little noise as possible, and every now and then laid down his flail and peered over the wall to see if any rude men had been attracted by the unusual sound of a threshing instrument, and were coming to rob him of his golden grains.

For troublous times had come upon the land of Israel. The Israelites, heedless of the previous warnings of Moses and Joshua, had fallen away from the living God, and had worshipped the many gods of the idolatrous

people around them. And so for a time their God, who had brought them out of Egypt and through the wilderness to the Land of Promise, had left them to themselves. And a host of wild people had come up from the south, had over-run their land, and had cruelly oppressed them for seven long years.

Each year these marauders had shaken their olive trees, and gathered the berries that yielded them precious oil. They had stripped their fig trees of their refreshing fruit. They had gathered in their grapes, and drunk the wine that they had made from their juice. They had turned their own beasts into the rich pastures, and had mown the sweet-smelling meadows. They had reaped the corn and carried it off, and not a man in all Israel had dared to open his mouth against them. The once comfortable and happy homes of the Israelites were deserted, and the affrighted men were hiding, with their wives and children, in dens and caves and holes in the rocks.

And each succeeding year the ruthless invaders had become more numerous and more

daring. Up and up from the south they had come, Midianites, Amalekites, and Children of the East, till the land swarmed with them as with all-devouring locusts. There was no sign of their going back, or of a deliverer. For there was not a man in Israel whose face did not pale at their very name, or whose heart did not sink within him.

For the Midianites were the richest and most powerful of the Arab tribes, fierce and warlike men, who knew their own strength, and scorned to work for a living, feeling how mighty they were to plunder. And by constant pillaging they had grown so rich that they scarcely knew what to do with their wealth. Even the poorer men amongst them had golden rings in their ears, and their kings and princes and chiefs were grand. Arrayed in long scarlet cloaks, that when they rode floated behind them in the breeze, they had rings of gold in their ears, with "sweet-jewels," or ear-pendants, of a great size hanging from them, while about their necks were massive collars or chains made of crescent-shaped discs of gold, fancifully embossed, with little flat gold pendants attached to each of them.

And their camels were as gorgeously bedecked as their masters, and seemed just as fond of finery. Heavy chains of gold were round their necks; and over their backs were thrown rich scarlet cloths, falling down on each side nearly to the ground, and all covered with crescent-shaped ornaments of gold and silver.

And these Midianites, themselves so strong and rich, were helped by the Amalekites, another powerful tribe of the desert, and by other barbarous men called Children of the East.

How could the poor Israelites stand against hordes of men such as these? Well might they flee to the mountains, seeing that they had forsaken their God, and no longer had Him to defend them! There was no enemy that with God's help they could not have driven out. But without Him they could only skulk about and hide like thieves, while their oppressors grew stronger and richer on the fat of the land.

But seven years of this bitter experience had brought the Israelites to their senses, and they were turning from their idols and calling for help upon the living God. And their merciful and gracious God heard their cries, and was about to raise them up a deliverer.

This was Gideon, of the tribe of Manasseh. He had contrived to conceal from the Midianites a small quantity of wheat, and for fear of them was threshing it in the winepress. He feared God, and had no sympathy with the idol worshippers. But his heart was sad and his thoughts were bitter as he went about his work.

Suddenly he was startled by an unexpected presence, and his heart beat wildly with fear. Who could it be that had followed him? A Midianite or an Amalekite? Oh, no! Those cruel marauders had faces dark and terrible, and this man had a countenance bright and beautiful with heaven's own light and peace. He was no enemy, and Gideon ceased to be afraid, though he looked at his visitor in amazement.

"The Lord is with thee, thou mighty man of valour," the angel visitant said.

The Lord with them! Then how was it that all Israel was so completely in the enemy's power? And where were the wondrous works that God had wrought for His people in the olden times? Gideon asked with a deep sigh. God had forsaken them, and delivered them into the hands of the Midianites.

But "the Lord looked upon him," and said, "Thou shalt save Israel from the Midianites, and this shall be thy strength—that I have sent thee."

But so depressed had Gideon got that he said, "Oh! my Lord, by what means shall I save Israel? My family is poor in the tribe of Manasseh, and I am the least in my father's house."

"Surely I will be with thee," the Lord said, "and thou shalt smite the Midianites as one man." And that was enough for Gideon. His courage revived, and the faith that had filled the heart of Abraham and of all God's heroes who had gone before came into him and made him strong.

What though his father was a man of no note, and he was the least of the family? What though he had never done any great thing, and had only a few servants and no other followers? What though he had felt himself so weak and powerless, and had been reduced to stealing like a thief into his own vineyard, to thresh in secret the bit of corn he had managed to hide? What though he was unused to warfare, while the invading hordes had been trained to it from childhood; or that he was only a farmer's son, while they were professional robbers and fighters? What though he stood alone, while they swarmed over the land like grasshoppers that could not be counted for multitudes?

God had said that he should smite the Midianites; and the Midianites he would surely smite, and he would deliver his people from their oppressors.

"The Spirit of the Lord came upon him," and he boldly blew a trumpet. Startled by the blast which they knew to be a call to war, the Israelites came out of their hiding places and ran to Gideon. Here, at last, in answer to their prayers, was a man who dared to defy the ruthless invaders; and they would stand by him. With the blast of his trumpet had come a power that they felt to be from heaven, and they grew brave and strong with the faith that inspired him.

Gideon sent messengers to the other tribes to tell them that the Lord had appeared to him and had promised that by His help he should smite the Midianites. And from every quarter the men of Israel hurried to him. Their bodies were emaciated, their faces pale, their cheeks hollow, and their eyes sunken. But hope had revived in their hearts, for God had seen their repentance and had heard them.

The invading hosts entered the beautiful valley of Jezreel, and from end to end they filled it. There were thousands upon thousands of them, and thousands again. And their camels, like themselves, were without number. From the heights of the south Gideon could see them. Only 32,000 men were with him, and what were they against such multitudes?

And now God said, "Thou hast too many men with thee. For after victory they would say, 'We saved ourselves.' And they must know that I alone have delivered them. Now, therefore, proclaim in their hearing, 'Who-soever is fearful and afraid, let him return.'" Gideon did so, and 22,000 men went back fainthearted because of the mighty hosts of Midian in the valley below.

Only 10,000 men were left. But even these, God said, were too many. And He told Gideon to take them to the river side and bid them all drink.

Out of the 10,000 three hundred took up water with their hands, and lapped it like a dog. And God said, "By these three hundred men that lapped will I save you from the Midianites. Let all the rest return."

Only three hundred men, enfeebled by famine and exposure, to go against those strong hordes that as far as the eye could see darkened the land like swarms of locusts settled on the ground! What folly it would have seemed to any but men of faith!

But Gideon did not falter. God was almighty, and He was with him. "Arise," Gideon said to his men, "for the Lord hath given into your hands the host of Midian." And they arose and followed him.

Gideon divided his little band into three companies of a hundred each. To every man he gave an earthen pitcher, with a lighted torch in it, and a trumpet, saying, "When we come near the camp of Midian, watch me, and do as I do. When I break my pitcher, break yours; and when I blow my trumpet, blow yours, and shout, 'The sword of the Lord and of Gideon.'"

The three little companies stole along in the darkness of the night, and noiselessly crept up to the enemy's camp on three different sides.

The Midianites had laughed at the idea of the Israelites mustering for battle, and never dreamed of their daring to come close up to them. But soon they were startled out of their fancied security.

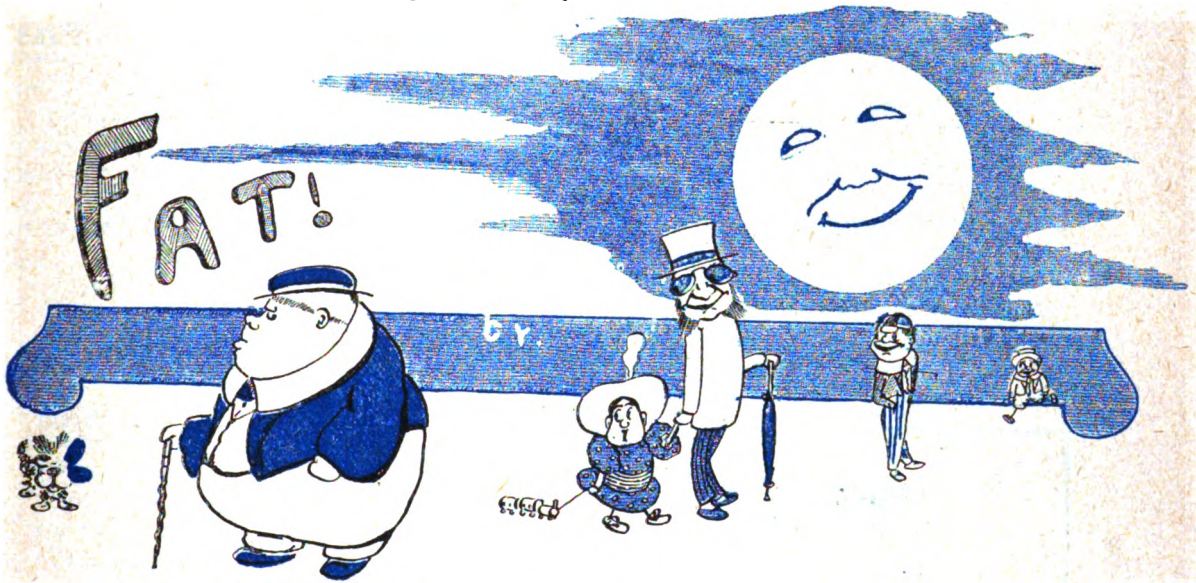
All in a moment the three hundred pitchers were dashed to the ground. Three hundred flaming torches cast their lurid light through

the darkness, revealing to the Midianites that they were surrounded. Three hundred trumpets blew long and loud blasts, and three hundred voices shouted, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon."

In the panic thus caused the Midianites seized their swords and commenced slaying each other. The Israelites fell upon them,

and before long 135,000 of them lay dead. Their two kings Zeba and Zalmunna, and their two princes Oreb and Zeeb, were taken and slain. Their riches fell to Gideon and his little band. And so complete was the victory that "the Midianites lifted up their heads no more. And the land was quiet for forty years."

H. D.



**R**OLLO grew so very fat  
 He was a thing to wonder at:  
 He broke the chairs on which he sat:  
 His weight was superhuman.  
 And every week a larger set  
 Of dittoes he was forced to get,  
 Which crushed his poor mamma with debt—  
 A needy widow-woman.

When Rollo moved, the windows shook;  
 To dress himself he always took  
 Two hours and—a button hook,  
 And always burst *some* buttons.  
 Consider, children! Is it wise  
 To grow to such a monstrous size?  
 But there's no time to moralise;  
 Back quickly to our muttons!

Whenever he was walking out,  
 His twenty stone (or thereabout)  
 Caused passers-by to raise a shout  
 And crowd behind and follow,  
 With stupid jibes and grinning jaws;  
 And so he stayed within, because  
 Their unaffected humour was  
 Embarrassing for Rollo.

One night he waked to hear a cry,  
 His mother shrieking shrill and high,  
 "The house is burning, Rollo, fly!"

It chilled him to his marrow.  
 But ah! the great unwieldy mass  
 Was so enormous that—alas!—  
 From room to room he couldn't pass,  
 The doors were far too narrow.

His terror-stricken mother fled.  
 "My Rollo is as good as dead,  
 No power can get him out," she said.

The neighbours all came flocking:  
 Upon the house they bent their gaze;  
 They cried, "It is a splendid blaze.  
 That Rollo ought to burn for days."

How very, very shocking!

But when, towards the second night,  
 The brave brigade had won their fight,  
 Directing left, directing right

Their constant streams of water;  
 A lad appeared, alert and slim,  
 With baggy clothes and shrunken limb—  
 The fire had simply melted him  
 To six stone and a quarter.

QUILLIAM.

## SPRING AND THE SPECTRE.

COME, Spring," said the young man's  
father,  
"Take your stick and hie away,  
For winter is surely vanquished,  
He'll no longer hold his sway;  
Now go forth to vale and mountain,  
And set the captives free."  
So he grasped his stick, and away he went,  
A sturdy boy was he.

"Ho! You're free," he said, "good people,"  
And he waved his hands on high;  
Then the fields all rang with laughter,  
And the meadows made reply;  
While up-leaped the streams and fountains,  
And the brooklets sang with glee;  
As for gallant Spring, he went whistling on,  
A winsome boy was he.



How the rooks all cawed and clamoured,  
And the birds began to sing,  
When lo! in his very pathway  
Stood a weird, uncanny thing,  
With arms outstretched and threatening.  
What could the monster be?  
Spring grasped his cudgel, and stared and  
stared,  
But never a word said he.

The eyes of the giant glowered,  
And his hideous mouth gaped wide;  
While he spied some deadly weapon,  
Slung close to his reeking side.  
"I'll go," said Spring, "to my father."  
What could he do but flee?  
So he grasped his stick, and away he sped,  
A timorous boy was he.

"Ho, ho!" laughed the young man's father,  
When his fearful tale was told,  
And out he went with the stripling,  
Like a warrior chief of old.  
A snow-man one stroke demolished:  
"Spring," laughed his father, "see,  
A shadow foe is a harmless foe!"  
Ah! a wiser boy was he.

## A REVERIE.

'T WAS at a fancy dance we met,  
A night I never shall forget;  
Her blue eyes laughed; my partner she  
I thought you fair, Miss Dorothy.

Her gown, a fairy gown of gold;  
Her smile, ah me!—was I too bold?  
It quickly passed: Felicity  
Should be your name, sweet Dorothy.

To-day we met; she passed me by:  
I am not jealous, no, not I:—  
But then—she has *forgotten* me!  
I will forget you, Dorothy.

ARTHUR BRYANT.

## TRIGLEY'S TUCK-BOX.

**D**ARTFORD, Lester, and Bunnow got out of the Leverton train at the junction in very fair spirits, considering. They all liked snow, and the more the merrier.

It was half-past four when the train steamed heavily into the station. Here they found the porters fussing about among a good many passengers, mostly wrapped up to the ears, and mostly anxious.

"What's the row, I say?" Dartford asked an official with a nose as purple as a beetroot, who had parted in a temper from another official.

"Where are *you* going?" was the sharp retort.

"To Cottesham, of course."

"Then I hope you'll get there."

This was all the satisfaction he gave them. He cannoned the next moment against a woman in about five shawls, who seemed quite hysterical.

"I can't tell you more, ma'am," he cried as he rushed from her.

The three boys looked at each other.

"That's what comes of pushing it off to a late train, you see," said Dartford. "There's an accident or something. Well, *I* don't care."

Lester whistled shrilly.

"Won't my mater worry if she hears!" he said.

The cry "Take your seats for Cottesham," sounded to cheer them.

"You and your accident!" said Bunnow.

He turned the handle of a carriage door, which he then shut with a bang.

"That little owl Trigley's in there!" he explained quite loudly.

"Oh, my hat! we don't want him with us!" said Lester. "Shove on."

They opened another door. This Dartford shut just as promptly, though without noise. He made a grimace in the lamplight.

"Old Richmond—hang it!" he whispered.

Finally they settled in the compartment between Mr. Richmond and Trigley. Mr. Richmond was the house master at the Cottesham Preparatory. As it happened, he had not

noticed them. He was correcting the proofs of his Latin Grammar.

"Now we're all right!" exclaimed Dartford, when he had locked the door of the carriage.

They stamped about a bit to get warm. Then they discussed their neighbours.

"What's the good of a little ass like Trigley. I'd like to know!" said Bunnow. "He weeps if you say 'Boo!' to him. He's only fit for a nursery."

"Some fellows are like that at first, old man. I was, for one," said Dartford. "Give him time."

Lester chortled.

"You *can* tell 'em, Dart," he said. "I bet the young brute's thinking how he can shirk football."

"Well, so did I in his place, till I'd got used to it," said Dartford. "Beastly, I used to think it. Now, Richmond there" (nodding at the partition) "does beat me, if you like. Swotting at that blessed Grammar of his night and day. A thing no fellow 'll buy when it's done."

"By George, I should think not!" said Bunnow.

A sudden jolt checked their talk. The engine was making a great to-do, whistling and hissing. Bunnow dropped the window.

"Don't say I didn't warn you, ma'am," they heard a porter shout to a bonneted head which protruded ten yards lower down the train.

"Stop! Stop!" came the answer.

"Too late for that now, ma'am. You've got to risk it."

Bunnow's face showed much mystification when he turned it upon the others.

"What the dickens does it all mean?" he said.

"Shut the window, old chap, and perhaps we'll see," said Dartford. "And give us some more chocolate, Lester."

"All gone, Dart."

"What a nuisance! Why didn't you stick to your hamper, Bun, you idiot?"

Bunnow laughed.

"You *are* cool," he said. "I shouldn't have opened it here, anyhow."

"No, I'd have saved you the trouble."



The train laboured on with methodical jogs which told the more experienced travellers that it was having a hard time. The wind screamed in at the chinks, and whacked the communication cord against the woodwork. And the snow began to pile at the window facing the south.

There was a stoppage when they were about a mile from the junction.

"Just look at the drift here!" cried Bunnow, whose cast-iron head was speedily out in the cold. His tone changed altogether as he murmured "Good evening, sir!" and "Yes, sir."

Up came the window again.

"It was old Richmond, specs. and all," he exclaimed. "He's got a comforter round his neck. Such an old guy!"

The train moved afresh; bustled, indeed, as if it meant to make up for its recent laziness; then whistled wearily, shed sparks, and fell into its heavy jog-trot.

Half an hour passed. In that time there had been five stoppages, one of several minutes.

Mr. Richmond had uttered quite a long sentence at the window on this last occasion—

"Really, Dartford, this is getting serious, for I cannot conceive how we are going to negotiate the cutting if the effort here taxes us so greatly!"

The train itself seemed to have similar fears, for when the cutting was at hand it doubled its speed, and with more sparks and screams than ever charged into the drifts and darkness of the ravine. On both sides the banks were scores of feet high. It was a proper nest for the snow, and so the driver found it.

Slower, slower, and finally a stop unlike any of the previous stops!

"This time we've done it and no mistake!" cried Bunnow, with great glee, from the window. "Those fellows are up to their thighs."

All three of them crowded to the scene. Men with lanterns were floundering about desperately.

Mr. Richmond was asking questions.

"No chance at all, sir," was the reply to one of them.

"Then we can retrace our steps?"

"Not this night, sir!"

"But my good fellow, where are we? And what are we to do?"

"It's four miles across the moor to Cottesham, and murder to try and walk 'em. The nearest signal-box is a mile off."

Dartford and Bunnow withdrew from the window and hugged each other.

"Of all larks!" cried Bunnow.

"I am glad we came by this train!" said Dartford.

Lester didn't seem to think so much of it. He again mentioned his mother. "She'd be just mad if she knew," he said.

"But she doesn't know, old chap, and she couldn't help us if she did. And think how jolly lucky we are to be travelling first, when there are such a lot of poor Johnnies in thirds, without foot-warmers."

Dartford rushed these words, then fell upon Bunnow fiercely.

"You were a mug, Bun, to let 'em take your hamper. Can't you see?"

There was a solemn silence as they all thought of tea and supper.

"Perhaps I was, but how was a fellow to know?" said Bunnow, rather pettishly.

The ensuing half hour was one of much excitement to the passengers.

Mr. Richmond harangued the three boys from his door.

"If you feel lonely, come into my compartment," he said, in conclusion.

"Have you anything to eat, sir?" asked Dartford, with some levity.

"Only a few peppermints." Mr. Richmond smiled, actually smiled.

The three discussed Mr. Richmond's peppermints for several minutes.

Suddenly Dartford again proclaimed his hunger.

"It's six o'clock and I've had nothing but a ham sandwich since eleven."

Lester said "Bosh!" He had had much more than a ham sandwich at three o'clock.

A knock from Mr. Richmond's side sent them to the door.

"I only wished to know, Dartford, if you were more fortunately circumstanced than myself—in the matter of provisions," said Mr. Richmond.

"We've nothing at all, sir."

"Oh, well, never mind. Good-night, boys, and don't take cold."

"There's nothing else to take," grumbled Dartford afterwards. "You idiot, Bun!"

"I couldn't help it. How was I to know?" protested Bunnow, once more.

They were now reminded of little Trigley by a feeble knocking on his side.

"What does *he* want?" said Lester, impatiently.

"Poor little beggar! Let's see," said Dartford.

Outside, Trigley met them on the step with a blushing face.

"I was wondering, Dartford, please, if—that is, I've got some tuck, and——"

"You *have*!"

"Yes, a tin-box full. Would you care——"

In less than a minute Trigley and his luggage were transferred.

"He's twice your sense," said Dartford to Bunnow. "Is it a cake, Trigley?"

"Oh, more than that, I expect. But I don't know."

The box opened, there was a layer of delicate shavings, and underneath a large veal and ham pasty, a dozen mince pies, a cake twice the size of the pie, four pots of jam, and several small boxes of chocolates and mixed sweets.

Dartford, Bunnow, and Lester were delighted with little Trigley.

Their knives were soon ready, and little Trigley looked nervously happy as they began their supper.

But hardly had Dartford eaten one mouthful when he mentioned Mr. Richmond.

"Oh, I say, you fellows, this *is* playing it low. We must ask him, of course. Do you mind, Trigley? He's as hungry as old boots."

"Would he?" said Trigley, shyly.

"You'll see."

They did see. Mr. Richmond put down his manuscripts and rubbed his hands.

"It is very kind of Trigley, very," he said. "I hardly feel capable of refusing, but are you sure I shall not be an embarrassment to you?"

"Of course not, sir. It'll be awfully good fun," said Dartford.

They didn't quite think so at first. But Mr. Richmond left his schoolroom manner with the Latin Grammar stuff.

"We must make it up to you, Trigley, by and by," he said; "mustn't we, Dartford?"

"Rather, sir."

"I don't see what *I* can do," Mr. Richmond continued, dreamily, "except give him a few good-conduct marks."

That was another joke. It was appreciated.

Then, matters being just the same with the blocked train, Mr. Richmond went back to his work, quite approving of Dartford's observation that they couldn't be expected to go to sleep at once "after such a rattling good supper."

But at nine o'clock he rejoined them, and insisted on seeing them curl up for sleep. He couldn't have them arrive at Cottesham worn out with fatigue.

"All right, sir," said Dartford. "We've had a ripping day, anyway."

"I trust a nipping night will not be its corollary," said Mr. Richmond. "There! there! There's nothing to laugh at."

Then they spread themselves out and made the most of their overcoats. Mr. Richmond had some newspapers. He applied these as blankets.

Bunnow was soon snoring. He had a very thick coat.

Little Trigley was the last to sleep. He fidgeted a good deal in a quiet way. But at length he too lay still.

Then Mr. Richmond took off his own overcoat and very gently put it over little Trigley, and the rug which Dartford and Lester had indignantly refused was now tucked round them without any protest.

For two or three hours Mr. Richmond worked on at his proofs, with occasional glances of satisfaction at his companions, and occasional faint shiverings to which he paid no heed. But he, too, nodded at length, to wake at six o'clock in Cottesham station. Men had dug a way for the train in the night, and it had slowly laboured to the end of its journey.

\* \* \* \* \*

In telling of the adventure to the other fellows, Dartford made this sage remark:

"It's awfully rum how things turn out. I'd no idea Richmond was such a good old chap, and young Trigley's not half a bad sort of kid."

"There's a good deal in having a tuck box," said Mortimer, the Cottesham "cock."

And that, too, was a wise remark.

CHARLES EDWARDES.

## THE "LITTLE FOLKS" WARD PAGE.

Conducted by BELLA SIDNEY WOOLF, Author of "*All in a Castle Fair*."

**W**E can still hardly realise the great sorrow that has befallen the nation—the world, in fact—through the death of our beloved Queen. Old and young, rich and poor, feel as though they had lost some great and good friend. We cannot pay a better tribute to her memory than by following her wonderful example, and the thought of all she achieved in her over-busy life should stimulate all of you, my readers, in this work to which we have put our hands. You could not lay violets or laurel on the tomb of our dear Queen, but "*The Little Folks Ward*" shall be your token of admiration and love for her throughout the years to come. Already some of you have responded to the call, and next month you shall hear more of this.

Now listen to the following:

### WHAT MARJORY SAW

I heard a sound of weeping behind the school-room door,

I entered and found Marjory all huddled on the floor.

"What's this?" quoth I. "Oh sorry sight!" She raised a tear-stained face.

"I'm tired of *everything*," she said. "This is a *horrid* place!"

And first I thought I'd scold and then there came a thought to me.

"Run quick and don your hat and coat," I said to Marjory.

"The carriage waits and you shall come with me and see to-day

"Something will make you soon repent the words I've heard you say."

Half-pouting and half-smiling, she stepped adown the stair,

And she gave a little shiver at the biting, wintry air.

"Where are we going, Mother?" "Don't ask, but wait and see,

"And remember I'm not pleased with you, my daughter Marjory."

Through grey and crowded streets we drove, then stopped before a door,

Which hides behind it many a little sufferer of the poor.

Her hand in mine, my Marjory looked round her, still and awed,

As she and I together stepped into the silent ward.

There lay the children quietly, all in their tiny beds,

The firelight dancing on pale cheeks and weary little heads.

The white-capped Sister hushed to rest a tiny babe so frail,

It seemed some snowdrop bent beneath the icy winter gale.

"Come, Marjory, come round with me." She followed silently,

And by each little bed we stopped and held a colloquy.

Some would not speak, but others told in simple, childish way

Why they were there; what "home" was like; and if they wished to stay.

Marjory heard of little girls, no older they than she,

Who "did the work" at home. "I got a needle in my knee,

"A-scrubbin' of the washhouse floor," said one small girl called May.

"You see, wiv eight at home, we've not much time on washin' day,

"An' I was careless—now I'm nearly well an' goin' home."

"And are you pleased?" "Well, partly;  
'they' all wishes I would come,

Another said, "Doctor *was* cross when first  
he see my hand.

"He says, says he, 'Why you're so black I  
cannot understand.'

"I says, says I, 'Excuse me, sir, I've six  
to wash and dress

"Now Muvver's ill—and I ain't time to wash  
much, I confess.'

"He smiles and says, 'I don't suppose you  
have, if that is so.'

"Oh, but he's kind is Doctor, and so's Sister  
too, you know."

Then when our round was done, the Sister  
told us many a tale

Of woe and hardship, work and pain, borne  
by some child, so frail

You'd scarce believe it; 'tis not strange the  
peaceful ward should be

A heavenly resting-place to them, though pain  
must turn the key!"

I felt my hand clasped tighter, and I glanced  
at Marjory.

Adown' her cheek there stole a tear I was  
not meant to see.

\* \* \* \*

Homeward we drove, first silently, then sud-  
denly she said,

"Mother"—and on my shoulder she hid her  
golden head—

"Never again I'll grumble. Mother, what  
can I do

"To show I'm really sorry for the children?  
Oh, it's true

"I never thought my life so sweet until I  
saw to-day

"The lives that other children lead—how sad  
and hard and grey!

"What *can* I do for them?" "I'll think  
and tell you, sweet," I said.

"We're home now; but I'm glad you came,  
my little curly head,

"And took to heart the things you saw.  
We came into the hall.

"A paper for Miss Marjory," said James, the  
footman tall.

She seized it with a cry of joy. "'Tis LITTLE  
FOLKS! how grand!"

Forgetting hat and coat she stood and read—  
then seized my hand.

"Look, Mother, look—the very thing—see  
what is written there—

"The Editor has made a plan in which we all  
can share.

'Two thousand pounds to found a ward he  
wishes there shall be

"Collected by his readers, and, dear Mother,  
only see,

"'Tis for the very Hospital we went to see  
to-day—

"The one in Hackney Road, Shoreditch!  
Mother, what do you say?

"Isn't it strange? And then, besides, just  
read this letter, too.

"It asks us from a Royal Princess our very  
best to do—

"Princess Louise—she writes herself. Isn't  
that splendid? Well,

'I'll do my very, very best. Yes, everyone  
I'll tell

"About the plan; and maybe, too, I'll find  
some special way

"To help the work. Oh! Mother, dear, I  
*have* enjoyed to-day.

"I'll run and fetch my money-box—I've ten  
and six you know—

"To help the suffering little ones the whole of  
it shall go."

*Note.*—One word more. I know I was but doing what was in the hearts of all of you, when I sent to H.R.H. Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll (whose gracious message to you is fresh in all your minds), a telegram of sympathy from the readers of LITTLE FOLKS, in the days when the loss of our beloved Queen was recent, and I know you will like to see the kind acknowledgment which the Princess sent us through her Secretary, Col. Vernon Chater.

Kensington Palace, W.

Fe. 5th, 1901.

Dear Madam,—

I am desired by Princess Louise to send the very sincere thanks of Her Royal Highness for the very kind telegram of sympathy in her sorrow, from yourself and the young readers of LITTLE FOLKS.

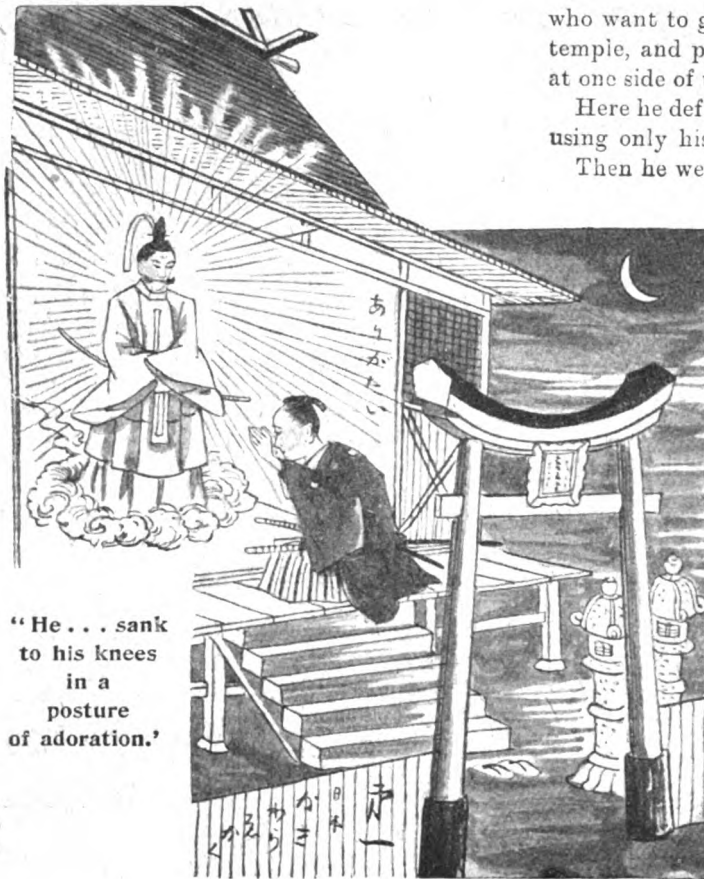
And believe me,

Yours sincerely,

VERNON CHATER.

Miss Bella Sidney Woolf.

231



"He . . . sank to his knees in a posture of adoration."

## HOW MATCHES ARE MADE IN JAPAN.\*

By HAROLD BALLAGH.

**S**ATO-SAN was really seven-and-twenty; it was then no wonder that he began reluctantly to conclude that the neighbours were right, and that he never would get the wife he wanted.

He said to himself:

"I suppose I am foolish to let things drift along in this way. I shall take it upon myself to remind Hachiman-sama that I am yet in existence."

He went briskly out of the gate to the shop at the corner, and bought the narrow little papers that come prepared for the use of those

who want to get married. He walked to the temple, and paused before a little red shrine at one side of the enclosure.

Here he deftly tied his papers to the lattice, using only his thumb and little finger.

Then he went on to the temple and prayed to Hachiman-sama. Now the people of Sendai have great faith in this deity, and a great many happy couples declare that he pays more attention to the petition of those who love than any of the thousand gods in the calendar.

As he reached the gate house with its gigantic images of the demon guardians of the place, he heard a voice calling:

"Sato Shimpei! Sato Shimpei!"

Sato turned about, but could see no one, then he looked beyond at the temple, and was astonished to see Hachiman-sama himself standing at the entrance. Sato rapidly returned. He dropped his sandals at the foot of the steps, and sank

to his knees in a posture of adoration.

"What do you want?" severely asked the deity.

Sato made a deep obeisance.

"It was my wish to obtain your valuable assistance and direction in selecting a wife."

"Well," said Hachiman, pleasantly, "I suppose I'll have to help you out. I will make no promises, however, as these things are decided in Idzumonokuni. If you are very anxious, I will take you with me next year, and we will see what can be done for you."

As Sato bowed his thanks Hachiman-sama disappeared.

It seemed a very long time until the next October; the summer dragged out its weary length at the pace of a tortoise.

[\* Copyright in the United States by Carrie Elizabeth Harrell.]



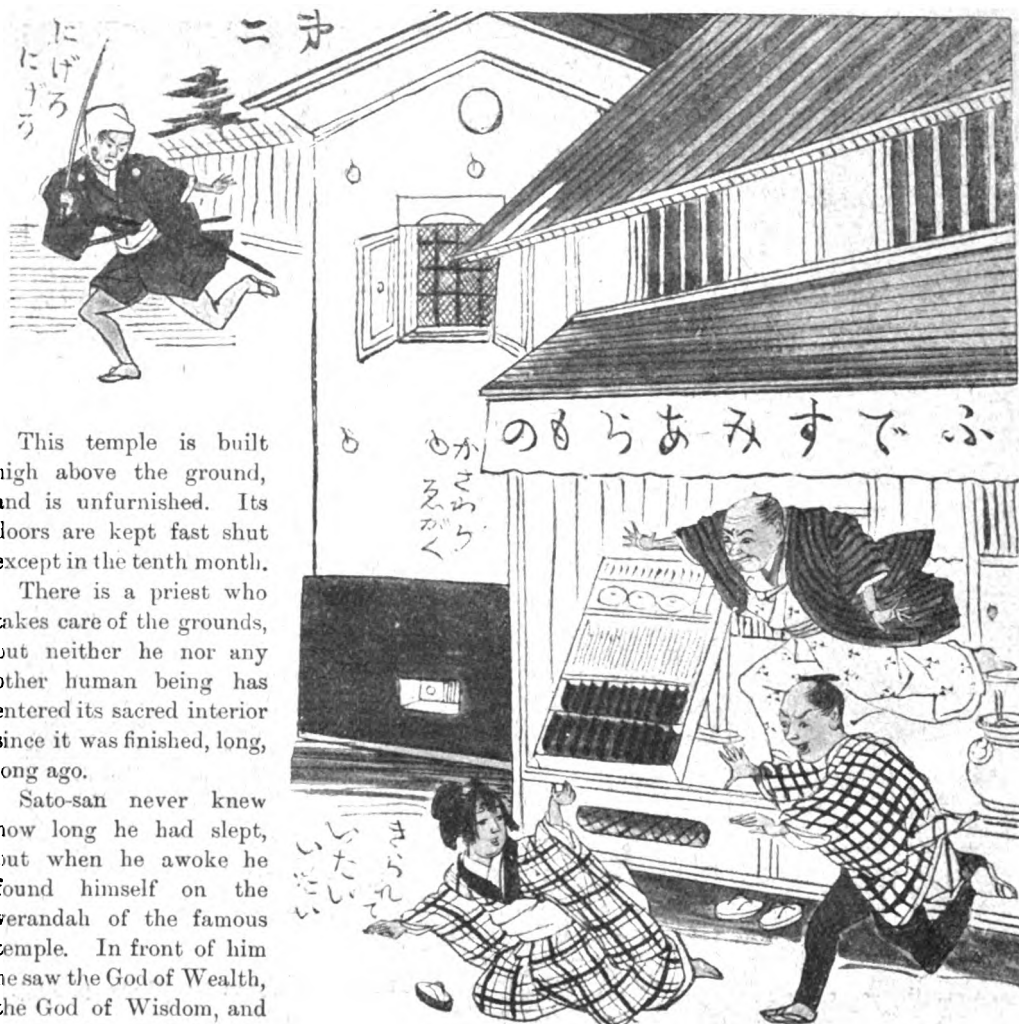
The Assembly of the Gods (p. 284).

Still all bad things have an end as well as all good things, and when the appointed time came, Sato went punctually to the temple.

The dull hours wore by, but there was no sign of Hachiman-sama, and finally Sato fell disgustedly asleep on the temple mats.

Now, everybody in Japan knows that the month of October is called *Kami-nashi-tsuki*—without-god-month. People often date their letters in this way. No one goes to the temples to worship, for the gods and goddesses of every degree are absent; they are in Idzumonokuni, in solemn conclave, in the great temple Oyashiro.





This temple is built high above the ground, and is unfurnished. Its doors are kept fast shut except in the tenth month.

There is a priest who takes care of the grounds, but neither he nor any other human being has entered its sacred interior since it was finished, long, long ago.

Sato-san never knew how long he had slept, but when he awoke he found himself on the verandah of the famous temple. In front of him he saw the God of Wealth, the God of Wisdom, and many others. Hachiman-sama was presiding over "The neighbours and parents sprang to her assistance" (p. 286). them as they discussed the

mating of all the unmarried people in the empire. As each man's case was decided, a tag bearing his name was tied to another with the name of his future wife; so they became *en-musubi*—tied together.

Below the verandah, the Gods of Evil—Earthquake, Wind, Colds, Small-pox in his red robe, Measles, the God of Disease in general, and other evil spirits—were discussing upon whom they should vent their spite the ensuing year.

A number of other deities were passing in and out in a flutter of business. Sato could

not tell if he had been asleep for an hour or a month; in fact, he rubbed his eyes to be sure he was now awake.

The business of the month was about over, he thought, for great piles of paper had been arranged, and laid aside. Just then he heard Hachiman say:

"Where is the tag of this Sato Shimpei?"

A thorough search was made, but it could not be found.

"Well," said Hachiman-sama, "this is very strange. He refuses any longer to be cast among the unmated ones; he is bound to



"A young singing and dancing girl" (p. 286).

have a wife this year. Look in the waste-paper basket!"

One spry young god, in his zeal, upset the entire contents of the basket. There, at the very bottom, lay the missing tag! It was quickly tied to its mate, and Sato heaved a sigh of relief.

A few more names were hurriedly attended to.

"Ah!" thought Sato. "those unions will be found very unhappy. There is altogether too much haste."

Finally, odd tags were thrust into the waste baskets, and the gods hurried off in every direction.

Sato inquired who was to be his bride.

"She is a merchant's daughter in Osaka, and she is only one year old."

He was so astonished at this reply that he fainted.

When Sato came to, he found himself lying on the temple mats as before.

231'

He looked around, the priests had evidently made every preparation for the return of the gods.

Before their images they had placed *sekihan*—rice, coloured red, with small beans; *ozonai*—two round cakes of steamed rice, one upon the other; and *omiki*—wine, ordinarily called "saké."

Sato slowly left the temple.

"Here am I seven-and-twenty," he grumbled, "and I am mated to a babe in arms. Was ever anything so preposterous?"

He laughed as he said to himself: "However, I needn't bother about it yet."

After a year or two he determined to make inquiries in the city where his intended lived. Sure enough, he found out that the child was really a babe, still carried about on her nurse's back. He waited two years longer, all the time thinking how he was bound to this child. Finally, he said in a rage to his servant:

"Go! Kill that child! I must be rid of her somehow. I can't think what the gods meant by so unsuitable a match. The idea of marrying such a baby drives me crazy."

The servant took his long sword, and started on his journey.

When he reached the merchant's house he saw a child playing before the door.

The other children called her by name.

"That is certainly the girl," he thought to himself, and rushing up struck at her, but his sword failed to inflict a fatal wound. He could not make a second attempt, for the neighbours and parents sprang to her assistance. He escaped, and returned to his master.

When Sato heard the servant's tale, he felt sure that the girl would die of the wound.

"I can live in peace once more," he said.

Eleven years afterwards everyone in the capital was raving over the beauty and accomplishments of a young singing and dancing girl.

Sato fell so much in love with her that he would take no refusal, and finally she married him. They had a cosy little house and lived together very happily.

Sato often wondered why his wife always wore a band around her forehead, and one day he asked her to remove it.

"Oh, no," she replied, "I can't do that. I have been obliged since childhood to wear a silken bandage around my head."

"Indeed! Pray, why?"

"I will show you," she said, removing the scarf, and pointing to a deep scar on her forehead. "A two-sworded *samurai* rushed upon me, when I was about five years old, and inflicted this wound. He escaped before his face could be recognised. My parents have taken this way to conceal the scar."

Then she bound up her head again.

Sato could not utter a word. In his own mind he was convinced that the destiny the gods decreed was absolutely unavoidable.



"'I will show you,' she said"

## THE DISCONTENTED CEDAR.



ES," sighed the Cedar, "yes, times have changed indeed."

The sinking sun was flinging its last red gleams between the flaked dark branches, and the Thrush, who had just finished his evening song and had begun to think of a little something extra for supper, paused before spreading his wings for flight, and put his head on one side inquiringly. "But don't times always change?" he said; "I am sure they seem to me to keep on changing as fast as ever they can. Why, it only seems quite a little while ago that the Lilacs were in flower, and my wife and I were busy with the nest and the babies; and now the berries are beginning to redden, and the children, bless them! have grown into great, fat, cheeky rascals, hopping about as impudent as you please. And the next change will be frost and cold weather, if I remember rightly."

"Oh, but I don't mean those sort of changes," said the Cedar, and his voice sounded sadder than ever; "those are little natural changes, and are all quite nice and proper; I've seen hundreds of them. The kind I mean are bad, ugly ones. Nasty little yellow brick boxes and hedges growing up everywhere, beautiful smooth green lawns torn to pieces, and old trees and creepers chopped to bits and dragged down. My sweet friend the Magnolia, whose stem was almost as thick through as one of my slimmest boughs, and the Wistaria—her lovely purple blossoms were almost out when they killed her, and I saw them trailing in the dust and trampled on by those dreadful gardeners who grow the brick hedges and boxes. How I wish I could forget it all, but sometimes, in the dark time of the moon, when the wind sleeps, I sleep, too, and I dream of the old garden and the dear days long, long ago. And then the dawn breeze rouses me, and I wake to this!" And he waved a dusky plume as you might wave a disdainful hand at something you thought very horrid and hardly worth noticing.

"I see," said the Thrush, looking rather puzzled all the same. "Of course it must make a difference, but I had never thought of it like that. The place hasn't changed much since I remember; the eldest apple tree is dead, to be sure, and the man at the corner house has cut off all the poor sycamore's pretty green branches because they kept some of the light from his cabbages. I heard him telling his gardener to do it while I was cracking a snail on the stone lady's stand at the other side of the wall. That seemed a pity, and I felt very sorry for the sycamore—she sighed so dreadfully in the night at first—but I think she is settling down now. And the other stone lady in the little boy's garden, you know, the one with the helmet and the spear, she tumbled off her stand last spring, and her head rolled away, and she was all hollow inside; but, do you know, I don't consider her much loss. Now, if it had been the one with the drinking cup——"

"No, no, no, you don't understand, and you seemed so sympathetic at first," and the Cedar tossed his plumes impatiently.

"Don't you think you could explain to me?" asked the Thrush pleasantly; "I should really like to know, and it would be something for me to tell my wife. She has often talked about you, and said how melancholy you looked, and why was it. What *used* it to be like here in the old days when you were happy?"

The Cedar sighed like the sea through all his branches, "Well, first of all there were no brick boxes and hardly any brick hedges, and such as there were, were very tall, and coloured a rich, warm red, like a dark rose, with soft mosses and climbing fruit trees on them. And over there, in the garden where you have made your house, there was a big white palace, with columns and statues and high arched windows, and a great lord lived there who was very brave, and had fought battles on the sea and saved his country. At least,

that was what the grey parrot told me when they used to bring him out to sit under my shadow on the smooth lawn, chained to his golden perch. He was a great gossip, but splendid company to be sure. Ah, but those were days! There was no smoke or fog to make my bark and branches black and grimy, and the soft greensward spread like a velvet carpet over my feet and all around me as far as the Wilderness — that is where the little boy lives now. And there, yes, just there, where the man at the corner has put up his tin summer-house (you can see the spot quite well if you hop on to my next bough and stretch your neck a little) stood my sweetheart, the loveliest beech in the world, with her silver trunk and delicate foliage that was like a pale green veil in spring, and a golden gown in autumn."

"What became of her?" asked the Thrush.

"They killed her with axes long ago. The cheesemonger's lady who came to live here after the old lord died did not like trees, she thought they made the place damp. But the beautiful ladies of the happy time loved the garden and everyone who grew in it. How well I remember those summer afternoons when they would gather round me in their trailing white dresses and sandal shoes, and pink and white roses in their broad-leaved hats, and drink their dishes of tea beneath my shelter. And their pretty voices all laughing and whispering together, would always remind me of the way my sweetheart the beech rustled her veil in the spring wind."

"Tell me some more," said the Thrush, "my wife is very poetical, and will like to hear about it. It must, indeed, have been a beautiful time."

But the Cedar hardly seemed to hear him; it was almost as if he were listening instead to something very far away, as he went on, "And now they are all gone, and I am left alone, a prisoner in this bare little yard, where they throw away empty tins and boxes, and the lean cats whom nobody will have in their houses, come to prowl and lament."

"Did you say cats?" cried the Thrush, hastily looking round and half preparing to fly.

"You need not be afraid, they know better than to climb upon me," said the Cedar, "and, besides, they are always on the watch for the people in the brick box that I belong to to leave their larder window open."

"Is that a thing that ever happens?"

"Not very often; but I could bear my misfortunes better if they would keep the others shut so that I did not hear their cross voices and the disagreeable things they say to one another."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the Thrush, after a few minutes' silence, "how late it is getting, the sun has quite gone, and the house windows are getting yellow with the evening lights inside them. And there goes the lamplighter down Warburton Gardens. My wife will think I am lost. Good-night, good-night, I have so enjoyed our pleasant talk." And he flew off through the dim blue twilight to the little boy's garden, where he had built his nest.

It was some months before the Thrush went to see the Cedar again. The winter had been a hard one, and the cold weather and the search after food had put all ideas of visiting right out of his head. But now spring was come again, and the bright sun and the flowering lilacs, but perhaps most of all the fine new nest in the safe thicket of the may-tree, with the pale speckled eggs in it, made the Thrush feel so light-hearted and gay that he wanted to tell all the world how full of happiness he was, and so make them happy too. And then, all of a sudden, he remembered the melancholy Cedar, and thought he might as well go and cheer him up in his gloomy grandeur with all the last gossip of all the seven new gardens that had been made out of the one old one. The sun was still sparkling on the undried dew when he flew across, and a nice new piano-organ was playing a lilting tune in Warburton Gardens, so that he had perched in his old place on the flat bough nearest the top before he heard the sound of voices far below him, and peeping down saw something that made him call out aloud in surprise. The empty tins and broken potsherds were gone, clean gone, and the tiny garden was all aglow with nodding yellow



daffodils, and the pheasant's-eye narcissus, and tall early irises. The Thrush could hardly believe his eyes, so he peeped again, and found that it was all true, and more also, for there was, yes, there really was a quaintly-fashioned greyish-blue, garden seat built all round the trunk of the Cedar, and upon it sat two sweet little girls with fresh white dimity smocks, with rosebuds sprinkled on, and fluffy, yellow hair, almost as yellow as the daffodils; while one bigger girl and two rather bigger boys were standing close by.

"Isn't this simply splendid, Maisie!" he heard the oldest boy say, "and only to think that in the winter we were mewed up in that dull little flat, with only the street to look out at, and not a scrap of garden except mummy's window-box and the tame ferns in pots. And now here we are, in this jolly little garden, and our bedroom windows looking out over the others, and——"

"Oh, do you know, Darcy," interrupted the fluffiest-haired twin, "do you know that we can see the big garden's orchard out of our window, and a bit of its other lawn——"

"Yes, pet, I showed it him the other day," said Maisie, "and it's a lovely big garden with a real fountain that really and truly plays, and rather a dear-looking little boy in a blue smock, who plays there too, but there's one thing it hasn't got—*none* of the gardens have but ours—and that's a Cedar, a grand, beautiful, big Cedar." She laid her hand proudly on the tree as she spoke, and gave her pretty head a little happy toss.

"Yes," said the other boy, "you're quite right there, Maisie, and, what do you think? Mother says we may have our tea out here this very afternoon if it still keeps so fine and warm, and breakfast every day when the hot weather comes. *Breakfast* under our very own Cedar!"

Amid the confusion of blithe young voices all talking at once, the Thrush spoke softly to the Cedar. "Well?" he said. And the old tree seemed to stretch his broad boughs gently in the sunlight (almost like a pleased bird, thought the Thrush). "Ah, yes," he murmured contentedly, as his great arms spread above the happy children, "yes, friend, times have changed."

ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON.

## THE KING'S BIRTHDAY.

**T**HE twins awoke an hour earlier than usual on that bright May morning.

It was Dodo who first opened her eyes, and who lay for a few moments looking at the sunbeams dancing on the blinds, and listening to the songs of the birds outside. And then she raised her head from her pillow, and looked over at Di, who was still asleep.

"Di!" she called, softly.

Di sprang up at once, although she was usually a lazy little mortal, and often tried Nurse's patience in the mornings.

"It's the King's burfday," went on Dodo, in the same cautious tones.

"Yes, I know. Shall I come into your bed, Dodo?"

Dodo nodded, and her twin sister got out of

her cot and tip-toed across the floor. Soon the two were together, the curly heads touching each other, and swaying to and fro like roses in a breeze. The tongues wagged busily, but neither child spoke above a whisper, for fear of disturbing Nurse, in the next room.

"Nurse is lazy this morning," said Di, presently. "Isn't it time for her to dress us, Dodo? I wonder if Dickie's awake."

Just then a round face peeped in at the doorway, and Dickie pranced into the room in his nightgown. He was nearly six, a year older than the twins.

"Hurrah! It's the King's birthday," he shouted, gaily.

"Hush, Dickie! You'll wake Nurse, and she will scold," cried the little girls.

"Nurse is up. I wonder how the King will like our present."



"What will Muvver give him—and Daddy? Oh, I do want to know," said Di.

"Won't the party be lovely? It is nice to have anuvver burfday in the house," put in Dodo. "I'm glad the King came here."

When Nurse came to dress the children she found them unusually obedient and good-tempered. Dickie fastened his own shoes, and did not pretend he could not tie the laces into a bow. Dodo allowed her curls to be combed out without fretting, and Di stood still to have her garments fastened, instead of breaking away from Nurse, as she often did.

"What a treat to have such good children," smiled Nurse, as she led the way to the day nursery, where a maid was laying the table for breakfast. The children liked Sarah, and had much to tell her when Nurse went off to give the King his bath. Did Sarah know what they had bought yesterday? Nurse had taken them to a shop, and they had purchased for fourpence a funny, wooden man, who could move his joints when a string was pulled. The only drawback was that he was made of plain, white wood, although they could have got one in a red coat and purple hat for the same price.

"Only Nurse said the King would suck the paint off," explained Dickie.

"Like enough he would, Master Dickie. And I have something to tell *you*. Cook has made a grand cake for tea, with icing on top, and Master Victor's name in pink letters."

The children clapped their hands.

"And there'll be jam tarts at dinner, instead of rice pudding."

"How nice! We's so tired of rice pudding," cried the twins.

Nurse came in just then, with the King in her arms. He was a lovely, good-tempered baby boy, and was named Victor, but the children never called him anything but "the King." He had sturdy limbs, and could already toddle a little, holding on by Nurse's finger. The twins always made much of him, but this morning they gave him so many kisses that he seemed puzzled. When Nurse brought the wooden man from her drawer, however, and his brother and sisters presented it to him and showed him how to pull

the string, his gravity gave place to a smile, and he eagerly held out his hands for the treasure.

Father and Mother came up to the nursery after breakfast. Father seldom paid a visit until his return from town in the evening, but to-day he could not leave home without giving the King a birthday kiss. He had brought a present too, a white woolly dog. Mother gave a big, soft ball. The King sat on a cushion on the floor, and stared at his toys as if he were trying to understand why so many were showered upon him at once.

Presently he did a wonderful thing. He raised himself from the cushion by the aid of a chair, and, with outstretched hands, toddled unsteadily across the floor to Nurse, who caught him up and kissed him.

"The dear, kevvver boy! On his burfday, too!" cried the delighted twins, running to embrace him. Mother was called upstairs to see the great performance. But the King did not seem inclined to repeat it. Not though Mother knelt at a little distance from him and held out a biscuit. He sat on his cushion and seemed to meditate. The children coaxed him with all their might, but in vain. At last, as Mother was about to go away, his Majesty staggered to his feet again and toddled into her arms. That was the triumph of the morning, but after dinner, when the jam tarts had been duly enjoyed, the King again distinguished himself. Nurse had left the children on the lawn behind the house, while she went upstairs to put out the party frocks and sashes. The King had been quietly sucking his thumb, when suddenly he removed it from his mouth, gazed at the twins, and said very distinctly:

"Do-do!"

"That's my name," cried Dodo. "He never said any of our names before. He must love me best, to say mine first."

"He docsn't. It's 'cause it's easy," protested Dickie. "Mine is a hard one."

"Di's isn't," said Dodo, triumphantly. Then seeing that Di looked ready to cry, she added: "Never mind; p'raps he'll say yours soon, Di. Dickie, s'pose we make him a daisy chain for the party."



"He eagerly held out his hands for the treasure" (p. 290).

"There aren't any daisies here," said Dickie. "Sims always roots them out. He calls them weeds."

"There are plenty in the orchard," returned Dodo, and off she ran, followed by the other two. They all forgot that the King could not run after them. But he sat where they had left him, sucking his thumb. It was nearly half an hour before the children returned, daisy-laden. The King was nowhere to be seen.

"Nurse must have been for him," said Dickie. "She'll say we were naughty to leave him."

Just then Nurse was seen coming from the house.

"Come, dears, and be dressed," she said. "Why—where's Master Victor?"

And then the dreadful truth came out. They had been left in charge of the King, and had deserted him. And now he was gone.

"You are very naughty children," said Nurse. "But at any rate he can't be far off."

She was not very uneasy at first. But when she had searched the garden, had made in-

quiries of the gardener, and had then returned to the house and questioned all the servants without obtaining any tidings of the missing baby, she began to feel alarmed.

The twins were in tears. Even Dickie, who thought himself too old to cry, felt an uncomfortable lump in his throat.

"Somebody's tooked him," sobbed Dodo. "What *will* Muvver say?"

For Mother knew nothing as yet of the loss. She had gone in the pony-cart to fetch two little cousins who lived at a distance, to the party. They might arrive at any moment now. The table was laid for tea in the nursery, with the great cake in the centre. But how could there be a birthday party without the birthday King?

Jack, the odd boy, was seen approaching the house, a basket on his arm. Dodo ran towards him, her blue eyes streaming with tears.

"Oh, Jack, we've lost the King," she cried. "Do help us to find him."

Jack's freckled face turned scarlet. He put his basket on the ground.

"Lost Master Victor, miss? Oh, I—I don't believe he's lost. I think I know where he is."

He turned and strode swiftly towards the vegetable garden, followed closely by Nurse and the children. The twins had to run to keep up with his long strides. At the extreme end of the garden was a tool-shed, and towards this he went, to a spot where stood a large wheelbarrow. Nurse gave a cry of relief when she discovered that the barrow held her precious little charge. He was fast asleep, curled up on an old coat.

Poor Jack, who stood in great awe of Nurse, blushinglly faltered out his explanation.

"I were taking the barrow back to the shed. 'm, after bringing some flower-pots to Mr. Sims, and little master were a-sitting on

the lawn all by hisself, and I thought maybe he'd like a ride, and so he did, but Mr. Sims called me just as I got here. I thought I wouldn't be a minute, but he wanted me to go a message, and off I went, forgetting Master Victor. I'm very sorry 'm."

Jack evidently expected a scolding, but Nurse said little, as she considered the children were most to blame. But Dickie and the twins were so penitent that she could not but forgive them. And when the guests arrived soon afterwards, they found the King arrayed in his gala robes, with a little sister on each side of his chair, and Dickie behind, holding a pretty flag. The twins looked rather red about the eyelids, but nobody seemed to notice it. And the birthday party was a great success.

MABEL A. CLINTON.

## THE FALL OF THE TIN REGIMENT.

THEY were called to battle one fateful morn  
On the field of the cloth of green,  
And their tents were pitched in a double  
row,  
With very stiff trees between.

Then the soldier heroes were formed in line,  
And their faces no fear could show,  
But holding their guns with undaunted mien,  
They stood and fronted the foe.

Ah me! what was that? 'Twas an earthquake  
shock

Shook the ground with a sudden swell,  
And all in a line where they erst had stood  
Each man on his neighbour fell.

Then the General's face was a sight to see,  
As he said in a voice of wrath,  
While picking his heroes from off the ground—  
"How mean to have pulled the cloth!"

E. M. W.

## AUNT SARAH'S PROTÉGÉ.

By the Author of "The Heiress of Wyvern Court."

UNCLE DICK, please tell me a story about yourself, when you were young," said Bertha Warren, just seven years old.

"When I was young, you uncomplimentary puss; one would think I was a Methuselah," said he, pinching her cheek.

"I mean before you were old," said the small maiden.

"Worse and worse; I'd better begin before the grey hairs crop up." And so he did.

When I was eleven years old I and your Aunt Sabina, two years younger, went to spend our summer holidays with Aunt Sarah, to make part of what she called her handful. Well, we started, Sabina arriving by an early train, I by a later. On the terrace, as I rushed in in hot haste from the station, bag in hand, there they were, boys and girls, like buzzing bees; all Aunt Sarah's handful she liked to gather around her, we in turn delighting to be so gathered. I knew them all as I cast my eye over them, all but one, and he—well, a

sleek, spick-and-span, dark-haired little fellow, and a complete stranger to me. The others seemed on friendly terms with him; even Sabina I saw was in the group of which he appeared to be the centre, and rushed down the steps to welcome me.

"Well, who's that stiff, starchy little fellow you've got among you?" I asked, the greeting over.

"Stiff—starchy?" she faltered; and I fancied she blushed.

"Yes, white shirt front, and *just so*," and I drew myself up in mimic caricature.

"Oh, yes, he does look nice, doesn't he? You know we're dressed for dinner, and you'll have hardly time to wash your hands. Come along." And away she flew like a white butterfly, I following, the others staring after us; the stranger, I was sure I saw him wink at someone as I passed him.

"Now who is that fellow?" I asked upstairs, Sabina sitting on the floor, I washing my hands and making a great slop, I fear. "Who is he, what is he, what's his name, and where does he hail from?"

"Oh! Dick, how you run on!" And Sabina laughed. "He's a *protégé* of Aunt Sarah's."

"A what?" I asked, giving my face a wash as well as my hands.

"A *protégé*; and his name is Thomson."

"Where are his diggings?" Though but eleven I thought slang sounded manly.

"If you mean where does he live, he—his friends are gone abroad, and——"

"And he's come to quarter with Aunt Sarah, and make one of her handful."

"He's come to stay for good." No more, for someone came to call us, so down we went and flocked in to dinner, Thomson, the immaculate, with the rest.

"Isn't he a grown-uppish little cad, white shirtfront and all the rest?" I whispered to Robinson, a chum of mine, as we took our place at table, Thomson my *vis-à-vis* over the way.

"Yes, but I suppose he can't help it; he's a prime favourite with us all," was the reply.

"Well, I shall detest him, I know."

"Then you'll put your nose out of joint with the girls."

"But why?"

"Well, I don't know; he's such a nice little fellow. Your sister is going to teach him to play the piano."

"Sabina?" I cried, scarce above my breath.

"The same," he nodded; "I heard her say so."

A nice fellow! Well, I had nothing to say against him, but I was jealous of him the first moment I saw him. That he, a stranger, should be cock of the walk, as I said to Robinson, he and I walking up and down the terrace that same evening. "Well, let the little dandy alone; he'll be just a nine days' wonder with the girls, and then someone, or something, else. You know how changeable girls are; as for the boys——" he snapped his fingers and laughed.

There was a great deal of chattering and laughing at the upper end of the terrace, where the girls were grouped and a few boys.

"What's going on up there?" I asked.

"The girls listening to Thomson's singing; they say he's Italian, or something."

"Italian! Can he speak it?" and I snorted.

"No, he's as much English as you or I," and then we were in the charmed circle.

Of course, the conceited little beggar shut up like a squeamish miss, so Robinson said, when we stood to listen, so we strolled on again.

"What was that row in the schoolroom?" I asked Sabina, when days and days had gone by and Thomson was becoming the very bane of my life. This was not the first time that I had heard a clatter and din among the piano keys.

"That was I teaching Thomson the scales, he's learning beautifully."

"Thomson!" I snorted, "I believe you've Thomson on the brain."

Sabina laughed.

"And I know who has besides; you, or you'd not have acted as you did this morning."

It was at breakfast-time she meant, when on coming in late I found Thomson sitting next chair to mine; and when I turned up my nose and looked silly, I allow, the young puppy winked at me, so down I sat, and began to eat and drink to hide my anger. But I, wriggled

in my chair, so did he; nay more, Thomson, the well-behaved, the immaculate, left his seat and made for the door.

"Let him go; he may have a letter to write to go by the early post," whispered Robinson, who sat next me, as I looked uneasily after him.

But I knew better; so did Sabina, who glided to the door as he fumbled with the handle, and went out with him. He never returned, and when Sabina came back there were tears in her eyes. Now, here she was casting it in my very teeth.

"Well, what are you two looking so glum about?" asked Bessie Green, whom I thought no great admirer of Thomson; so I told her.

"Well, many men have many minds, and I suppose boys are no better; but as Miss Sarah was saying only this morning, Thomson is so amiable, so good-tempered, so amusing, so forgiving——"

"Oh! Spare the adjectives," I cried, stopping my ears and laughing in boyish contempt.

"He's quite the life of the party here," went on Bessie, with a girl's ready tongue, "what with his singing, tricks, and sleight-of-hand."

Tricks, sleight-of-hand! I had heard them talk of his tossing up balls and catching them, of his conjuring, of this and that, which sent them into fits of laughter, but I never joined the senseless crew when I heard them fairly scream with merriment on the terrace of an evening; and now I shrugged my shoulders and passed on, as a whole bevy of them, Thomson at their head, came bearing down upon me from the house.

"Is it Thomson puts you out?" asked Annie Brown, a young damsel nursing her doll and looking after them.

"Yes," I said shortly; "aren't you one of his worshippers?"

"No," she answered, but coloured a great deal.

"Then why are you so cheek by jowl with him as you are; even sitting by him and keeping back intruders when he was lying asleep on the sofa, because he was so tired, poor fellow?" And I tossed my nose and imitated her silvery voice. Miss Annie looked ready to cry.

"Well, the rest make much of him, but I won't—I won't if you don't like it," she pouted.

"Tisn't what I like; if you like to make a ninny of yourself, do." And I left her and the Thomson worshippers down by the river, cackling and laughing like merry geese. I thought they were teaching him to row a boat.

Well, a few more days, and then the crisis came.

I was in my room, just going to bed, the house quiet, the moon shining gloriously all over the terrace and lawn, when I thought I heard a rustling, like rose leaves fluttering along, below my window, which was open; a titter, a whispering, in which my name came stealing up to me. Who was it? What was it? I went to the window and looked down. There were Thomson and, of all people, Annie Brown, who had said, "I won't if you don't like it," so innocently only a few days ago, and had stood aloof, I had noticed, from the tomfoolery going on with the little cad, nursing her doll and glancing shyly at me. Now, here she was in confab, hand in glove, with the young wretch. I seized a glazed brick they had put me as a door stay. Jealousy is cruel, they say. Well, I was cruel, for I was jealous. Why, I could not say. I hurled the brick down at Thomson's head. A dreadful cry, a moan, a scudding of feet, then all was quiet again, and I crept into bed. And to-morrow!

An early breakfast before the house was astir, and I was off to a distant cricket match, from which I did not return till after sundown. The house seemed strangely quiet, I thought, as I went in; no tittering groups on the terrace, no tossing of balls for conjurer Thomson to catch them, no jingling of piano keys, no anything on the boards, as it seemed, but a good tea awaited me.

"Well, what's up?" I asked of the girl who waited on me.

"Haven't you heard, sir?" one question meeting another.

"Heard what?" I asked, a very uncomfortable something seeming to stir my hair. Then Sabina and the girls bo-peeped in.

"Such a terrible thing! Thomson has had a brick thrown at his head, and——"



My sister's voice failed her.

"He isn't dead?" I questioned.

"No, he isn't dead, but he's very ill, and—and——"

Well, they told no more, but fluttered away like a brood of mourning doves.

Well, the lads told me the whole mystery, which was no mystery to me. But I kept silence and went to bed. In the morning,

father's name was Tom, so he was called Thomson—a black cat, and Aunt Sarah's *protégé*."

"Anything more, uncle?" laughed Bertha.

"No, except that it cured me of any jealousy, and in my case without reason."

"And what was Annie Brown doing with Thomson on the terrace that night?"

"Giving him a mouse they had caught in the old schoolroom," laughed Uncle Dick.

before the folk were up, I slipped out with my bag, and took train for home, wondering what the end would be.

\* \* \* \* \*

"And what was the end—did Thomson die?" asked Bertha breathlessly.

"No, but he had a slit in his ear as long as he lived — and Thomson was a cat. His



ON THE COMMON.





## COSEY CORNER; OR, HOW THEY KEPT A FARM.

By L. T. MEADE, Author of "Playmates," "In the Red Kitchen," etc.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### THE ARRIVAL OF THE STRANGERS.

**I**N the course of his meal, Lois and Arthur, who considered the stranger their especial property, asked him what his name was.

"You have asked us our names," said Arthur, "and it's only fair you should tell us yours. What are we to call you?"

The man rubbed his forehead before he replied. "You may call me Mr. Inquisitive," he said then.

"Mr. Inquisitive!" said Lois. "I don't believe that's a real name at all."

"It is my name anyhow, and I am devoured with curiosity, and that is the same thing."

"Oh, then you will quite suit me," said Arthur, "because I am made that way, too."

"Are you, little chap? Then perhaps if you answer a few questions of mine, I'll answer a few questions of yours."

"Oh, I know what I want to ask you," said Arthur. "It worries me most awfully. I want to know what's inside the lean-to."

"The lean-to! What in the world is that?"

"It's a room just here at the side of the cottage, and Mr. and Mrs. Burgin won't let us go in, and they keep the blinds down over the

windows. I want to know, oh, so badly, what's inside. I am quite dying to know.

And now, having drunk off two teapots of tea, and eaten a lot of bread and butter, and a quantity of strawberry jam, and enjoyed his new laid egg, the stranger produced a shilling from his pocket.

"I can't take any change," he said. "I have eaten a solid shilling's worth, and if I am not allowed to pay for it, I shall go away quite humbled in my own sight. You must take a shilling, Miss—Miss Ross, and you must give me no change."

"You ate eightpence-worth exactly," said Claudia, "twopence is my profit—and here's twopence over. I cannot take it, sir; please don't ask me."

She made a charming little curtsey as she spoke, and Mr. Inquisitive, who looked as though he would like to pay ten shillings for his tea, not tenpence, pocketed his twopence, bowed most respectfully to Claudia, and turned away.

"Little Master," he said, "walk with me as far as the stile." And Arthur went off only too willingly.

He was absent quite a quarter of an hour, and when he came back he looked as if some important secret was bottled up within him.

"It's most inciting," he said in private to Lois. "I want you all by yourself, I've something most inciting to say!"

Lois went with him quite willingly. They entered the little wood. It was evening, late in the evening, and the sun was setting. The broad beams of the setting sun lit up the trees and lay in patches on the grass. Lois stood in one of these patches, and Arthur stood in front of her.

"It's about Mr. Inquisitive," said Arthur.

"Yes, what about him?" asked Lois. "You must really be quick, Arty, for Claudia wants me to help her wash up."

"Oh, bother Claudia, she's not everyone!" said Arthur. "I have something important to do too. Mr. Inquisitive says he is coming again."

"Really?" said Lois. "Does he live here?"

"I don't know where he lives. I asked him, but he would not say. He said, 'I'm interested,' yes, that's the word; he used very big words—'I'm interested in you youngsters, and I'm coming again. I don't know when I'll come, but I will come.' And then he sat down on the stile, and he made me stand between his knees, and he put his hand under my chin. It's not very pleasant when a man puts his hand under your chin, it makes you feel such a baby. But anyhow, he did, and I like him so awfully, I didn't mind. And he said, 'What are you doing here?' And I said, 'It's a great 'mendous secret, we're here 'cos we want to do something big.' 'Something big,' he said, 'what's that?' And I told him it was 'cos of Father and Mother, and I didn't say anything more, except that it was 'cos of Father and Mother, and money—lots of money. He did look so puzzled. He screwed up his forehead, and he pushed his hair back as far as it would go, and at last he stood up. 'I'm coming back, youngster,' he said; I didn't want him to call me youngster, but he did, and he walked down the road a little way. But all of a sudden he stood still, and he looked just like Claudia looks when she puts on her considering cap. 'Come along here, youngster,' he said. 'Why should not you let lodgings, and why shouldn't I

sleep in that lean-to of yours? I would pay well, and you could make a lot of money that way.' Oh, wasn't it a splendid thought? Oh, dear, oh dear, I hope Mr. Inquisitive will come back soon!"

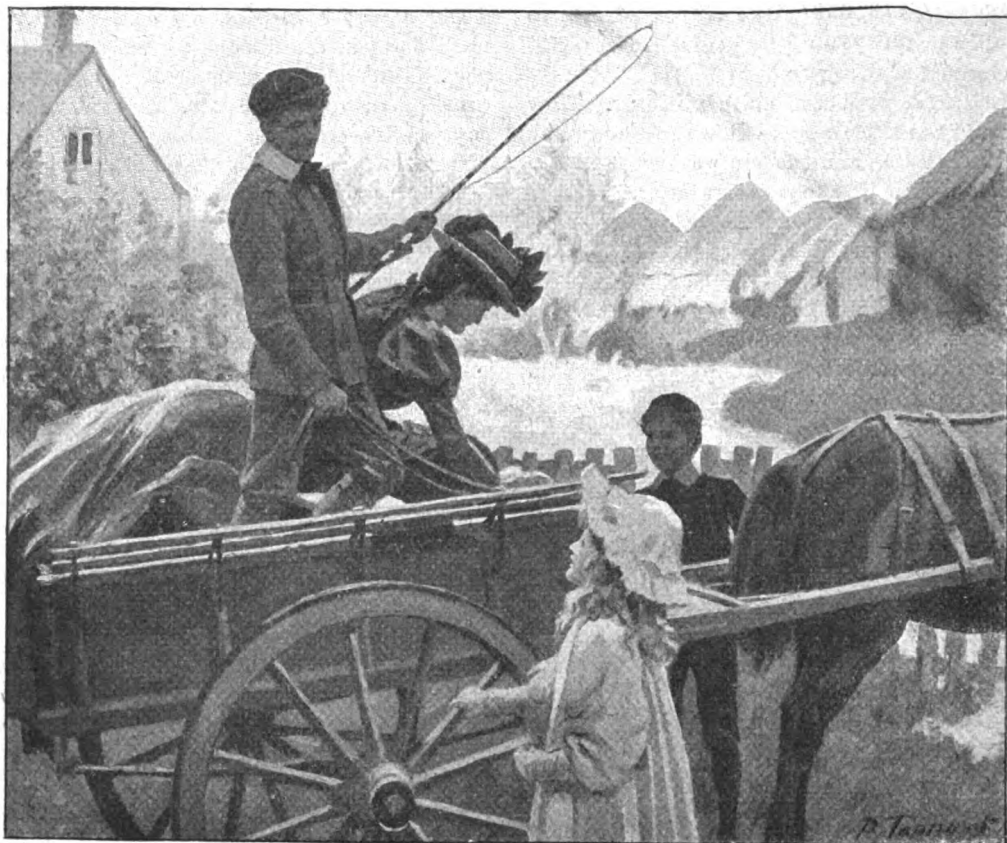
"So do I," said Lois. "What a very good idea. Shall I say something about it to Claudia?"

"No, 'cos then she will guess our own secret. What I am thinking is this, that we ought to keep all the money that Mr. Inquisitive brings in, 'cos we found him. I want us to have our own lot of money, and Claudia and Harold their lot of money. Don't you understand, Lois?"

"Yes," said Lois slowly. "Then I'll say nothing to Claudia to-night. And now I must really run back to help."

The scheme for providing tea for passers-by went on for some days prosperously. Mrs. Burgin, true to her resolve, did not trouble the children very much. Peter sometimes made his appearance at the farm, and sometimes Sally, and sometimes Farmer Burgin strolled in. Once or twice Mrs. Burgin did also appear, but she always came late, long, long after the tea-drinkers had vanished. Several people did come to tea during the fine, long summer weather, invited down by Lois and Arthur. And Claudia by these means was still able to earn twelve shillings a week, and the little hoard, the precious eight pounds, remained untouched in the teapot in the kitchen. Claudia, whenever she read story books of cottagers, remembered that they kept their money as a rule in a teapot, and when she first arrived at the cottage she deposited hers there, as being the safest place in the world.

Thus things went on for nearly a fortnight, and the fruit, the apples, and plums grew riper and riper, until Claudia knew that the time was not far distant when she could make quite a harvest out of them. Meanwhile, Harold dug the ground and put in winter vegetables, and felt sure that all would go well with them, and that they really could support themselves on their little plot of land. Claudia was getting very proud of herself, and was more than glad that she had not



"Harold jumped up by her side and took the reins" (299).

yielded to Mrs. Burgin's request, and had stuck to her resolve of entertaining passers-by at tea.

But all these days Lois and Arthur waited anxiously for Mr. Inquisitive. A whole fortnight passed and he never came. At last one day, to their great surprise, and their equal delight, they saw him coming down the road. He looked just as dusty as he had done the last day, and his face wore the same puzzled, anxious, curious sort of look. He stopped before the two children and nodded to them, and said,

"Well, will I do?"

Lois quite clapped her hands with delight.

"Oh, you'll more than do," she said. "I think you are a darling! Don't you, Arty?"

"You're a right down good sort, sir," said Arthur, who resolved to use manly words.

The stranger laughed.

"You are coming down to tea, aren't you?" said Lois.

"No, I am not," he replied. "Not to-day, but perhaps I'll come presently. But what about the lean-to, little man; what about my turning it into a bedroom, eh?"

"Oh, I wish it could be done, I wish it could be done!" said Lois.

"Well, think of it. I am going to Summertown, that is ten miles from here. I am going to put up at the Sign of the Swan. If you want me, you will know I am there, or that I may be heard of there, at least. Good-bye for the present. I may be round here any day, or I may not come for a bit. Good luck to you both! By-the-way, have you any apples to sell?"

"Oh, yes, a lot," said Lois. "Here they

are. But you really must not pay more than you ought, Mr. Inquisitive."

Mr. Inquisitive bent over the basket and made a hasty selection. He then dropped a coin in among the apples, nodded to the children, and continued his walk.

"I believe he has only given us a half-penny, and he took six apples," said Arthur in a disappointed voice. He began to dive among the fruit as he spoke. The next instant he held a half-sovereign on his little palm.

"Oh, oh!" screamed Lois.

"Run after him, Lois," cried Arthur, "he has forgotten, he has made a mistake. He has given us this instead of what he meant to give us!"

"I suppose he meant to give us sixpence," said Lois. "But it is too late now. He is quite out of sight. Naughty, troublesome Mr. Inquisitive! Well, let us put this with the other money, and when he comes again let's ask him for sixpence, for he did take six apples."

"Yes," said Arthur. "Let's ask him. But perhaps," he added, looking full at his sister, "he didn't give us the half-sovereign by mistake."

"Oh, yes, he did; of course he did," said Lois.

There were no people at all of the sort whom Claudia would like to entertain to tea passing that afternoon, and soon afterwards the children went home.

The next day, early, Claudia told Lois and Arthur that she and Harold were going to Fairleigh to do some shopping.

"Farmer Burgin has lent us the little cart," she said. "I want to get a whole lot of things that we cannot do without any longer. And it will be fun going with Harold. It will be something of a change. You two must take great care of the cottage while we are away."

"Of course we will, Claudia," said Lois.

"You will have plenty to do, both of you. You have Brownie to feed, and the hens to see to, and the eggs to gather. And you must be very careful when you put the kettle on to boil for tea, in case you should hurt your-

selves. And if you have any time to spare, you might do a little weeding. Now, good-bye, we will be back some time this evening."

Claudia looked very nice as she seated herself in the cart, and Harold jumped up by her side and took the reins.

"Just as if we were real farmers," she said, nodding to her brother. And then she kissed her hand to her little brother and sister, and the cart flew down the road and was soon out of sight.

"Claudia said nothing about our having people to tea this afternoon," said Lois to Arthur.

"No more she did," he replied.

"Perhaps we had better not, Arthur."

"I don't see why we shouldn't," said Arthur. "We can give them tea quite as well as Claudie."

"Let us look and see if there is any jam left," said Lois.

She entered the kitchen followed by her little brother. Standing on a chair, she turned the key of the cupboard, and opened it. There was one pot of strawberry jam half full. All the rest of the jam had been used up. There was only a small portion of butter, too, and about half a loaf of bread.

"I don't believe Claudia wants us to have anyone to tea this afternoon," said Lois. As she spoke she began fumbling amongst the contents of the cupboard. "Why doesn't Claudie use this teapot?" she said suddenly. "It's a dear little teapot, much nicer than the cracked one which we always have morning and evening on the table. It would be a lovely teapot for afternoon tea for visitors. I think I'll take it out and clean it."

As she spoke she took the teapot, which was indeed poor Claudia's bank, in both her hands. She stepped softly down from her chair, and brought it across the kitchen to Arthur.

"Look, Arthur," she said. "It's quite heavy. There's something in it."

Arthur bent forward and lifted the lid of the teapot. Within were eight golden sovereigns.

"Oh dear; oh dear; I never thought Claudia was as rich as that," said Arthur.

"Let's put it back again. She would be

angry if she knew we had touched it," was Lois's remark.

She stood up once more on the chair, and pushed the teapot back into its place.

"Eight sovereigns!" she said, turning to her brother. "Eight sovereigns in the bottom of the teapot. Isn't Claudia rich?"

Just as she spoke the last words, Snap began to bark furiously. Both children turned, and saw a man and woman standing on the threshold of the door. The woman's eyes were turned in the man's direction, and there was a knowing look on her face as both children faced her.

"We want to know, little Miss," said the woman, coming forward. "Little Miss and little Master, dear little people, we want to know if you can give us something to eat. We can pay for it, dearies. We can pay for something. We would like to sit in your nice, cool, clean kitchen. You don't mind, do you, dearies?"

"Oh, no, we don't mind," said Lois, turning first red and then pale. "That is," she added, "we don't mind if you are quite respectable."

"Oh, we are very much that, dearies," said the man; "ain't we, wife?"

"Yes, we are," said the woman. And now, without asking further leave of the children, they both entered, and took possession of two chairs in front of the stove.

"What a beautiful kitchen," said the woman, looking round. "And where is your mother, dear?" she added. And she took hold of Lois's little hand and drew her towards her.

Lois thought her a very nice-looking woman until she came quite close, but then she observed that the woman was not too clean, that her bonnet was showy, and what Claudia would call draggled, and that her shawl was pinned crookedly on her shoulders, and that there was a decided hole in one of her boots.

"She's not a very nice person; I wish they would go," thought the little girl.

The man, who stood near the woman, had a big stick with a knob at the top in his hand. Snap came into the kitchen and sniffed round the man's legs, whereupon the man raised his

stick, turning it so that the knob should come to the bottom, and said in a menacing tone to Snap—

"If you don't leave off, I'll put out your brains."

This remark settled matters for the couple, as far as Lois and Arthur were concerned.

"We cannot give you anything to eat," said Lois in a firm voice.

"Because, you see," said Arthur, "we are both all alone to-day. We have no Father and Mother living with us in the cottage; we have not really, and our brother and sister have gone away for the whole day. So please go away too, for they would not like us to have anybody in the house while they are away."

"Particularly people with holes in their boots," said Lois.

This remark of hers seemed to anger the woman. But the man's face grew quite smiling and joyous.

"Now, my little dears," he said, "it shows what ignorant little people you are, to consider that a lady like my wife should not be a lady because she is too poor to have her boots mended. We don't want you to give us anything to eat, dears. We will just sit in the kitchen and rest awhile. And as to your dear little dog, why I wouldn't touch so much as a hair of his head! Come here, little dog, come here."

But the little dog growled, and backed away from the large man.

"All we want," said the woman, "is to sit in your kitchen and see you eating your dinners. We don't mind how hungry we are. It's a pleasure to see children eat."

Lois looked at Arthur, and Arthur looked at Lois. They were not frightened, not at all, but they did know it would be a work quite beyond their strength to turn the large man and the untidy woman out of the kitchen.

"We had better give them something to eat," said Lois in a whisper to her brother, "and then perhaps they'll go."

She put on her most polite manners.

"We are going to have a very simple dinner to-day," she said, turning in a most ladylike

way to the woman; "we are only going to have boiled potatoes, and a little butter, and some milk. And afterwards two plums each. We will give you, if you like, some potatoes and a little milk, and one of our plums each. You would not expect us to give you both our plums, would you?"

"No indeed, dear," said the woman. "And potatoes and milk and a plum will make a delicious dinner, won't they, good man?"

"Better than nothing, good woman," was his reply.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### DESPAIR.

LOIS lost her fright as the moments went by. She began to consider that the man was in the right of it when he said that even a lady, if she were very poor, might have a hole in her boot. She felt sorry that she had said the woman was not respectable, and told Arthur so as he trotted in and out of the kitchen.

"You had better stay with them all the time," he said to his sister, "for if they aren't respectable, I think Claudie and Harold would like it."

But Lois did not much care for the rôle assigned to her.

"I must go out sometimes," she said, "to fetch things. And the woman is really very nice. Do you know, when I tried to lift the pot with the potatoes on to the fire, she helped me, and now she is watching for them to boil. And she put in a grain of salt with them, because she says that it makes the pota-

232



"We won't have no dinner, thank you. Good morning, Missy'" (p. 302).

atoes taste better. I think they are quite respectable, I really and truly do, Arthur."

"Well," said Arthur, "anyhow it can't be helped now, and I hope they are."

Lois went back into the kitchen. The woman and the man were whispering, but when Lois approached they started away from each other.

"I think," said the woman, "the potatoes must be done now. My master never cares for potatoes unless they have a bone in the middle."



"A bone in the middle! What's that?" asked Lois.

"It means that they must not be too much done," growled the man. "I hates potatoes that are all messy and broken up."

"And I was thinking, too," said the woman, "that that nice little piece of bacon hanging from the ceiling would be a great addition to our dinners."

"But Claudia said we were only to have potatoes and butter, and two plums each," said Lois, and an anxious frown came between her brows.

"But she did not know that you were going to have company, dear," said the woman. "If she knew that you were having company, and very respectable company, too, that you hurt by making remarks about them, she would say that the bacon was the very least you could do to make up, Miss."

"Very well," said Lois, a little ruefully. "Perhaps you are right, but it is the very last piece of bacon."

"Well, dear, from where it came there's more to be had, I suppose."

"Yes, but we are very poor, indeed," said Arthur. "We have no money hardly." Here he looked at his sister, and his little face flushed up.

"And besides," said Lois, "I don't know how to boil bacon."

"But I do, little love," said the woman. "See, good man," she said, turning to her husband, "fetch me that pot that is standing with its back to the wall. I'll soon have the bacon bubbling away on the fire."

No sooner said than done. The bacon was put on to boil, and a savoury smell soon filled the kitchen. The meal was ready all in good time, and Lois, Arthur, and the strange man and woman sat down to partake. The woman said, as they drew their chairs to the table,

"It don't seem fair that we should eat up your dinner, so after all, you may have the potatoes, and we will eat the bacon."

"Oh, but I don't at all mind having a little bit of bacon too," said Lois.

"Only it don't seem fair," said the man; "for your sister left you potatoes and butter and two plums each. Now, if the wife and

me have the bacon, and eat as much as we can consume of it, we will be satisfied. We ain't hard to please, and the bacon will quite content us."

As he spoke he drew the steaming bacon towards him, and, producing a sharp knife from his pocket, cut it deliberately in two large pieces. He put one piece on his own plate and gave the other to his wife, and they both began to eat.

"It isn't bad bacon, all considered," said the woman, "though it isn't what I was accustomed to."

"Were you accustomed to better bacon?" asked Arthur.

"Oh, my dear little boy, was I not?" returned the woman, holding up her hands. "It was only the very best hams, and only the picked bits at that, that I used to eat. I lived in a big house. How big was the house that I used to live in, good man?"

"So big that it gave you the headache to count the rooms," said the good man.

"And how many servants did we keep?" asked the woman.

"More than you could count if you had a week of Sundays to do it in," replied the husband.

"Then how is it you have got so very little money now?" said Lois.

"We have not, my dear. We have plenty of money."

"Then perhaps you'll pay for your dinner." She had scarcely said these words before she repented of them. The man and woman both pushed their chairs away from the table and dropped their knives and forks. It is true the bacon was all but finished; there was only just a shred, and that a very tiny shred, on the man's plate.

"Well, I never!" said the man.

"The ongratitude of it!" said the woman.

"I thought, little Miss, that you was one of those who make the poor of the earth welcome, and that you was one of those who, out of their abundance, give to them that has none. Pay for our dinner! We won't have no dinner, thank you. Good morning, Missy."

"But you have had dinner," said Arthur. "You have finished all the bacon that was to

last us for nearly a week! I think you ought to pay."

"Keep that dog away, or I'll knock out its brains," said the man. "Come, good wife." He turned away as fast as he could, and his wife followed him, wiping her mouth as she did so.

"We won't trouble you for no dinner," she said, and she dropped a curtsy to the astonished little pair.

"Oh, dear!" said Lois, when they found themselves alone. "Was there ever anything so frightening? I am glad she's gone. How queer of them to say that they had had no dinner when they ate up all the bacon!"

"It was our breakfast bacon," said Arthur after a pause, "and perhaps eating it at dinner-time, and gobbling it all up, didn't seem like dinner to them. Perhaps that was it. Anyhow they are gone, and I'm glad."

"So am I," said Lois.

"I don't think they were at all a nice pair, whatever the woman said. Do you believe they had quite such a big house?" said Arthur, "and more servants than they could count in a week of Sundays?"

"No, I don't," said Lois. "They just told stories, I am afraid. Well, it is a very good thing they are gone, and I don't think we will have any people down to tea this afternoon. What do you say, Arthur?"

"I think not," said Arthur. "I think we will lock the door of the cottage so that no other man and woman, very respectable but with holes in their boots, can come in. And we will stay in the garden, and we'll do a whole lot of weeding."

"Yes, let's," said Lois. "And let's go and see Brownie first and take Snap with us. And then let's collect the eggs. I heard two or three of the hens cackling, and there must be a lot of eggs to collect."

The children, quite happy, and almost already forgetting the respectable man and woman, ran round the garden to Brownie's house. Brownie received them with his usual grunt of approbation. They gave him some food according to Claudia's directions, and then went on to the hen-house. Strange

to say, there were no eggs in the nest. Lois was very much puzzled.

"But I heard the hens cackling," she said. "It's very odd."

Arthur began to examine the straw, but nowhere could he find an egg.

"We ought to have had six," said Lois mournfully. "There will be hardly anything to sell in the market to-morrow, and Claudia will be so disappointed."

"Oh, she need not," said Arthur. "She's got her eight sovereigns. She's awfully rich, is Claudie; I did not think that anybody in the world could be quite so rich!"

"Nor did I," answered Lois. "It is a heap of money, but you know she has a great deal to do with it."

"So she has," answered the little boy.

"It's a good thing we did not let the respectable man and woman see the money. But they would never think of looking in the teapot, and I don't suppose they were quite so *unrespectable*," said Lois, bringing out the last word with great emphasis, "as to steal our money."

Arthur went slowly back to the house. He and his sister occupied themselves for the next two hours weeding very hard. But at the end of that time they were hungry, and decided to give themselves a good tea.

"We had a very poor dinner," said Lois. "I do think it was selfish of them to eat all the bacon! I did so want just one little, teeny bit."

"And the potatoes were as hard as ever they could be," said Arthur. "I hate potatoes with bones in them, don't you, Lois?"

"Yes," said Lois. "I tell you what it is, Arthur. We will have a very little of the strawberry jam for our tea."

"Just a very little. I think we might," said Arthur, and his eyes gleamed.

Lois went into the kitchen. She filled the kettle and put it on to boil. She then went and unlocked the cupboard again, and drew the strawberry jam towards her. As she did so, she saw, somewhat to her astonishment, that the little teapot had its lid wide open.

"How stupid of me not to have shut it," she thought. "Claudie would be vexed if she



“Don't, Lois, don't. Don't cry so, Lois.”

thought we were looking at her precious money. I had better shut it now.”

She drew it towards her as the thought came to her, and immediately noticed how light it was. In another instant she had looked within. Alack, and alas! The eight golden sovereigns were no longer there. Lois uttered a piercing scream.

“Arty, Arty!” she said.

The little boy rushed into the kitchen.

“They have taken them,” said Lois, “they are all gone! See! Oh, Arty, see, see!” She held the teapot upside down. “There is nothing in it, nothing at all,” she cried. “It is all gone. All Claudie's money! Oh, Arty, oh, Arty!” Tears welled into her eyes. She dropped the teapot in her agitation, and rushed out of the cottage, Arthur following her. “Oh, I think I'll run away, I think I'll run away,” said poor Lois. “What will Claudie say when she comes back? Oh, Arty; oh, Arty!”

Arthur threw himself on the grass beside

his sister. Lois, for a long time, was unable to take the least comfort from his ministrations.

“Don't Lois, don't. Don't cry so, Lois,” said the little fellow. “Oh, Lois; oh, Lois, do, darling, sit up. Oh, darling, I am so miserable. Don't cry so, Lois, darling!”

After a time the dear little voice had its effect, and Lois for Arthur's sake did sit up and wipe the tears from her eyes.

“It is all the money,” she sobbed, “all the money for Claudie's big plan, and Harold's big plan, and now we can never help Father and Mother, never, never no more! Oh, I think I'll run away! I don't think I can meet Claudie; I don't think I can!”

Arthur sat and rubbed his knuckles into his eyes. He was very nearly crying himself, although, as he expressed it, he was not a cry-baby, but a boy who would some day be a man.

“Girls must cry, poor things,” he said to himself, “but a boy who is some day to be a

man, ought not to cry! Lois," he said presently, nestling up to his sister, "I have thought of something."

"It doesn't matter what you think of," said Lois. "All the money's gone! We never can find that dreadfully respectable woman, and that awfully respectable man again; and it does not matter what you think of, Arty."

"But it does," said Arthur. "You need not treat me as a little baby. I am a boy what will some day be a man, and I know what I think I'll do."

But Lois did not even ask him what he thought he would do. She was too unhappy to listen to his words, and she continued to sit on the ground and to heave long sobs.

The afternoon passed away very miserably, and it was a woe-begone little pair who met Harold and Claudia on their return from market. Claudia was in excellent spirits. Her drive and the change of scene had done her a world of good. She now appeared in front of the little cottage with her arms full of parcels and her eyes beaming with smiles.

"Oh, I have had such a jolly day," she said, "and I have made some excellent purchases. I have got several tins of sardines. I think some of the people who come to tea would like sardines as well as jam. And I have got some shrimp paste, and some bloater paste, so that we may make sandwiches with the aid of our mustard and cress. Mrs. Burgin showed me how to do it one time when I was at the farm. And I mean to charge eightpence for tea when there are sardines or sandwiches, so we shall make even more money. I do think we are getting on nicely! And Lois, darling, I saw a heap of blackberries on the common. Now it is quite fair that we should reap the benefits of anything that grows on the common, and you and Arty might go early to-morrow morning with a basket, and pick the blackberries, and

offer them for sale to people who pass by as you sit on the stile."

Claudia talked so fast, and her words were so full of hope, and her heart was so bounding with pleasure and health, and the delicious feeling of success, that she did not notice the sorrowful looks of the little brother and sister. She did not observe the tears which had scarcely dried themselves on Lois's cheeks, nor the look and tone of resolve and of pain on Arthur's little round face. But Harold, in some ways more observant than his sister, had noticed these things.

"Why, what's wrong?" he said. "What's wrong?"

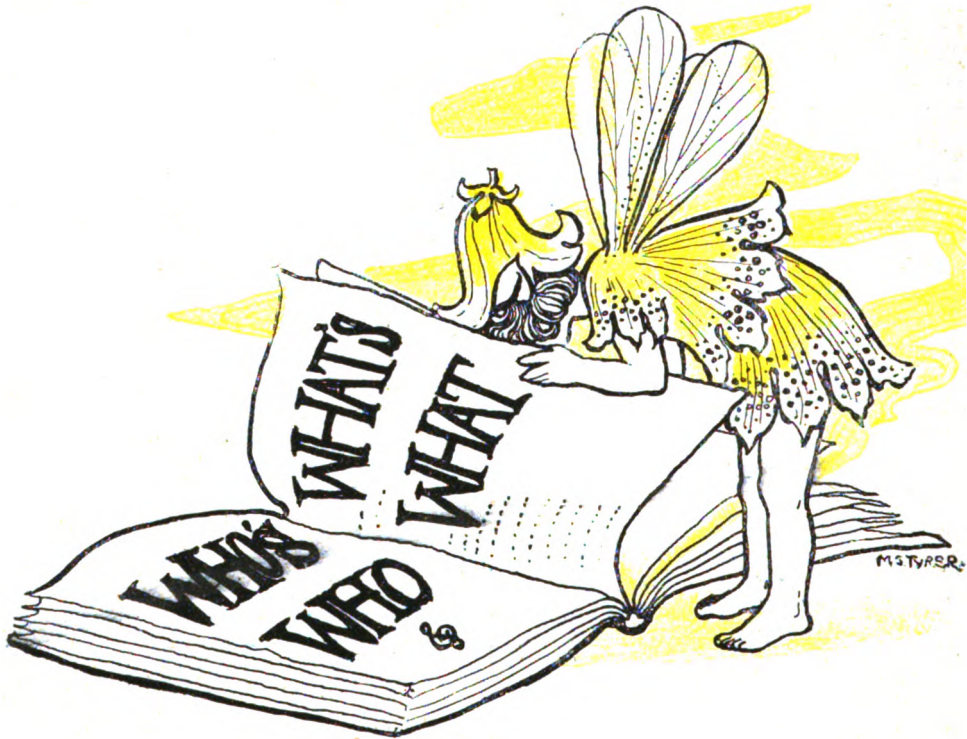
Lois looked at Arthur, and Arthur looked at Harold, and finally it was Arthur who spoke.

"They have taken it," he said.

"Taken what?" asked Harold, his own face turning pale.

"All the money out of the teapot. All the money. We let them in because we couldn't turn them out, and they said they were respectable. And they have taken all the money!"





### "Your Majesty."

Long, long ago, in the days of old Rome, it was the people, the whole mass of the people, from whom all power was derived, of whom the term "majesty" was used. The majesty of the Consul was spoken of simply because he was for the time being the outward sign of the majesty of the people. When the Republic was done away with, the Emperor reserved the sole use of the word for himself. Nowadays the title is generally given to all sovereigns, save the Sultan of Turkey, who is styled "Your Highness." In England Henry VIII. was the first king to whom the phrase "Your Majesty" was applied. Before his date "Your Grace" or "Your Highness" was the correct address. In France Henry II. was the first to receive the title, although Louis XI. was styled "Most Christian Majesty." Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain claimed the title of "Most Catholic Majesty"; Stephen, Duke of Hungary, and Maria Theresa that of "Apostolic Majesty." The German Kaiser is described as "Imperial Majesty," and the Emperor of Austria-Hun-

gary as "Imperial Royal and Apostolic Majesty."

### A Fish Out of Water.

Carp are queer fishes. They are said to be cunning. They can be kept out of water alive for a considerable time. Here is the recipe: First catch your carp, then place him in a net, or basket lined with plenty of moss kept well damped, then hang the net to the ceiling of the cellar, then feed him with bread and milk; the oftener the better. He will grow fat and, if intended for the table, his flavour will be improved by this treatment.

### Owing to the War.

Tradesmen are sometimes fond of putting up the price of their wares for reasons that are far-fetched. An old Scotswoman went to the village grocer's one day and asked for a pound of candles, laying on the counter the like sum of money which she had paid before.

"Anither bawbee, mem." observed the grocer. "The war has sent the price up."

"Dear me, think o' that now," was the old

lady's dry comment, as she put down an extra halfpenny. "Wonders will never cease. And so they've taken to fechtng by candle light."

#### **An Effectual Punishment.**

Lord Stanley once appeared at Whitehall very plainly dressed, to desire an audience of James I. He was refused admittance by the lord-in-waiting, but newly come from Scotland, to whom his lordship's person was not yet familiar. This led to words, and the King overhearing the disturbance, came out of his room to learn what was wrong. Stanley explained. "Cousin," said James, "I must punish him. Shall I send him to the Tower?"

"Your Grace, he won't mind that at all. Be severe. Send him back to Scotland."

#### **A Leaper and Bouncer**

Mr. C. B. Fry holds the English record for the long jump, which is a flying leap from a take-off tape or other mark. But even he could not match the standing jump that a pretty and graceful lemur will make without fuss or even the hope of an interview in *Chums*. At the Zoo the lemurs are kept in the monkey house, where they are always on the move. They are nice pets. Mr. Broderip had a tame one that used to have the run of his house. Its greatest treat was to be allowed into its master's room. Here it would jump from the table on to Mr. Broderip's shoulders, twenty feet or more away, leaping back again quite nimbly to the table. It alighted very gently, thanks to the pads at its finger-ends, which broke its fall. Often, as its master sat cross-legged by the fire, the lemur perched itself on his foot, wrapped its long tail about it, and went to sleep, dreaming perhaps of its friends in the forests of far-off Madagascar.

#### **A Nightshirt as a Tourist Suit.**

Dean Stanley was once travelling with a friend in Sicily. One day they were driving to Palermo, when the Dean said he felt cold.

"Well," sensibly remarked his companion, "you had better put something on," and he continued reading his book. "I will," observed Stanley, and as the bag containing his belongings lay on the seat in front of him,

it was easy enough to get some extra clothing. By-and-by his friend suddenly looked up and was surprised to see the Dean (who, too, was reading a book) clad in white, the surprise giving way to dismay when he noticed that it was his nightshirt he was wearing, and that they were about to enter Palermo.

In a fit of absent-mindedness Stanley had taken his nightgown out of the carpet-bag and put it on as a protection against cold.

#### **Winking.**

What is the effect of different kinds of light upon the eye? A Russian doctor has gone into the subject fully, and he says that winking is often a sign that the muscles of the eyes are wearied. He finds that candle-light causes seven winks a minute; gas, three; sunlight, two; and electric light just a trifle less. From this we may learn that a candle is one of the worst lights to read by, whilst the electric light is one of the best, rivalling, if not really beating, the sun itself.

#### **Saved by a Hand.**

Colonel Lloyd, of the Grenadier Guards, was hit twice during the battle of Senekal, in the Boer War. It is said he would have died of his wounds but for the self-denial of brave Drummer Haynes. The drummer was trying to relieve the Colonel's pain after he fell, and placed a hand upon one of the wounds. At this moment a bullet struck the hand and glanced up Haynes's arm. Had no hand been there to receive the bullet and change its course, it is certain Colonel Lloyd would have been killed.

#### **Wet.**

In tropical lands it never rains but it pours. For hours, and days, and weeks the rain descends in torrents. Yet there are folk who complain of a Scotch mist, that disagreeable drizzle that makes you feel so very damp and wretched. Still, that is really nothing. On tropical oceans during a downpour the rain even lies on the top of the sea: it hasn't time to mix itself up with the salt water. Villages in Brazil are turned in a few hours into lake dwellings; pigs and poultry are drowned, and the inhabitants must take to boats to get about. Indeed, the people consider them-



selves lucky if their houses and all that in them is are not clean swept away. These are the persons that know what it is to be wet.

#### A Turn of the Wrist.

Charles Kingsley once drew from the experiences of the old coaching days a story to illustrate brotherly love. Two brothers, twins—big, fat, jolly fellows, both of them—drove the Dover coaches—one taking the up coach, the other the down. During thirty years the only time they ever saw one another, day or night, was the moment when they passed each other on the road. Then, as drivers do, they saluted by a peculiar jerk of the wrist. This twist was the only greeting that passed between these brothers all that time. But when one of them died the other—though in perfect health—took to his bed and simply pined away. "Now Tom is gone," he said, "I can't stay." That was an instance of strong, silent love, and yet Kingsley declared such cases were common.

#### Can Animals Cry?

Lady Burton says she has seen horses in the Syrian desert cry from thirst, a mule cry from the pain of an injured foot, and camels shed tears in streams. A cow, sold by its mistress who had tended it from birth, wept pitifully. A young soko ape used to cry from vexation if Livingstone didn't nurse it in his arms when it asked him to. Wounded apes have died crying, and apes have wept over their young ones slain by hunters. A chimpanzee trained to carry water jugs broke one, and fell a-crying, which proved sorrow, though it wouldn't mend the jug. Rats, discovering a young one drowned, have been moved to tears of grief. A giraffe which a huntsman's rifle had injured began to cry. Sea-lions weep for the loss of their young. Gordon Cumming observed tears trickling from the eyes of a dying elephant. And even an orang-outang, when deprived of its mango, was so vexed that it took to crying. There can be little doubt, therefore, that animals do weep from grief, or pain, or annoyance.

#### Nettled.

When the Earl of Eglinton returned from the wars that ended in the independence of

America, his mother was never weary of getting him to tell her of the hair-breadth escapes he had had. But his lordship grew rather tired of his mother's fond devotion. On one occasion he surprised her, not with the story of a famous exploit or a peril overcome, but with something more prosaic. "To tell you the plain truth, mother," he said, "the greatest difficulty and annoyance I ever met with was when I once cleared a fence and jumped into a thick bed of nettles." For a "kilty" this must have been a trying situation!

#### A Panic at Court.

In honour of a royal marriage, a State concert was being held in the Palace in Vienna in November, 1900. The Emperor Francis Joseph was present, and the hall was filled with a brilliant gathering of royalties, nobilities, statesmen, diplomats, and naval and military officers with their wives. Whilst a prima donna was singing, a mouse—doubtless attracted by her sweet voice—suddenly appeared. The horrible monster caused the lady so much fear that she stopped for a while before she could finish the song. By-and-by the mouse left the stage, and made for the seats where the diplomatists and their wives were sitting. These poor women were in a sad plight between their regard for etiquette and their fears. Human nature, however, prevailed, and most of the ladies fled, although a few sought refuge from the gigantic scourge by standing on chairs.

#### A Scramble for Loaves.

Many curious gifts have been made in the sacred name of charity. A couple of hundred years ago, or thereabouts, two ladies were once in great distress, but, happily, being helped in time, they became fairly well-to-do. Out of gratitude for the assistance that had been rendered to them, they bought five acres of land, the rental of which every year was to be spent in throwing loaves of bread from the tower of Paddington church, which were to be scrambled for by the mob drawn together to see the ceremony. The custom, of course, died out, though it lasted well into the nineteenth century.

# Madam April.

*Legato.*

Words and Music by M. A. HOFLAND.

**VOICE.**

*p*

1. Shall we take a big um - brel - la, Or a crim - son pa - ra -  
 2. Yet we love you, Ma - dam A - pril, Nor in this are we a -  
 3. Ev - 'ry day, dear Ma - dam A - pril, You pre - pare a fresh sur -

**PIANO.**

*cres.*

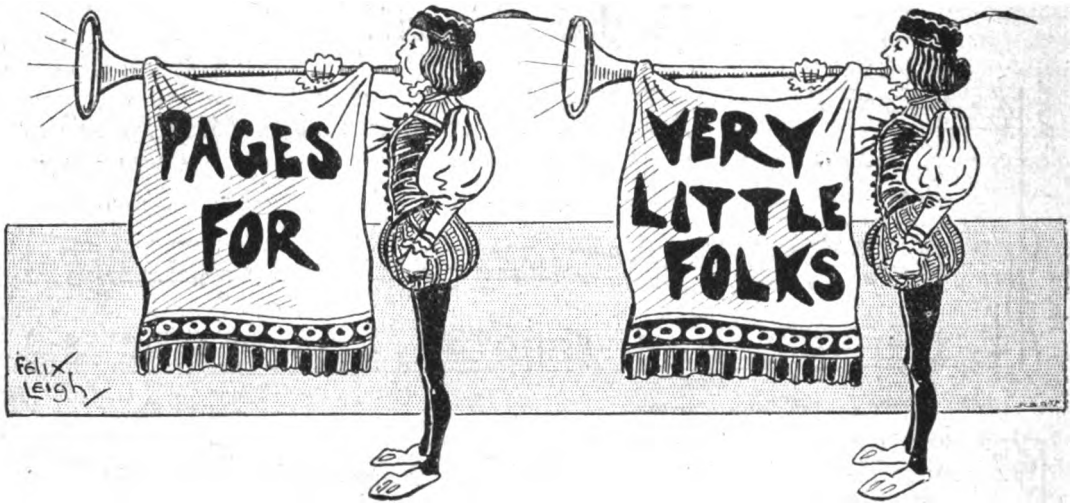
- sol? May we ven - ture, Ma - dam A - - pril, To car - ry nought at  
 - lone, For the mer - ry, mer - ry Spring - tide Pro - claims you as her  
 - prise, And the sleep - y flow - er ba - - bies Ope wide their won - d'ring

*sf*

all? You're so ve - ry, ve - ry fic - kle, One can nev - er, nev - er  
 own: And the birds are all a - twit - ter, And the blos - soms proud - ly  
 eyes. In the mead are lamb - kins skip - ping, In the wood - land thros - tles

know If you mean a sous - ing show - er, Or a sun - ny sum - mer glow.  
 swell, For your sun - shine and your show - er Suit them ve - ry, ve - ry well.  
 sing, Whilst a world of ti - ny leaf - lets Waves its wel - come to the Spring.

*cres.*



### ROB-IN HOOD AND HIS MER-RY MEN.



COME a-long, Joan, I've such a love-ly plan," cri-ed Joe, scamp-er-ing down the lit-tle path lead-ing to the wood.

"What is it?" said Joan, as she fol-low-ed him, swing-ing her sun-bon-net by the strings.

"Let us pre-tend we are Ro-bin Hood and one of his men, and we'll help all the peo-ple who come a-long here."

"Yes, that will be love-ly," said Joan, clap-ping her hands. She did not know who Ro-bin Hood was, for she was only a lit-tle girl, but ev-er-y-thing that Joe pro-pos-ed she thought very grand.

"Well, we'll go to the stile and wait," cri-ed Joe, and they rac-ed a-way to their fa-vour-ite perch.

The road was dread-ful-ly dus-ty and hot, al-though the sun was be-gin-ning to go down, but the trees

of the lit-tle wood sha-ded them nice-ly. They were just cool-ing down aft-er their run, when a-long the road came an old wo-man. She was ve-ry, ve-ry old, and could hard-ly car-ry the hea-vy bas-ket she had on her arm.

In a min-ute Joe had slip-ped from his perch, and ran to her side.

"Can I car-ry that bas-ket for you?" he said po-lite-ly.

"Why, what would your mo-ther say to see such a fine lit-tle gen-tle-man help-ing an old wo-man like me?" she an-swer-ed, look-ing pleas-ed.

"I'm sure she would-n't mind," re-pli-ed Joe, as he took the bas-ket. "She likes us to help peo-ple;" and he trot-ted a-long by her side, chat-ting, un-til the old wo-man for-got her trou-bles.

It seem-ed a long way to her cot-tage, but Joe would not give

up the bas-ket, al-though it was re-al-ly hea-vy; and he felt quite re-paid when she took it from him at the door, say-ing:

"God bless you, lit-tle sir. You've the mak-ings of a gen-tle-man in you."

Joe did not quite un-der-stand what she meant, but he knew she was pleas-ed by the way she smil-ed at him, and he ran gai-ly back to the stile.

Joan was danc-ing up and down in high spir-its.

"Oh! I've been so bu-sy," she cri-ed. "Just af-ter you had gone a lit-tle boy came a-long. He fell ov-er that big stone, and it took me quite a long time to make him stop cry-ing. I gave him half my ap-ple."

"That's two good things Ro-bin Hood and his men have done al-read-y," Joe was be-gin-ning, when:

"Child-ren, where are you?" call-ed a voice, and Mo-ther came in sight.

"What have you been do-ing all the ev-en-ing?" she ask-ed.

When they had ex-plain-ed she smil-ed and kiss-ed them.

"Do you think that it was a good play, Mo-ther?" ask-ed Joan.

"Yes, dear; I think any play is good that teach-es you to be kind and help-ful. But sup-pose you come in-doors now, and I will tell you some-thing a-bout Ro-bin Hood, how he liv-ed in the fo-rest, and how brave and kind he re-al-ly was."

F. M. H.

## JOSEPH AND HIS BREAD AND BUTTER.



Scene I.—How nice it looks!



Scene II.—Enter Rover and Kittums.



Scene III.—“Oh, give us a bit!”



Scene IV.—“Not if you ask like that!”



Scene V.—“Beg nicely, and perhaps you shall have a bit!”



Scene VI.—“Hallo! Where’s the butter?”



Scene VII.—Rover and Kittums are quite satisfied.  
It was a nice piece of bread and butter.

## BRI-AN AND THE TUR-KEY.



H! I'm so glad Bri-an is com-ing. He is such a dear lit-tle boy," cried Dot.

"So am I," an-swer-ed Mar-ie; "but I wish he would come quick. I am so tir-ed of wait-ing."

"What a lot of things we shall have to show him!" Dot went on. "It seems fun-ny to think he has ne-ver been in the coun-try be-fore."

"Here they come!" cri-ed Mar-ie, rush-ing to the gar-den gate; and the child-ren kiss-ed their lit-tle cou-sin un-til his cap fell off, and he was quite con-fus-ed.

The days were get-ting long and warm now, so aft-er an ear-ly tea the three child-ren made for the farm-yard.

"You see, there's such a num-ber of things you've ne-ver seen, Bri-an—chick-ens and ducks and geese and pigs and——"

"I've seen lots of zem," said Bri-an, a lit-tle in-dig-nant. "We has chick-ens for din-ner, and ev-er so ma-n-y years a-go, I don't 'xact-ly 'mem-ber when, we had a goose, and we has tur-key at Ch'is'-mas."

Dot and Mar-ie laugh-ed. "But you have ne-ver seen them run-ning a-bout, have you?"

Be-fore Bri-an could make up his

mind what to say, they came up-on a brood of duck-lings, and his shout of de-light told them the sight was new to him.

Then the chick-ens and the gos-lings and the lit-tle pigs, all were fresh and de-light-ful to the Lon-don boy, and his cou-sins were as hap-py as he.

But his ro-sy cheeks grew a shade pal-er when he saw a big tur-key strut-ting a-bout with out-spread tail.

"He does-n't look much like the tur-keys in the shops, does he?" said Dot.

As the tur-key took no no-tice of them, Bri-an's cour-age soon came back.

Sud-den-ly he gave a great shout, and point-ing to the tur-key's wat-tles, he cri-ed ex-cit-ed-ly, "Why, the tur-key's got a trunk!"

Dot and Ma-rie laugh-ed so much at Bri-an's dis-cov-er-y that Bri-an be-gan to laugh too, al-though he did not know why; so it was a ve-ry hap-py par-ty that Mo-ther call-ed in-doors at last.

But all the time he stay-ed at the farm no-thing plea-sed Bri-an so much as watch-ing the tur-key, and when he was quite a big boy his cou-sins used to re-mind him of the tur-key's trunk.

F. M. H.



**SHOW-ER-Y WEATH-ER.**

WE'VE just been to mar-ket,  
 Jim-my-girl and I;  
 Look-ing round the stalls to see  
 What there was to buy.

Then a lot of black clouds  
 Hur-ri-ed up a-gain.  
 Ev-er-y-bod-y scam-per-ed off,  
 Cry-ing, "Here's the rain!"



*Dyrne & Co., Richmond, phot.*

**Show-er-y Weath-er.**

When from home we start-ed  
 All the sky was blue,  
 And the sun was shin-ing hard,  
 As it ought to do.

We don't mind the show-er,  
 Jim-my-girl and I;  
 Fa-ther's old um-brel-la  
 Will keep us nice and dry.

## Stamp, Postcard, and Correspondence Columns. 315

WE have also received Puzzles and Answers from the following:—F. and J. Gates, K. Bushe, F. M. Petty, M. Newbould, N. Ferguson, D. Key, P. Villemer, M. Main, L. Fearnley, R. Speight, S. James, I. Morse, V. Campbell, A. Alexander, W. Dale, B. Mawbey, L. Ehrmann, D. and E. Silvester, B. Young, E. Tate, R. Wilks, A. Spiegel, "Lucy," M. Jones, H. Taylor, B. Posford, A. Kirwan, H. Foulerton, A. Spicer, D. Hancock, E. Downham, I. Aikman, W. Fish, H. Davies, H. Gardner, F. Blaauw, G. Venables, L. and M. Ayre, A. McCulloch, G. S. Cronk, J. Incledon, C. P. R. Poole, B. Murray, G. Jacques, H. Trend, H. Rowell, I. Tocher, M. Rose, N. Wallace, M. Carpenter, F. Tompkins, E. and F. Mudie, S. and J. Barclay, C. Houston, R. Nash, J. K. Stanford, P. Woodfall, M. Muirhead, C. Orr, F. Chapman, E. E. Webb and N. Hull, M. Matthews, G. Hayward, L. Dawnay, W. Denham, F. and W. Morgan, M. Parquier, M. and W. S. Roberts, G. Vivian, C. Risbee, D. Davidson, W. Cleary, H. Whipp, L. Balabanoff, J. and M. Hardisty, H. Halliday, M. Andrewes, E. Ferreira, M. Jaeger, E. Lindsay-Oliver, M. Humble-Crofts, E. Colt, A. Adams, G. Barrell, B. Reynolds, M. Frewin, H. Jenkins, J. F. Goepel, I. Conybeare, G. Cox.

WE have also received Letters from the following:—C. Orr, E. and F. Mudie, J. Incledon, I. Morse, V. Campbell, N. Pickthall (with poem), N. Marshall, H. Davies, M. Pigot (poem), I. de Raveschoot, M. Robins, C. Vickridge, L. Stevens, A. Liddell, P. May, A. and H. Jenkins, M. Hingston, M. Davenport, M. Main, A. Juler, "Kroo" (E. Triscott), C. Keeping, G. Warren, K. Bushe, E. Worswick, P. Villemer, M. Lloyd, G. Batting, E. Campbell, A. and G. Alexander, E. and W. Ferreira, J. Hardy, M. Andrewes, E. Newby, A. Purdon, A. Sprinks, H. Drinkwater, M. and D. Harris, G. Stanham, E. Henn, H. Foulerton, D. Perrott, G. Fryer, B. Mawson, Gwladys and Anywe, E. and K. Humphreys, M. Cochrane, M. Jones, G. Griffiths, M. Varley, G. Bruce, Countess H. Strachwitz, M. Skinner, "Paddy" (C. Bles), "Tie Tie" (A. Wickens), "Edwin" (A. Barnard), K. and A. Baker, I. Noel, "Snooks" (L. Finlay), V. Cooper, M. von Lüttwitz, C. Duffin, W. Fish, "Flo" (W. M. Lloyd), F. Blaauw, D. Millin, D. Dixon, D. Evans, "Muff" (P. Stokes), "Fozzie" (E. Dancy), E. Cooke, N. Marshall, M. Lowe, F. and M. Jaeger (with poem), "Dicky" (D. Pentreath), "Paddy" (M. Kersley), "Rags" (M. Hobbes), S. Cronk, L. Barnett, J. Kimber, D. Spurril, "Roméo" (C. Neale), N. Wright, A. Payne, "Spot" (S. Dixon), D. Shoubridge, E. Atkinson, M. James, "Bobs" (B. Murray), D. Triscott, "Jacques" (N. Delorme), L. Spencer, C. Noel, G. Fox, V. Lindes (with poems), R. Watney, B. H. Moss, E. Durlacher, "Bobs" (M. Rae), K. Abbott, J. Thorburn, D. Matheson, D. Booker, D. Baylis, M. Bull, E. Hedges (with poem), E. Yeatman, H. Lear, M. Mann, J. K. Stanford, M. Jouett, P. Woodfall, O. Lane, M. Hope, D. and M. Adams, A. Ahlborn, E. Walker, F. Chapman, M. Wilkinson, J. Gardiner, E. Connop, M. McVey, D. Davidson, E. Lindsay-Oliver, L. P. Cowderoy, A. Stephenson, E. and N. Karn, L. Balabanoff, "Mary" (O. Bath), F. Tompkins, "Lady" (M. Pashkoff), N. Welham, W. Dobson, H. Rew, E. Bryden, D. Munro, H. Halliday, E. Webb, N. Hull, W. Cleary, E. Barnes, "National Telephone" (M. Stevens), M. C. Buffum, J. Hughes, V. Borton, D. Rodda, A. Adams, E. Wise, D. Grierson, B. Richardson, M. Bower, H. Brett, Violet and Mary, F. M. Petty, M. Frewin, E. Fuller (with poem), E. Forster, B. Reynolds.

### STAMP, POSTCARD, AND CORRESPONDENCE COLUMNS.

#### STAMPS.

LOUISE SLOET VAN OLDRIJTBORGH, 33, Rue d'Archis, Liège, Belgium; CON WEARNE, c/o Dr. Wearne, Hilston, Cornwall; HELEN GRACE STEVENSON, Rosehill, London Road, Kilmarnock; AMY ROBSON, Walkeringham, Gainsborough; DAISY LEWIS, Ty Maen, Oswestry, Salop (starting a Foreign Stamp Exchange Club, and would be glad if anyone wishing to join would write to her for the rules); IRENE HAYTITTLE, 25, Woolcombe Street, Wellington, N.Z. (would the person who wrote to her from Guatemala please write again); BERNARD ALLEN, Totnes, Hall Road, Handsworth, Birmingham; HARRY HOWSE, Hall Road, Handsworth, Birmingham; PEYLLIN MAPLES, The Sycanores, Spalding; FREDERICK KLINT, Ridgeway, Pa., U.S.A. (foreign stamps for those of U.S., Canada, S. America, or any country. State stamps wanted in exchange). EVELYN OLVER FOSTER, 1509, Federal Street, Alleghany, Pa., U.S.A., will give 10 U.S. stamps, revenue and common, in return for 6 various English stamps.

#### POSTCARDS.

Miss AZIZÉ SAMY-BEY, British Post Office, Constantinople (with girls in any country but France, and especially with girls

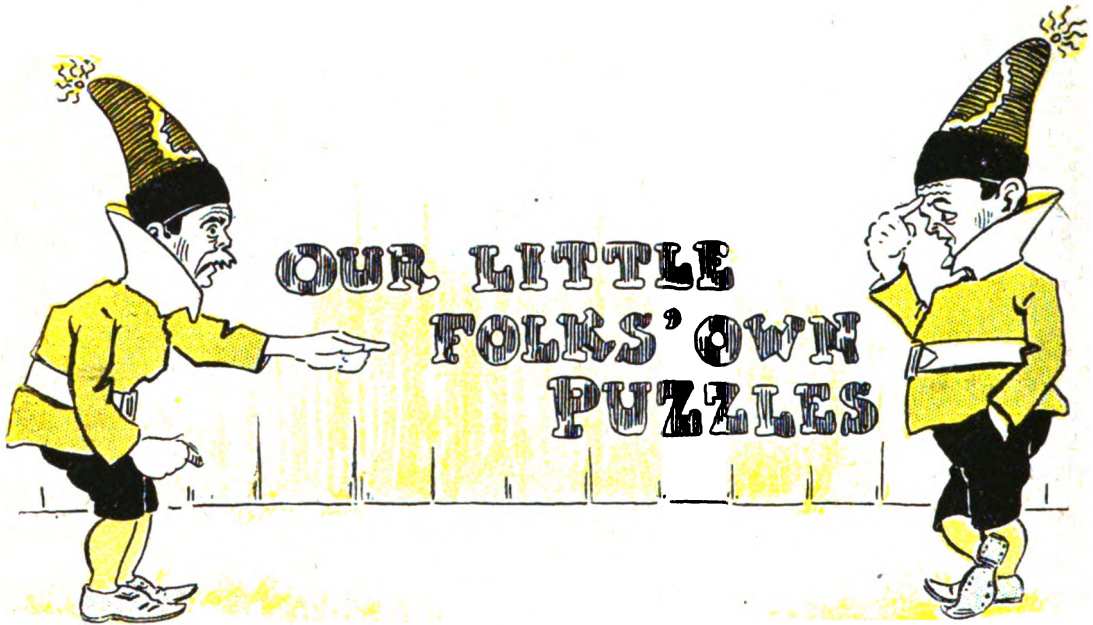
out of Europe—types and uncoloured views only); NORA and DOLLIE WRIGHT, Tillington Hall, near Stafford (R. Tuck's postcards); MARGARET JAMES, Ivel View, Biggleswade (will send a patriotic card to anyone sending her one of any kind. N.B.—She is about to start wild flower collecting, and will be glad to exchange with anyone, especially abroad).

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

AMY ROBSON, Walkeringham, Gainsborough (with French boy or girl of 13-14); HELEN STEVENSON, Rosehill, London Road, Kilmarnock (with girl of 11-14); MARIA RICART, Disputacion 440, Barcelona (with Turkish girl of 13-15, living in or near Constantinople. Will write to her on paper with views of different parts of Spain on it); ANNIE CHRISTITCH, 18, Ratarska, Belgrade, Servia (with American girl of 15-16); HELEN PULASKY, 12, Esterhazy utca, Budapest, Hungary (with girls in England, India, Japan, and China).

NOTICE.—BEATRICE HARDWICK, Post Office, Southwold, near Brentford, Essex, has seven back numbers of LITTLE FOLKS, from June, 1900, to January, 1901 (omitting July). If any reader requires any, please write enclosing 3d. for each number and 2d. for postage.





## LETTER PUZZLE.

ONE third of cot,  
 One third of dot,  
 And then one fourth of mane;  
 One third of son,  
 One third of ton,  
 And then one fourth of lane;  
 One fifth of night,  
 One fifth of might,  
 And then one fourth of line;  
 One fifth of notes,  
 One fifth of votes,  
 And then one fourth of pine;  
 One fourth of play,  
 And add to this  
 One fourth of prey,  
 And there it is.  
 If you trace these words aright,  
 A famous city will come to light.

21, *Hamilton Road,*  
*Ealing.*

EILEEN HYNES.  
 (Aged 14.)

## BURIED FRUITS.

- LOOK at that ape, Arthur.  
 "You lost your map pleasure-hunting I suppose," said the teacher.
- What a heap! lumber is certainly very inconvenient.
  - That pea, Charlie, is quite bad.
- 10, *Broomgrove Road,*  
*Sheffield.*

DORIS M. BENNETT.  
 (Aged 12.)

## DOUBLE RIDDLE-ME-REE.

MY firsts are in Italy, but not in Greece.  
 My seconds are in Holland, but not in Spain.  
 My thirds are in Freiburg, but not in Vienna.  
 My fourths are in Berlin, but not in Budapest.  
 My fifths are in Servia, but not in Norway.  
 My sixths are in Sweden, but not in Austria.  
 My whole you'll find alone, if you don't ask your mother.

It's the names of my dear little sister and brother.

38, *Rue de la Loi,*  
*Brussels.*

IDA EKKERA.  
 (Aged 12.)

## PUZZLE.

I AM a regiment full of fame;  
 Reverse me, and I begin an honoured name.  
 Then of my middle part bereft,  
 The highest prize of valour's left.

*Inglescombe House,*  
*Wells Road, Bath.*

CUTHBERT EDWARDS.

## DROP VOWEL PUZZLE.

M ltl cnr ws s swt; — sd t lt hm t n th nrer, bt  
 th thr d h dd. — hv ls — rbbt; h ts th cbbg t f  
 m hnd. Whn m brthrs wr t hm frm schl, w clctd  
 fggt n — wgg n, bt nw th hv gn bck t schl, s — hv  
 bgn lsns gn.

*Linton Park,*  
*Maidstone, Kent.*

OSWALD CORNWALLIS.  
 (Aged 6½.)

BURIED NAMES OF BIRDS.

Stuhrh. Cogfndillh. Rsoyawr. Dlacobkibr. Gsuelal.  
Pnglwai. Rorapt. Gatwerawilat. Tilrsgan. Yncaru.  
Mimruhdiqnb. Sewgporarhde. Liahntgnige. Glmonfii.  
*Battisbno House, Holbeton, E. GLADYS FOX.*  
*Near Ivybridge, S. Devon. (Aged 12.)*

HIDDEN PROVERBS.

1. A A eeee nn m fff iii t h rr d ss k b.
2. A L dd oo a tt i gl e n.
3. Aaaa eee ff h ii nnn o w rrr tt y d l v.
4. Aaa ng eee dd rr o u ss l y.

84, Trinity Road, MURIEL ROBINS.  
Wood Green. (Aged 14.)

BEHEADING WORD PUZZLE.

1.

I AM a piece of furniture.  
Behead me, and I am part of the human body;  
Behead me again, and I am a musical term.

2.

I am something to wear.  
Behead me, and I am an insect;

Behead me again, and I am an English river;  
Behead me again, and I am a verb of three letters;  
Behead me again, and I am a reflexive pronoun in French.

3.

I am a part of a cart.  
Behead me, and I am a portion of the leg;  
Behead me again, and I am a fish.

*Treago, Ross,*  
*Herefordshire.*

DIANA M. BOOKER.  
(Aged 11½.)

TRANSPOSITION PUZZLE.

WHEN the letters have been transposed, the initials will give the name of a capital of a country in Europe.

1. Nilncol. A town in England.
2. Desosa. A town on the coast of the Black Sea, Russia.
3. Laspen. A town in Italy.
4. Udonu. A river in Austria.
5. Foxord. A county in England.
6. Elni. A river in Egypt.

33, Palace Grove, BEATRICE MATTHEWS.  
Bromley, Kent. (Aged 14½.)

ANSWERS TO OUR LITTLE FOLKS' OWN PUZZLES (Vol. LIII., p. 238).

HIDDEN PROVERB.

"People who live in glass houses should not throw stones."

RIDDLE-ME-REE.

"OMAS."

MISSING LETTER PUZZLE.

The man in the moon came down too soon,  
And asked his way to Norwich;  
He went to the South, and burned his mouth  
With eating cold plum porridge.

JUMBLED NAMES OF ANIMALS.

1. Tiger 2. Camel. 3. Wolf. 4. Bandicoot. 5. Anteelope. 6. Zebra. 7. Rat. 8. Squirrel. 9. Skunk. 10. Opossum. 11. Mole.

WORD SQUARE.

T R A M  
R A R E  
A R E A  
M E A N

RIDDLE-ME-REE.

GOLDFINCH.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

*Lucia Galli.*—It is by no means an easy thing to get a book published. Sometimes the publisher pays the author, sometimes the author the publisher. Certainly an author would become celebrated if the only book he or she wrote were a very great one.

*Margaret S. Mann.* Rodney House, Trowbridge, asks me to inform L. F. readers that she has a Golden Chain Club (whatever that may be), also a Collecting Club (for the L. F. Ward, I hope), and if anyone wants to join will they write to her at the above address.

*Kathleen Morgan.* Trevenen, Tipperary, Ireland, says: "Would some of the readers of LITTLE FOLKS tell me how to make the rag dolls and annils?" Now, then, who'll be the first to write to her?

*Violet Marshall.*—The judging would be too difficult for the poor P. P. Editor.

*Margaret James.* Ivel View, Biggleswade, Beds, has a Stamp Club. For particulars write to this address.

*Albert Wickens.*—No. The fact that you have won a medal does not prevent you winning a memorandum book.

*Gladys Isaac.* 75, Gower Street, London, W.C., writes:—"Would any reader of LITTLE FOLKS like a pair of guinea-pigs for pets at 4s. per pair, or 2s. each? I have two to sell. Please send answer to above address direct."

*Phyllis Hues.*—(1) You will find all the particulars about the Silver Medal in the February number, p. 153. (2) "Can someone explain why rabbits wobble their noses?" Well, personally, I have an idea that it is because—but what does anyone else think?

*Marjorie Hingston.*—Many thanks for the suggestion. I will see what can be done. You can arrange just whatever you like with your correspondent.

*Louise Sloet van Oldruitenborgh.* 33, Rue d'Archis, Liège, Belgium, wishes me to say that she is going to start a little magazine, and would like to have some members. Everyone writing to her will receive the rules immediately.

*Hubert Brett* writes:—"I noticed a letter from Dorothy Marcom. I wrote to her asking for the rules of her paper, and she has not answered." Now, then, Dorothy, wake up!

# OUR LITTLE FOLKS' OWN POST OFFICE.

*Scorrier House, Scorrier, Cornwall.*

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—This is the first time I have taken in **LITTLE FOLKS**. I like it very much, and I have tried to do some of the puzzles and the Jumble Picture Competition, which I hope is right. I could not do many of the puzzle, as I have never done any before; I will also send a postcard for the Reading Competition—I hope it will be right, as I very much want a bicycle. I have a pony, and my two younger brothers and I ride with the hounds; I like hunting very much. Now I must end. Hoping to see that I have got a prize in next month's **LITTLE FOLKS**.—Your new competitor, JOHN GAGE WILLIAMS (7½).

*3, Westbury Road, Bristol.*

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—This is the first time I have written to you, and I hope to see my letter printed. I have ten volumes of **LITTLE FOLKS** and I am very fond of reading them. The stories I like best are "In the Red Kitchen," "A Self-willed Family," "All in a Castle Fair," "Hiding and Seeking," "Four Wishes," and "Baby Jane." Perhaps you would like to hear about our pets. We have two cats, a hedgehog, and a fox terrier puppy. The oldest cat got very angry when we got the puppy three months ago and had to be kept away from him. But she does not mind him so much now. "Spark," that is the puppy's name, runs after carriages and has to be led by a string. If I take him out alone he will not come with me, and I have to carry him. When he is put out and any stranger comes to the house he barks, though he is only four months old. He always pulls his shawl before the fire and lies on it. The two cats are mother and son. The son's name is "Skipper," and he is big, fat, and lazy. The mother's name is Tottie. She hates dogs and once chased two right down the road! When she is hungry she sits up and begs. She is a tortoiseshell and very pretty, while "Skipper" is red tabby.—I remain, your interested reader, AGNES OLIVE BRAMISH (10½).

*Stradroke, Eye, Suffolk.*

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—I have taken in **LITTLE FOLKS** for three years and I think it is a lovely magazine. I will tell you about my pets. I have a fox terrier called "Spot," because he has one black spot in the middle of his back. Then I have a canary which I have had two years, and he sings beautifully. Then I have a tortoise, which we call Jack, and my sister has one called Jenny. And father has two horses called "Bobs" and "Tommy." I have three sisters, the youngest is six months. I don't think I have any favourite stories and I like them all. "The Book of Betty Barber" is very funny. I like about the three fairies and Half-Term; also about Miss Crimson Lake. And I like "Cosy Corner," too. I am going to school at Norwich at the end of February. You must excuse the mistake above as I was thinking of another word. I like the pictures on the cover of **LITTLE FOLKS** very much. Dear Mr. Editor, will you please print this letter, as I want it to be a surprise to mother and father? Now, goodbye.—Believe me, your interested reader, MAGGIE ROBERTSON (10½).

*Shepherd's Bush, London, W.*

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—I have written to you before, but my letter was not printed. I think **LITTLE FOLKS** is the best magazine in the world for children. I am related to Master Charlie, the great artist. My favourite stories are "Cosy Corner," "Four Wishes," "All in a Castle Fair," and I love reading the letters in "Our Post Office"; but, dear Mr. Editor, I shall be glad to see mine in print in **LITTLE FOLKS**. I think the "Bicycle for a Postcard" is a splendid competition, and, dear Mr. Editor, I am trying hard to win the beautiful present from you. Dear Mr. Editor, I must now close, with love. Please put my letter in print for once.—I am, your interesting reader, MABEL ELLEN HARRISON.

*89, Hildrop Road, Camden Road.*

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—I have written to you about five or six times before this, but I have never had a letter printed. However, I shall not give up trying, for "If you don't succeed at first, try, try again." I have my name in **LITTLE FOLKS** for letters, but that is not as good as having it inserted. Dear Mr. Editor, do print this, and don't disappoint me any more. It would be such a lovely surprise for father and mother. I am collecting for the Hospital Ward, and hope I shall get something worth sending in. I enjoyed my holidays very much. I stayed with a friend who also takes in **LITTLE FOLKS**, and saw *Alice in Wonderland* with her. I also saw the Hippodrome, which was very nice, too. On the first few snowy days I went tobogganing on Highgate Hill, and had such fun. I really must leave off now, so, with love, I remain, your interested reader, LUCY EHRMANN (aged 12).

*Trinity Vicarage, Nantyglo, Mon.*

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—I have written to you once before, but was not fortunate enough to get my letter printed. If I am successful this time I shall be delighted. I and my brother took part in a play at Christmas time called "Boy or Girl?" It appeared in

**LITTLE FOLKS** of November and December, 1898. It was a great success. Though you get letters from all parts of the world, I don't expect you often get any from this mountain district. The place in which we live is about 2½ miles from Newport (Mon.). I have been trying to get some of my friends to take in **LITTLE FOLKS**, and have been successful in one or two cases. Our pets are not very numerous; we have only two cats—a mother and daughter.—With kind regards, I remain, yours sincerely,

EVELYN M. GRIFFITHS (aged 13).

*Ve Old House, Souf Pevertun.*

DEAR MISTER EDDITOR,—I is a little black doll, and wants to wite to yu. I hope you will like mi later. I's tree yers old, and has dot a lot of littul sisters and buvvers. It was so funny when I first came here, cos I had a nice warm bed and sun cloves, and I hadn't to sit still in a sop window. I se kite lappy here now. Yesterday muvver made nice such a worn littul cap. (Se corls it a tamosanter.) She takes nece for a walk neerly every day. I doo like going for walks wiv muvny. Ve uvver day a lot of wite stuf pored down from ve sky. Wot doo yu tink muvver cold it?—"snow!" I tink I must say gudby now as it is my bedtime. Wiv much love, ever yore very living

PHOEBE DIANA BLACKMORE.

(Written by CONSTANCE PENELOPE R. POOLE, aged 12. The Old House, South Petherton, Somerset.)

*Manor House Lodge, Upper Long Ditton, near Surbiton.*

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—I want you to know how very much I like **LITTLE FOLKS**. I am sure you must be very fond of little children. I wish you could see me with all my pets; I have quite a colony of them. My favourite is a cat; she is eleven years old, and her birthday is on the same day as mine. Her name is Fluffy. She knows exactly what I say to her, and will do to my bidding. The only thing she objects to is when I sing; she is dreadfully distressed, and thinks I am crying, and will cling to my shoulders to try to comfort me. She likes the piano, but I must not sing. I have two more pussies, but they like to roam about in the garden. I must now close, hoping you are keeping quite well.—I remain, your true admirer, LIZZIE HAGE.

*Walkeringham, Gainsborough.*

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—It is a long time since I wrote to you, but after I had written three letters I felt so disheartened that I never attempted to write again, which I have since thought was silly of me. The other night I went to see *The Mikado* at Lincoln. The house was packed so full that we could not get a seat, so we had to stand the whole time; but, all the same, we enjoyed it very much. Do you know, I think your magazine is the best that ever was or ever will be invented. I simply love it. I think my favourite stories are "Baby Jane," "A Pair of Primroses," "Lost, Stolen, or Strayed," and every other story, in fact, that has ever appeared. I think the post-card competition for a bicycle was very hard. I did so want to put everything in, I didn't know what to miss out. I think your special competitions are amazingly good this year. I tried for three of them.—I remain, your very affectionate and interested reader, AMY ROBSON.

*45, Southernhay, Exeter.*

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR.—I will tell what I did in the summer holidays, my sister and auntie and myself. First we went to Boscombe, and then on to Cowes. We went there when the Queen was there, but the person we were lodging with said we should not see the Queen driving, because of the death of the Duke of Coburg. But still we did see her just driving into Osborne gates. We went and asked the policeman who it was in the carriage, and he said it was Princess Christian and a lady-in-waiting called Lady Amphil. We used to have great fun at Cowes. We hardly ever used to bathe at Cowes, because it was such nasty sharp stones. The morning that the Queen went away we had fine fun, because a torpedo-boat simply tore up and down in front of Cowes, and made such enormous waves we had to get into our machine, but did not get in in time to shut the door, so all the water came right in and soured everything. Now I must stop, so goodbye.—I remain, your affectionate reader,

DOROTHY P. HARRIS (aged 12½).

*83, Bedford Grove, Eastbourne.*

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR.—I am a little black puppy; my name is "Gollywog," and I think it sounds very grand. I go to sleep in a little shed, and I find it so cosy and warm. My mistress has given me a nice little collar and leader, which she is always pulling me about with. Poor me! But, alas, it is the fortune of we poor dogs. My mistress gives me very refreshing biscuits and milk. Now it is time to see if my dinner is ready. I hope my letter will be printed in next month's magazine.—Your faithful little pup, GOLLYWOG.

(Written by JOAN WILLIAMS, aged 8½.)

P.S.—Allow me to tell you I fight with all the cats that dare to come near my house.—GOLLYWOG WILLIAMS.

# Result of the Bicycle Competition.

## ENORMOUS NUMBER OF COMPETITORS.

### THE LIST OF FAVOURITE ITEMS IN "LITTLE FOLKS."

### THE BICYCLE GOES TO LEYTONSTONE.

### SPECIAL LIST OF HONOUR.

O H, dear! Oh, dear! The P. P. Editor is as limp as a wet rag, but he has finished! Those postcards! There were hundreds and hundreds, and every one had to be carefully examined again and again; but he has done it, and now he is going to think of some more good competitions. Well, this is the list of the most popular features in *LITTLE FOLKS* out of the twenty-one given to you from the first number of the new volume—"VALOUR FOR VICTORIA," "FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH," "COSEY CORNER," "BABY JANE'S ADVENTURES," "THE SPIDER WIFE," "LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG," "DER KLEINER," "ARTISTIC PETER," "THROUGH TIME'S TELESCOPE," "THE BOOK OF BETTY BARBER," "WHO'S WHO AND WHAT'S WHAT," "PRIZE COMPETITION PAGES." Of these, "Cosey Corner" was easily first (as was only to be expected); the other serial story and the series of articles were also well up on the list, while it was very satisfactory to find that every single item in the twenty-one received some measure of support. Among those which were not far off the first twelve I may mention "The Farmer and the Cuckoo," "The Sad Effect of a Poet Mind," "Heroes of Faith," and "The Happy Forest."

Now for the winner. The Bicycle goes to

GLADYS BENNETT (13), 6, Forest Drive West, Leytonstone, Essex,

who had all the items right on her postcard, and we are sure that all readers will heartily congratulate her on her success. A large list follows of those who receive Certificates of Merit as Consolation Prizes. Of course their appearance in this List of Honour will be taken into consideration in the Competition for the Silver Medal. Here is the

### LIST OF HONOUR.

MADGE BOND (12½), 19, Holmdale Road, West Hampstead, N.W.; LILIAN CLARKE (15), 131, Milton Road, Gravesend, Kent; KATHLEEN STUART BROWN (9½), 261, Southtown, Great Yarmouth; M. M. DURHAM (11), Ramsdale Vicarage, Basingstoke; DOROTHY HUMPHREYS (11), 39, Dalkeith Road, Ilford, Essex; BESSIE GREENE (14½), Terrasse no 1, Dinard, France; MAY WADLAND (15), Aller Court, Langport, Somerset; JENNIE CHARLTON (13), Crossgate House, Fourstones, Northumberland; ROSE TIPPINS (16), Norman School House, Mistley, Manningtree, Essex; DOROTHY WINTER (15), Faegerfeld, Caterham; GWLADYS WYNNE (14), 13, Linthorpe Road, Stamford Hill, N.; ALICE DAVIS (11½), c/o J. P. Apperley, Esq., Withington, Hereford; LOTTIE BOCK (13½), Lark Hill, Bowdon, Cheshire; MILDRED HOBROW (11), Haslemere, 226, Willesden Lane, N.W.; GLADYS HAZARD (8), 35, Worthing Road, Southsea; J. K. SEDDING (10), 3, Westfield Park, Redland, Bristol; ELSIE WEST, Upper Montclair, New Jersey, U.S.A.; PHYLLIS HIELD (9½), 36, Croftdown Road, Highgate Road, N.W.; DAISY MEIKLE (15), Acre Place, Wigtown, N.B.; FLORRIE SPENCER (12), 18, North Park Road, Bradford; KATHLEEN HILL (11), 19, Bedford Road, Hitchin; ANNA TOMLINSON (15), Hoggaston Rectory, Winslow, Bucks; MAY PEARS (12),

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THE Editor has much pleasure in publishing the first list of subscriptions for the LITTLE FOLKS Ward. Should anyone require additional collecting cards they can obtain them on application to

The Editor of "Little Folks," *La Belle Sauvage Yard, London, E.C.* Please note that there is no particular date by which subscriptions must be sent in, but, of course, the quicker they come the better we shall be pleased. "He gives twice over who gives quickly," you know.

### FIRST LIST OF SUBSCRIPTIONS.

*Being Amounts Received up to February 21st, 1901.*

	£.	s.	d.		£.	s.	d.
Gwen E. Pamphilon .. .. .	0	5	0	Brought forward	11	8	9½
For the LITTLE FOLKS Ward in the N. E. Hospital	0	2	6	Muriel Hickman .. .. .	0	9	10½
Rose Bronkhorst .. .. .	0	1	9	Mary Bradley .. .. .	0	7	6
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Marjorie Kinloch .. .. .	0	4	0	Lillian Richardson .. .. .	0	10	6
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Conny Long .. .. .	0	2	0	Emily Sykes .. .. .	0	3	0
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Gertrude C. Nairn .. .. .	0	13	6	May Merriman .. .. .	0	5	0
Nannie Borland .. .. .	0	12	6	Violet Lang .. .. .	0	10	0
Winifred Holman .. .. .	0	4	0	Elvire Couldrey .. .. .	0	6	0
D. Buckler .. .. .	0	6	0	Muriel and Evelyn Gillett .. .. .	0	3	0
Nora Bunbury .. .. .	0	6	0	Selina James .. .. .	0	7	0
Lydie Balabanoff .. .. .	0	6	3	Agnes Bond .. .. .	0	3	6
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Gwendolen Jones .. .. .	0	5	0	Duff and Donald Smurthwaite and Nellie Sullivan	0	13	3
Minnie Oddy .. .. .	0	4	0	Elsie Mabel Jones .. .. .	0	8	4
Violet Harrison .. .. .	1	0	0	Dorothy Pressley Smith .. .. .	0	8	6
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Annie Hay .. .. .	0	4	6	Joyce Irwin .. .. .	0	14	6
H. Wilmot .. .. .	0	14	0	Male (Greenock) .. .. .	1	7	9
E. Willis Fleming .. .. .	0	3	6	Kathleen Barnard .. .. .	0	4	6
E. Charles G. Lascelles .. .. .	0	5	2	Helen Trowles .. .. .	0	5	2
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Annie Hudson .. .. .	0	13	1	Gwendolen Peek .. .. .	0	1	0
George Beveridge .. .. .	0	5	6	Alfred Bacharach .. .. .	0	10	0
Esmé Gordon-Forbes .. .. .	0	7	2	Muriel Castle .. .. .	0	6	0
				H. Stimmonds .. .. .	0	5	0
	11	8	9½				
				Total	28	12	





ANDRE & SLEIGH, LIMITED, BUSHEY, HERTS

## “TOUCH HIM IF YOU DARE!”

YOUNG Lucius Aristides Lear's  
The subject of my song;  
I beg you list with all your ears,  
I'll not detain you long.

What owl had feathers soft as his?  
What bird so keen a sight?  
Not one! And when I tell you this,  
You may be sure it's right!

His parent, old Augustus Lear,  
A fierce old bird was he,  
He filled the hearts of all with fear,  
They trembled mightily.

All mice and frogs and such small fry  
I mean—of course, you know,  
You cannot think that you or I  
Would ever tremble so.

But they did, and it seems to me  
They had just cause for fright,  
Augustus sitting on a tree  
Was such a dreadful sight!

But Lucius Aristides—he  
Was not alarmed a bit;  
Though larger birds fell off the tree,  
As if they had a fit.

You see, Augustus was his dad;  
He knew his little ways;  
He'd lived with him, of course he had,  
For all his nights and days.

Augustus loved him too, he'd stay  
And watch with loving care;  
And seem to all the world to say  
“Now, touch him if you dare!”

## THE WHITE DOE.

By LAURENCE HOUSMAN.



ONE day, as the king's huntsman was riding in the forest, he came to a small pool. Fallen leaves covering its surface had given it the colour of blood, and knee-deep in their midst stood a milk-white doe drinking.

The beauty of the doe set fire to the huntsman's soul; he took an arrow and aimed well at the wild heart of the creature. But as he was loosing the string the branch of a tree overhanging the pool struck him across the face and caught hold of him by the hair; and arrow and doe vanished away together into the depths of the forest.

Never until now, since he entered the king's service, had the huntsman missed his aim. The thought of the white doe living after he had willed its death inflamed him with rage; he could not rest till he had brought hounds on the trail, determined to follow until it had surrendered to him its life.

All day, while he hunted, the woods stayed breathless as if to watch; not a blade moved,

not a leaf fell. About noon a red deer crossed his path; but he paid no heed, and called his hounds to follow only the white doe's trail. At sunset a fallow deer came to disturb the scent, and through the twilight as it deepened a grey wolf ran in and out of the underwood. When night came down his hounds fled from his call, following through inaccessible thickets a huge black boar with crescent tusks. So he found himself alone, with his horse so weary that it could scarcely move.

But still, though the moon was slow in its rising, the fever of the chase burned in the huntsman's veins, causing him to press on. For now he found himself at the rocky entrance of a ravine whence no way led, and the white doe being still before him he made sure that he should have her at last. So when his horse fell, too tired to rise again, he dismounted and forced his way on, and soon saw before him the white doe labouring up an ascent of sharp crags, while closer and higher the rocks rose and narrowed on every side. Presently she had leapt high upon a boulder

that shook and swayed as her feet rested, and ahead the wall of rocks had joined so that there was nowhere further that she might go.

Then the huntsman notched an arrow and drew with full strength, and let it go. So fast and straight it went that the wind screamed in its red feathers as it flew; but faster the doe overleapt his aim, and, spurning the stone beneath, down the rough-bouldered gully it thundered, shivering into fragments as it fell. Scarcely might the huntsman escape death as the great mass swept past; but when the danger was past he looked ahead, and saw plainly where the stone had once stood a long opening in the rock, and a clear gleam of moonlight beyond.

That way he went, and, passing through, came upon a green field as full of flowers as a garden, duskily shining now, and with dark shadows in all its folds. Round it in a great circle the rocks made a high wall, so high that along their crest forest trees that clung to look over seemed but as low-growing thickets against the sky.

The huntsman's feet stumbled in shadow and trod through thick grass into a quick-flowing streamlet that ran through the narrow way by which he had entered. He threw himself down into its cool bed, and drank till he could drink no more. When he rose he saw a little way off a small dwelling-house of rough stone, moss-covered and cosy, with a roof of wattles which had taken root and pushed small shoots and clusters of grey leaves through their weaving. Nature, and not man, seemed there to have been building herself an abode. Before the doorway ran the stream, a track of white mist showing where it wound over the meadow; and by its edge a beautiful maiden sat, and was washing her milk-white feet and arms in the wrinkling eddies.

To the huntsman she became all at once the most beautiful thing that the world contained; all the spirit of the chase seemed to be in her blood, and each little movement of her feet made his heart jump for joy. "I have looked for you all my life!" thought he, as he halted and gazed, not daring to speak lest the lovely vision should vanish and the memory of it mock him for ever.

The beautiful maiden looked up from her washing. "Why have you come here?" said she. The huntsman answered her as he believed to be the truth, "I have come because I love you." "No," she said, "you came because you wanted to kill the white doe. If you wish to kill her, it is not likely that you can love me."

"I do not wish to kill the white doe!" cried the huntsman; "I had not seen you when I wished that. If you do not believe that I love you, take my bow and shoot me to the heart, for I will never go away from you now."

At his word she took one of the arrows, looking curiously at the red feathers, and to test the sharp point she pressed it against her breast. "Have a care!" cried the hunter, snatching it back. He drew his breath sharply and stared. "It is strange," he declared; "a moment ago I almost thought that I saw the white doe."

"If you stay here to-night," said the maiden, "about midnight you will see the white doe go by. Take this arrow, and have your bow ready, and watch! And if to-morrow, when I return, the arrow is still unused in your hand, I will believe you when you say that you love me. And you have only to ask, and I will do all that you desire."

Then she gave the huntsman food and drink and a bed of ferns upon which to rest. "Sleep or wake," said she as she parted from him; "if truly you have no wish to kill the white doe, why should you wake? Sleep!"

"I do not wish to kill the white doe," said the huntsman. Yet he could not sleep; the memory of the one wild creature which had escaped him stung his blood. He looked at the arrow which he held ready, and grew thirsty at the sight of it. "If I see, I must shoot!" cried his hunter's heart. "If I see, I must not shoot!" cried his soul, smitten with love for the beautiful maiden, and remembering her word. "Yet, if I see, I know I must shoot, so shall I lose all!" he cried, as midnight approached, and the fever of long waiting remained unassuaged.

Then with a sudden will he drew out his hunting-knife, and scored the palms of his two hands so deeply that he could no longer

hold his bow or draw the arrow upon the string. "Oh, fair one, I have kept my word to you," he cried as midnight came; "the bow and the arrow are both ready."

Looking forth from the threshold by which he lay, he saw pale moonlight and mist making a white haze together on the outer air. The white doe ran by, a body of silver; like quick-silver she ran. And the huntsman, the passion to slay rousing his blood, caught up arrow and bow, and tried in vain with his maimed hands to notch the shaft upon the string.

The beautiful creature leapt lightly by, between the curtains of moonbeam and mist; and as she went she sprang this way and that across the narrow streamlet, till the pale shadows hid her altogether from sight. "Ah! ah!" cried the huntsman, "I would have given all my life to be able to shoot then! I am the most miserable man alive; but to-morrow I will be happy. What a thing is love that it has known how to conquer in me ever my hunter's blood!"

In the morning the beautiful maiden returned; she came sadly. "I gave you my word," said she; "here I am. If you have the arrow still with you as it was last night, I will be your wife, because you have done what never huntsman before was able to do, not to shoot at the white doe when it went by."

The huntsman showed her the unused arrow; her beauty made him altogether happy. He caught her in his arms, and kissed her till the sun grew high. Then she brought food and set it before him; and taking his hand, "I am your wife," said she, "and with all my heart my will is to serve you faithfully. Only, if you value your happiness, do not shoot ever at a white doe." Then she saw that there was blood on his hand, and her face grew troubled. She saw how the other hand also was wounded. "How came this?" she asked; "dear husband, you were not so hurt yesterday." And the huntsman answered, "I did it for fear lest in the night I should fail, and shoot at the white doe when it came."

Hearing that, his wife trembled and grew white. "You have tricked us both," she said, "and have not truly mastered your desire. Now, if you do not promise me on your life

and your soul, or whatever is dearer, never to shoot at a white doe, sorrow will surely come of it. Promise me, and you shall certainly be happy!"

So the huntsman promised faithfully, saying, "On your life, which is dearer to me than my own, I give you my word to keep that it shall be so." Then she kissed him, and bound up his wounds with healing herbs; and to look at her all that day, and for many days after, was better to him than all the hunting the king's forests could provide.

For a whole year they lived together in perfect happiness, and two children came to bless their union, a boy and a girl born at the same hour. When they were but a month old they could run; and to see them leaping and playing before the door of their home made the huntsman's heart jump for joy. "They are forest-born, and they come of a hunter's blood; that is why they run so early, and have such limbs," said he. "Yes," answered his wife, "that is partly why. When they grow older they will run so fast,—do not mistake them for deer if ever you go hunting."

No sooner had she said the word than the memory of it which had slept for a whole year stirred his blood. The scent of the forest blew up through the rocky ravine, which he had never repassed since the day when he entered, and he laid his hands thoughtfully on the weapons he no longer used.

Such restlessness took hold of him all that day that at night he slept ill, and, waking, found himself alone with no wife at his side. Gazing about the room he saw that the cradle also was empty. "Why," he wondered, "have they gone out together in the middle of the night?"

Yet he gave it little more thought, and turning over fell into a troubled sleep, and dreamed of hunting and of the white doe that he had seen a year before stooping to drink among the red leaves that covered the forest pool.

In the morning his wife was by his side, and the little ones lay asleep upon their crib. "Where were you," he asked, "last night? I woke, and you were not here." His wife looked at him tenderly and sighed. "You should shut your eyes better," said she. "I went out to



see the white doe, and the little ones came also. Once a year I see her; it is a thing I must not miss."

The beauty of the white doe was like strong drink to his memory: the beautiful limbs that had leapt so fast and escaped—they alone, of all the wild life in the world, had conquered him. "Ah!" he cried, "let me see her, too; let her come tame to my hand, and I will not hurt her!"

His wife answered, "The heart of the white doe is too wild a thing; she cannot come tame to the hand of any hunter under heaven. Sleep again, dear husband, and wake well! For a whole year you have been sufficiently happy; the white doe would only wound you again in your two hands."

When his wife was not by, the hunter took the two children upon his knee and said, "Tell me what was the white doe like; what did she do, and what way did she go?"

The children sprang off his knee, and leapt to and fro over the stream. "She was like this," they cried, "and she did this, and this was the way she went!" At that the hunter drew his hand over his brow. "Ah," he said, "I seemed then almost to see the white doe."

Little peace had he from that day. Whenever his wife was not there he would call the little ones to him, and cry, "Show me the white doe and what she did." And the children would leap and spring this way and that over the little stream before the door, crying, "She was like this, and she did this, and this was the way she went!"

The husband loved his wife and children with a deep affection, yet he began to have a dread that there was something hidden from his eyes which he wished, yet feared, to know. "Tell me," he cried one day, half in wrath, when the fever of the white doe burned more than ever in his blood, "tell me where the white doe lives, and why she comes, and when next; for this time I must see her, or I shall die of the longing that has hold of me!" Then, when his wife would give no answer, he seized his bow and arrows and rushed out into the forest which for a whole year had not known him, slaying all the red deer he could find.

Many he slew in his passion, but he brought none of them home, for suddenly he became aware of a strange discovery, and stood amazed, dropping the haunch which he had cut from his last victim. "It is a whole year," he said to himself, "that I have not tasted meat; I, a hunter, who love only the meat that I kill!"

Returning home late, he found his wife troubling her heart over his long absence. "Where have you been?" she asked him, and the question inflamed him into a fresh passion. "I have been out hunting for the white doe," he cried; "and she carries a spot in her side where some day my arrow must enter!"

His wife said to him, "On your life and soul be it, and on mine also, that your anger makes me reveal what I would keep hidden. It is to-night that she comes. Now it remains for you to remember your word once given to me!"

"Give it back to me!" he cried; "it is my fate to finish the quest of the white doe."

"If I give it," said she, "your happiness goes with it, and mine, and that of our children."

"Give it back to me!" he said again; "I cannot live unless I may master the white doe!"

And when she denied him again, he gave her his bow and arrows and bade her shoot him to the heart, since without his word rendered back to him he could not live.

Then his wife took both his hands and kissed them tenderly and with loud weeping quickly set him free of his promise to her.

"Let the white doe," he said then, "come tame to my hand, and I will not hurt her."

"As well," said she, "ask the hunter to go bound to the lion's den; though the white doe loved you with all her heart, you could not look at her and not be her enemy."

She looked at him with full affection, and sighed deeply. "Lie down for a little," she said, "and rest; it is not till midnight that she comes. When she comes I will awake you."

She took his head in her hands and set it upon her knee, making him lie down. "If she will come and stand tame to my hand," he said again, "then I will do her no harm."

After awhile he fell asleep; and, dreaming of the white doe, started awake to find it was already midnight, and the white doe standing there before him. But as soon as his eyes lighted on her they kindled with such fierce ardour that she trembled and sprang away out of the door and across the stream. "Ah, ah, white doe, white doe!" cried the wind in the feathers of the shaft that flew after her.

Just at her leaping of the stream the arrow touched her. Then her body seemed to become a mist that dissolved and floated away, broken into thin fragments over the fast-flowing stream.

By the hunter's side his wife lay dead, with an arrow pressed into her heart. The door of the house was shut; it seemed to be only an evil dream from which he had suddenly awakened. But the arrow gave real substance to his hand. When he drew it out a few true drops of blood flowed after. Suddenly the hunter knew all that he had done. "Oh, white doe, white doe!" he cried, and fell down with his face to hers.

At the first light of morning he covered her over with ferns, that the children might not see how she lay there dead. "Run out," he cried to them, "run out and play! Play as the white doe used to do!" And the children ran out and leapt this way and that across the stream, crying, "She was like this, and she did this, and this was the way she went!"

So, while they played along the banks of the stream, the hunter took up his beautiful dead

wife and buried her. And to the children he said, "Your mother has gone away; when the white doe comes she will return also." "She was like this," they cried, laughing and playing, "and she did this, and this was the way she went!" And all the time as they played he seemed to see the white doe leaping before him in the sunlight.

That night the hunter lay sleepless on his bed, wishing for the world to end; but in the crib by his side the two children lay in a sound slumber. Then he saw plainly in the moonlight the white doe, with a red mark in her side, standing still by the doorway. Soon she went to where the young ones were lying, and, touching them softly with her right fore-foot, all at once it was two young fawns which rose with her from the ground and sprang away into the open, following where the white doe beckoned them.

Nor did they ever return home to the hunter, who for the rest of his life stayed where they left him, a sorrowful and lonely man. In the grave where lay the woman's form he had slain he buried his bow and arrows deep out of the sight of the sun or the reach of his own hand; and coming to the place night by night he would watch the mists and the moonrise, and cry, "White doe, white doe, will you not some day forgive me?" and did not know that she had forgiven him when, before she died, she kissed his two hands and made him sleep for the last time with his head on her knee.





## CHAPTER IX.

## ARTHUR'S PLAN.

**L**OOKING back on things afterwards, all the children agreed that that day was about the blackest in their lives. Claudia did not scold. When she clearly understood what had happened, and when all the story of the very respectable woman and the very respectable man had been told to her, she turned away silently, and walked down the garden path. Although she was a young girl, quite young, only fourteen years of age, she had, in the eyes of Lois and Arthur, quite an old appearance.

Arthur went away by himself into the wood. He went in the direction where he sincerely hoped neither Claudia nor Harold would follow him. There he sat and thought. The thought which had come to him earlier in the day grew larger, and the hope which accompanied that thought grew brighter, and when he finally returned, he was no longer a despondent little boy.

Lois and Claudia were now walking slowly up and down, arm-in-arm, and Arthur saw

to his delight that Claudia was particularly kind to her little sister.

"What are we going to do?" said Arthur, going straight up to Claudia at that moment.

"I don't know," answered Claudia.

"Can we go on living here if we have no money?" was his next remark.

"I don't know," said Claudia again.

"And are you going to tell anyone?" asked the child.

"Not yet, no, not yet," she answered. "Oh, don't ask me any more questions, Arty, darling. My head aches, and — I cannot think, I cannot think to-night."

Arthur did not ask her any more questions, but he pulled Lois's hand.

"I want you to come right away with me," he said. "It's most solemn important."

Lois, who was not quite so wretched now that Claudia knew everything, and now that the burden was to a great extent shifted from her own shoulders, accompanied her little brother into the wood. There they sat side by side on the trunk of a tree, and there Arthur unfolded his plans. At first Lois was inclined to pooh-pooh them. But then she got deeply interested, and then she asked questions of



“Give me your hand, Missy, and I'll pull you up” (p. 328).

her own; eager, pertinent questions. And then she suggested big improvements on Arthur's plan, and finally she agreed to try it.

Yes, it was worth trying, it might be a way out. Oh, if only she and Arthur were the two of the family to find the way out, how joyful, how more than joyful it would be! So, notwithstanding that black, long day, and that dark evening, the two younger children went to bed not so very unhappy. As they were going upstairs Claudia reminded them of the blackberries which they were to pick in the morning.

“We will get up very, very early,” said Lois. “We don't forget, Claudia, we don't really and truly.”

Then Claudia and Harold kissed the little pair, and each carrying a basket, they went upstairs. Notwithstanding their sorrow, they slept, but they awoke very early in the morning. It was Harold's custom to get up between five and six o'clock, but when Lois awoke it was not yet four. The mornings

were by no means so long as they were, and the sun had not yet risen, but it would rise soon, and already there was a delicious twilight all over the world. The whole big scheme which they were about to carry through was most exciting, and Lois's heart beat high as she stepped softly across the landing and entered the room where her little brother was lying sound asleep.

“It is time, Arthur,” she whispered. “The sun will get up in a few minutes. It is time to come, Arthur, darling.”

“I am awake,” said Arthur. He bounded up in bed, and stuck both his knuckles into his eyes. “I am wide awake. I am not the least bit sleepy, only my eyes won't open quite as wide as they ought.”

“Don't make any noise,” said Lois, “for you know Claudia and Harold must not guess what we are really doing. And don't forget your basket, Arty.”

Arthur tumbled to the floor, and got into his clothes, and Lois got into hers. A few moments later they had both left the house

without either Harold or Claudia waking from their deep sleep to see them go. Both little faces looked full of intense importance, and both little tongues were for the time silent. They were engaged on a very weighty matter. On their young shoulders rested the saving of Claudia and Harold from utter failure. It was the only thing to do. Lois saw it now just as plainly as Arthur did. They had been the innocent cause of the loss of the money, and in some way they must get the money back again, and there was no one in all the world to appeal to except Mr. Inquisitive. Yes, they were quite determined to take him into their counsel. They were on their way to Summerstown. They would go to the sign of the Swan and find him, and tell him every single thing.

It was a long walk, quite ten miles, but if they started early they might get there before breakfast, and when they came back, although Claudia might be a little angry, she would not be angry long, more particularly when they brought the money with them. Yes, it was Arthur's plan, but it was now almost as much Lois's plan, for she had suggested many improvements on the original scheme—the hour when they should start, for instance, and the first words they were to say to Mr. Inquisitive—and other important items.

To get to Summerstown they had to cross the common where the blackberries grew in profusion. Along the roadside, the best of them would be sure to be picked; but on the common beautiful blackberries were to be found in abundance. The children decided not only to make their breakfast off the ripe fruit, but also to take a basketful each into Summerstown.

"We can sell the blackberries there," said Lois; "and, if we don't find Mr. Inquisitive, we can bring a little money back to Claudia. Yes, it is the only thing to do."

By the time they reached the common, the sun had got up, and by the appearance of the sky the day was doubtless going to be a very hot one. They soon half filled their baskets, and then they sat down under a blackberry bush to rest. After they had rested for a little, they picked more blackberries, which

they ate for their own breakfasts, and then, considerably refreshed, they proceeded to fill each of the baskets, and then they started on their way once more in the direction of Summerstown. The ten miles were long for such little feet to pace, and the sun got higher and more towards the centre of the heavens, and the heat of the fine September day became quite unpleasantly great.

"I never, never knew that ten miles were so stretchy," said Arthur at last.

"I expect they are like indiarubber," said Lois.

Arthur uttered a sigh.

"I am so thirsty," he said. "Are you quite certain sure, Lois, that Mr. Inquisitive will be at home?"

"Oh, I am quite certain of it," said Lois. And just then a man came by with a market cart.

He looked at the two little people, and passed them with a nod and a "Good morning, little Master and little Miss."

"I wish he would not call us Master and Miss," said Lois. "I wish he would take us just for two little peasant children with blackberries to sell." And just then the man, who seemed to have some thought about them, drew up his cart and beckoned to the children to come up to him.

"Where are you going, little Master and Miss?" he said.

"To Summerstown—to the sign of the Swan," said Lois quickly.

"And that's just where I am going. You can get into my cart if you like, and I will give you a lift."

"Oh, thank you, you are very kind indeed," said Arthur. "We are greatly obliged to you." He made a little bow as he spoke, and Lois dropped a curtsy.

"We cannot pay you with anything but thanks," she said.

"And I don't want no other sort of payment," replied the man. "Here give me your hand, Missy, and I'll pull you up."

In another delicious moment they had sunk down on some straw at the bottom of the cart, the man whipped up his horse,

and they found themselves rattling over the ground at a fine pace.

"Would you like some blackberries, please, kind man?" said Arthur.

"Thanks, but I never eat them, little Master," he replied.

This answer was rather a relief to Lois and Arthur, for their baskets of blackberries looked very pretty indeed, and they hoped to sell them just as they were. After a time, however, Arthur grew curious; he could not refrain from asking a question.

"Do you know the sign of the Swan very well?" he asked.

"I bring them milk and butter," replied the man, "so I ought to know 'em."

"Do you happen to know," said Lois in an anxious tone, "if a gentleman of the name of Mr. Inquisitive is living there?"

The man stared at her.

"Can't say I do," he replied. "Never heard of a gent of that name. But then, I don't know nothing about the visitors," he added, seeing a blank expression come into Lois's face, "so maybe he's there right enough."

"Of course he's there," said Arthur. "What a silly thing to ask! Didn't Mr. Inquisitive tell us he was going to stay at the sign of the Swan, and would he be likely to tell a lie?"

"Of course not," said Lois, and she felt a little comforted.

By-and-by they drew up at the sign of the Swan. It happened to be a small, unpretentious-looking inn in the High Street. There was an old porch covered thickly with ivy and jessamine and virginia creeper, and all the walls were covered thickly with virginia creeper and ivy. The windows were old-fashioned and square, and filled with little diamond panes of glass.

The two children went and stood in the porch, each of them holding a basket of blackberries, and wondering what they were to do next. Their kind friend of the cart, when he had deposited them in the porch, seemed to think that he had done his duty by them. He went round to the back entrance, and they did not see him any more. They made a

pretty picture, standing in the porch. Lois, with her sun-bonnet pushed off her face, and Arthur, with his cap rather torn, and stuck far back on his head. But it was not their dress which gave them a charm, it was the eager, expectant expression on each little face.

Just then a stoutly-built woman came in. She saw two children who looked like a lady and gentleman, standing in the porch, each child holding a basket of blackberries. The woman was the landlady, and her name was Mrs. Rose. She came up with a smiling face, and said—

"Can I do anything for you, little dears?"

"If you please," said Lois, "do you want any blackberries?"

"What beauties they are!" said Mrs. Rose.

"Yes, my dear, have you them for sale?"

"Indeed we have," said Lois. "We picked them on the common this morning."

"Archer's Common?" said the woman.

"I don't know the name," said Lois. "It is a common that we walked over, and we picked them."

"You look very footsore, you two little dears," said Mrs. Rose; "very footsore indeed. You must have come a good way."

"Ten miles altogether," said Arthur. "I never knew that ten miles were so stretchy. We were very nearly giving up when we met a man with a cart, and he gave us a lift, and we are here. We would like to sell our blackberries, please," he added.

"Bless you, dear little man," said Mrs. Rose; "and I can do with a good few. The inn is packed, so to speak, at present, and everybody likes blackberry pudding. What do you want for 'em, my dears?"

"I don't know," said Lois. "What do you think we ought to have?"

"Dear, dear," said Mrs. Rose, "I would not cheat you, my dears, for the world, and they are a pile of blackberries. I will give you threepence a pound for them, dears; I suppose you will think that enough?"

"I haven't a notion," said Lois. "I suppose it is, as you say so."

"Well, my loves, give me the baskets, and I'll take them into the kitchen. The fruit



shall be weighed; and if you will both sit down on that long bench, I will bring you the money."

"And the baskets, please," said Lois.

"Because the baskets belong to Claudia," said Arthur, "and she would be awfully vexed, and so would Harold, if they were lost."

Mrs. Rose travelled down the passage.

"That's something well done," said Lois.

"But why didn't you ask for Mr. Inquisitive, Arty?"

"I thought we'd best sell our blackberries first," said Arthur. "We'll ask her about him when she comes back."

But Mrs. Rose was very busy indeed, and she did not return with the money herself. She sent a rosy-faced girl, her eldest daughter, to the little pair.

"Mother says the fruit weighs six pounds altogether," she remarked, "and as it is such fine fruit, she hopes you will accept two shillings for it. That is at the rate of fourpence a pound," she added. "Here are the two shillings, and here are the baskets. And wouldn't you like a drink of milk each? Mother says you are to have some milk, and some bread and butter, too, if you like."

"Oh, thank you," said Lois. "How much do you charge for your milk, please?"

"Nothing at all to you. It is Mother's present."

Lois wondered whether she would accept this present, but on reflection, the thought of bringing two whole shillings back to Claudia carried the day. She put the money swiftly into her pocket, and laid the empty baskets down on the bench.

"We would like a very little milk, and a teeny bit of bread each," she said, and she raised her eyes full to the face of the girl.

Now Lois's blue eyes had a great power in them. They looked like two little bits of the sky in her head; and there was something of the purity of the sky, and the wonderful honesty of the sky, in their clear gaze. They always affected people, and always favourably. And the girl cut the very nicest bread, buttered it with her best butter, and brought them a brimming cup of new milk each.

"Thank you; you are awfully kind," said Arthur. "Awfully kind," he added, and then he looked at his sister, and the words he longed to say burst from his lips. "Please, is Mr. Inquisitive in?"

## CHAPTER X.

### MR. INQUISITIVE'S PLAN.

THE girl stared, as well she might.

"Mr. who?" she asked.

"Inquisitive," said Lois. "Mr. Inquisitive. I know he is staying here, for he said so. Is he at home, please? If he is, will you give him a message from us? He knows us. He said we were to come here if we wanted him."

"And we do want him, just awful badly; oh, so badly that if he doesn't come, we'll—fail," said Arthur, in a low, intense voice. "We'll fail, all of us—Claudie and Harold, and Lois and me. Will you go, please, to Mr. Inquisitive, and tell him that we're here?"

"It's a very funny name," said the girl, "and I'm awfully sorry," she added, "for I really would like tremendously to help you both, you're such a very droll little pair."

"Please, we're not," said Lois. "We're very earnest."

"And we're very full of sorrow, and you ought not to laugh at us, please," said Arthur.

"Oh, I won't; indeed you must not think I meant to laugh at you," said the girl. "But Mr. Inquisitive — we have nobody of that name staying at the inn."

As she uttered these words she watched the faces of her two little customers, as she called the children, and observed to her great distress that the little faces turned strangely white, that the little lids drooped at the corners, and that some of the beauty went out of Lois's blue eyes. Lois stood quite quiet for a moment, as though she were stunned, then she rose with dignity, and laid her empty basket on the bench.

"Thank you," she said simply. "Come, Arty."

Arthur also rose just as sorrowfully as Lois had done, and when Lois held out her hand to him, he took it.

"Thank you," he said, too, and he made a little bow to the girl of the inn.

"Oh dear, oh dear," she said, "I wish you would just wait a minute, you droll—I mean you dear little pair, and I'll run and tell Mother about you. It's like a story-book, your coming here and selling blackberries, and asking for Mr. Inquisitive! Why, it's for all the world like a page out of the 'Pilgrim's Progress'! And I do believe you are two little pilgrims, now aren't you, aren't you?"

"I don't know what pilgrims is," said Arthur. "We want Mr. Inquisitive, and if he's not here, we must go and look for him somewhere else."

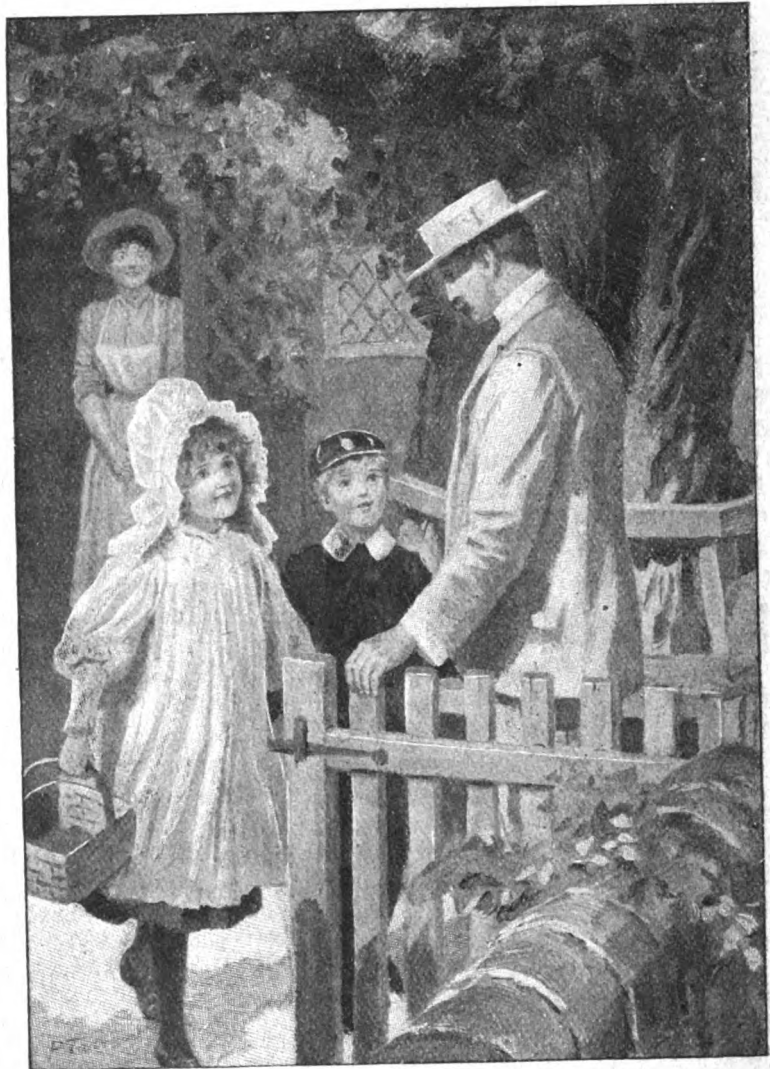
"Yes, we must try and find him somewhere else," repeated Lois. "Are there many other inns in the town, girl of the inn?"

"Oh, you get funnier and funnier," said the girl. "Yes, of course; there's the 'Spotted Dog,' but no man who's a nice man would go to stay there. And there's the 'Whistling Pig,' but that's scarcely an inn at all. If your Mr. Inquisitive is a nice Mr. Inquisitive, he's certain to come to the sign of the Swan, for that's the only inn where gentry put up in the whole of Summerstown."

"And please," said Lois, "how do you know that he is gentry?"

"Because you are, my dear."

"Oh, I wish you didn't think so," said Arthur; "we are trying so hard to be just cottage children. Cottage children what sell



"Mr. Inquisitive himself came in" (p. 332).

blackberries, that's what we want you to think us."

"I'll try to," said the girl. "Won't you stay till I speak to Mother?"

"No, thank you, we really must be going," said Lois. "Come, Arty."

She picked up her basket, and Arthur picked up his. They did not wait to say good-bye again to the girl, they did not even glance at her. With their white, tired, dusty faces, and their lips drooping sorrowfully at the corners, and their blue eyes with some of the

brightness gone out, they walked down the little path which led from the sign of the Swan to the country road.

The girl stood in the porch and watched them, and wondered whether she should run after them, or whether she should bring her Mother on the scene. And while she was waiting and hesitating, there came swift steps down the road, and a hand was laid on the latch of the gate, and Mr. Inquisitive himself came in. He was wearing a straw hat and a light dust coat, and his face was very red from the heat of the sun, and his eyes looked kindly. The moment the children saw him they uttered a shout.

"Oh, there you are. there you are," said Lois. "Is it at the 'Whistling Pig' or the 'Spotted Dog' you are staying? Oh, we are so glad to see you!"

"My dear little friends of Cosey Corner," said the man, "and so you've been looking for Mr. Inquisitive?"

"Oh yes, oh yes. Oh, how glad we are!" said Lois, and her words came out with a great sob.

The girl of the inn stared more than ever.

"Well, to be sure," she said to herself, "so it's Mr. Halkett they've been wanting all the time. Well, I never did think that Mr. Halkett cared for children. He's one of the queerest customers we ever had. It can't be that Mr. Halkett is really Mr. Inquisitive!"

But the next moment the girl's doubts on this point were set at rest for ever, for Mr. Halkett, alias Mr. Inquisitive, came up the path with Lois hanging on one arm, and Arthur on the other, and Lois said to the girl with a glad smile—

"You were quite wrong. Mr. Inquisitive does live here." And then the girl flew away to tell her Mother.

Mr. Inquisitive took the children into his own little parlour on the ground floor. It was a pretty little room, quaintly adorned with sea shells in every possible form and shape—baskets made of sea shells, and ships made of sea shells, and boxes made of sea shells, and even little trees made of sea shells, adorned the mantelpiece and brackets on the wall. Then there was a house made of sea

shells, in which stood the inevitable little man and woman who are supposed to tell the weather. And the rest of the room was as quaint as the mantelpiece, and the children thought it the very prettiest room they had ever seen.

Soon Arthur found himself on Mr. Inquisitive's knee, while Lois sat on a small stool at his feet, and in that position they told him their story. He listened with deep attention, and as he listened he did not say much. At last it was all told.

"And now what are you going to do?" said Lois.

"Are you going to help us? Are Claudia and Harold to fail," said Arthur, "and Lois and I?"

"I am thinking," said Mr. Inquisitive.

"Oh, that's lovely!" said Lois. "I knew he would put on his considering cap," she added, turning to her little brother. "Don't let's talk to him while he is considering."

It was evident that Mr. Inquisitive was in deep thought, for he not only sat silent for the space of several minutes, with a frown between his brows as though his thoughts were too weighty to enable him to raise them, but then he jumped to his feet, and began to pace up and down the tiny room, and then he came up to the children and said simply—

"I have thought of a way out, but you are not to know."

"Oh, why?" said Lois.

"You must trust Mr. Inquisitive. I have thought of a way out, but you have your part to play, too. Now, answer me a few questions. How soon will the holidays be over?"

"Oh, there are quite three weeks more," said Lois.

"And you want to succeed—you want to spell the big word 'Success' with capital letters at the end of three weeks?"

"Yes, please," said Lois, her blue eyes growing very bright.

"Well, now, to begin—I want to sleep in that lean-to. I want you to manage to get the key, and I want you to get the door open, and I want you to get your farmer friend to put furniture in it, if it has not been



“I KNOW WHAT YOU WANT, AND YOU SHALL HAVE IT” (p. 335)

furnished already, and I want to come as your sister's lodger."

"She'll love to have you, I know she will," said Lois.

"And are you going to pay for your room, please?" asked Arthur.

"Why, certainly, my little man; and as this is summer-time, and lodgings are expensive everywhere, I will pay a pound a week for it."

"A pound a week!" said Lois. "Oh, how lovely, a whole pound?"

"Yes, a whole pound, and I will pay for what your sister gives me to eat as well."

"Oh, you are a darling, quite a darling!" said Lois. "I always, always knew you were."

They talked together a little longer, and Mr. Inquisitive, although he would not let out any more of his plans, grew kinder and more affectionate in his manner each moment. At last everything seemed clear. The children were not to fret, they were to trust. Things would be put right, but how they were not to know exactly, only Mr. Inquisitive meant to lodge in the lean-to room, and he would pay Claudia a pound a week.

"I am coming over to-morrow," he said finally. "I am coming over early to-morrow morning. All I want is the key of the room, and perhaps a bed, and I'll manage all the rest. Your sister need not bother about getting the room ready for me, and you can tell her that I am quite a respectable man, at least I think I am."

"Oh, don't say respectable, please; it's such a horrid word," said Lois, with a shudder.

"Well, I won't use it, at least not yet," he answered, "but it is true," he added, "all the same."

Soon after breakfast, Mr. Inquisitive ordered a pony chaise, and he drove the children back to within a stone's throw of Cosey Corner. Consequently they were home before eleven o'clock, and although Claudia had been anxious about them, she had not been terribly anxious. She was too subdued and troubled about other matters to have greatly noticed their absence. They did not tell her where they had been, but they showed their baskets, and said they had sold six pounds

of blackberries to a stout woman, who had paid them fourpence a pound for them, and they handed the two shillings with great pride to Claudia. She received the money with a little sigh, and then she bent and kissed them both.

"Please, Claudia, don't be sorrowful," said Lois.

"Everything will be all right, Claudia," said Arthur.

But as she could not in the least guess what his words meant, they gave her small consolation.

After early dinner, however, Lois remembered that in some sort of fashion she was to get the lean-to room opened for their lodger. Mr. Inquisitive had said that he would like to take possession very early in the morning, before Claudia or Harold were up, so they must get the key from Mrs. Burgin.

"Let's go and tell her everything," said Lois. "I am sure it is the only way."

"She was very determined not to give us the lean-to room, don't you remember?" said Arthur.

"Yes, there's nothing for it but to tell her all the truth," said Lois again.

So, soon after early dinner, they asked their sister if they might go to the farm. Claudia, who wanted to have a good, long consultation with Harold, was quite pleased that they should go, and so they walked across the fields to Honeysuckle Farm.

The first person they saw was Mrs. Burgin. She was standing in the back yard, feeding the chickens. She wore a big sun-bonnet, for it was a hot day, and she was holding up her apron, which was full of barleycorn. When she saw the children, she emptied it on the ground, and came to meet them with her arms extended.

"Well, my little darlings—well?" she said.

"Oh, Mrs. Burgin, we want you to give us something, and it is so important," they both said.

"Perhaps I guess," said Mrs. Burgin, and she gave a smile.

"You guess? But you can't. Oh, we've got such a dreadful story to tell you."

"Don't tell it, darlings—don't tell it," she

replied; "I know what you want, and you shall have it."

"You know what we want, and we shall have it?" cried Lois, almost gasping as she spoke.

"Yes. You want the key of the lean-to room. Well, you shall have it. Here it is."

"Oh dear, oh dear!" said Lois. "I thought you would never give us the key of that room."

"But I will for a man like Mr. Inquisitive," she replied.

"Then you know about him?"

"Yes. He has been here having a talk with me. He is a very nice man, and quite respectable."

"Oh, don't say that horrid word!" said Lois again.

"It's a very right and proper word," answered Mrs. Burgin. "Here's the key, and I want to tell you that the room is furnished and quite fit for a gentleman to live in, and he'll be a protection to you little trots."

"Oh, please," said Lois, "neither Harold nor Claudia knows anything about Mr. Inquisitive coming to live with us."

"They'll know in the morning, right enough," said Mrs. Burgin. "There, take the key. The room is quite clean and tidy; all you have to do is to put the key in the lock, and I guess that Mr. Inquisitive will do the rest himself."

The night that followed was a very hot one, and Claudia for a long time could not sleep. Towards morning, however, she did drop into sound repose, and in that sleep her sorrows

were forgotten, and her cares took to themselves wings. She awoke between six and seven in the morning, and started to find that it was so late, and that Harold had gone downstairs. She rose at once, calling her little sister as she did so. There was no reply, and she went into Lois's tiny room. It was empty.

"I am ashamed of myself," thought the elder girl; "this is quite dreadful."

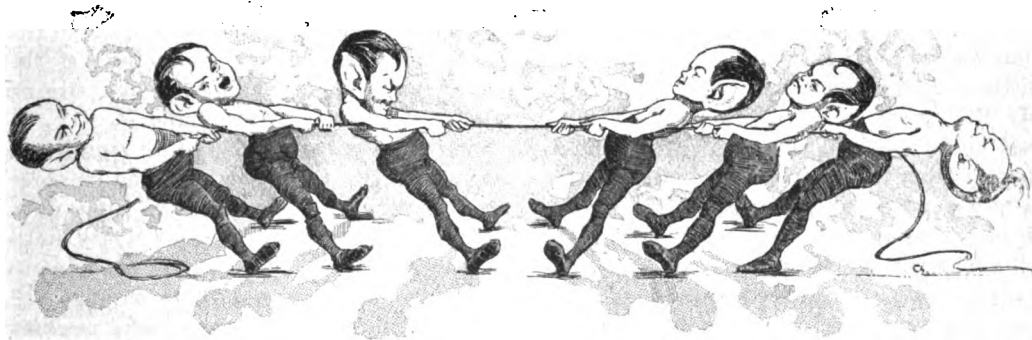
She ran downstairs, and the first thing she saw was the cupboard-door standing open.

"Oh, dear!" she said to herself. "I do hope Lois has not been interfering with my little store of things. Now that all our money has gone, I shall have to make everything go as far as possible. Of course our scheme must be a failure now, but for a week or so we may be able to remain at Cosey Corner." And as this thought came to her, Claudia went across the tiny kitchen and stood on a chair and began to arrange the crockery, which was all out of order. When she saw the teapot in which her golden sovereigns had reposed, she uttered a quick sigh, and drew it towards her.

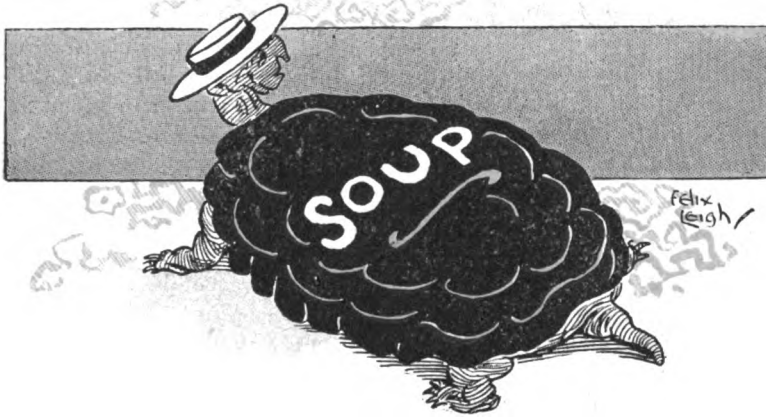
"I may as well use it for tea now," she said to herself. And as she spoke she raised it in her hand. Something in the feel of it caused her to start, and then she opened the lid and looked inside.

The next instant she gave a start, and turned very white, and nearly fell. For inside the teapot, just as if they had never left it, lay eight golden sovereigns, and on the sovereigns was a little piece of paper, and on the paper were written the words, "From a respectable man who has repented."

(To be continued.)







#### A PRACTICAL JOKE.

"I wonder why everybody turns round and laughs at me as I walk along," muttered Master Turtle. Of course, the poor fellow didn't know that his mischievous friend the Octopus had been chalking something on his back.

### HOW BUNNY SMOKED THE PEACE-PIPE.

By HELEN WELLS.

**A**WAY and away up the mountain side where the tall trees cluster closely together in a large company and form a thick forest, where the pines and hemlocks and spruce whisper together their secrets of the birds and beasts, stood an old oak tree, so tall that while its massive trunk had its feet deep in the cool ferns, its top towered over the pines, and it could gaze at the stars over the heads of its companions.

Its great branches had sheltered many a nest of songsters, and many a baby bird had taken its first lesson in flying from its leafy bowers.

Now, down deep in its heart, so deep that no human eye could ever find it, was a family of little striped chipmunks.

Mr. Bunny had searched long and faithfully before he found this great tree with the hole so far up from the ground that it would not be seen by curious eyes. He and Mrs. Bunny had dug and gnawed, carrying out the chips until a long passage was made from the opening to this place, which they hollowed out into a nice room, and furnished it with grasses.

Just before the babies came, Mrs. Bunny decided to line it with fur, so from her own white breast she pulled the soft fur and made a nice lining.

Mr. Bunny twirled his whiskers and said that as he would be obliged to appear in public, he objected to having his vest made shabby by pulling out the fur, and as Mrs. Bunny would be at home anyway, perhaps she had better take it from her own coat.

I think it was a trifle shabby of him, myself, but Mrs. Bunny was contented, and possibly was better pleased to arrange her house-keeping to suit herself.

And really, Mr. Bunny's business did keep him travelling all the time, for he was in the nut business, not buying and selling as the grocery men do, but gathering and storing nuts for winter use for his family.

Sometimes he carried one in his mouth and one in his little front paw, running on three legs. Sometimes he would store little nuts, like beechnuts, in the sides of his mouth, until his cheeks stuck out like a case of the mumps.

He travelled here and there through the woods, up and down trees and rocks, working

and chattering cheerfully, for he was happy in his work, because he loved his family.

Love makes all work easy, and if it had not been for the dark-skinned warriors that haunted the woods, with their bows and arrows, always looking for something to kill, Bunny would have been very happy.

As it was, he was very anxious that the dark-skinned men should not see him, so he always lay quietly under the thick leaves until they passed by, for he was a wise Bunny.

One day, as he lay hidden, he saw an awful sight. Some of the Indian boys passed by, and one had a stick over his shoulder, and on this stick hung the dead bodies of Bunny's relatives and friends.

Bunny determined to follow them and see what it meant. He noiselessly hopped along from one tree to another keeping watch. Finally the boys came to an open space where there were many wigwams, or Indian houses, and, throwing down the dead bodies one by one, laughed gleefully. Other boys gathered around and began to strip the skins from the dead squirrels, and Bunny almost shrieked in horror.

While they were thus engaged a little Indian girl, with long black hair and great soft black eyes, joined the group. The moment her eyes fell upon the little dead squirrels she uttered a cry, and turning to the boys she said something, which, of course, Bunny could not understand. But it seemed to make the boys very uncomfortable, as they gazed sullenly at her while she took the dead bodies in her lap and stroked the pretty striped fur, and tears fell from her soft black eyes.

"Oh, Wa-ke-to, thou bad one," she said, "how couldst thou slay this little bit of the Great Spirit? Has it ever harmed any? Working by day and by night to care for its little ones. Because thou art great in size and these are so little! Oh, cowards!" and she dashed the indignant tears from her eyes.

Bunny could not understand the words, but he felt the sympathy in her voice, and from that moment he loved her.

Not long after, he had a chance to show his affection. One day he noticed some great excitement about the wigwams, messengers

were running to and fro, tom-toms were beating, squaws were hurrying with firewood and food, the warriors were all in gala dress, and feathers and beads helped to make a brilliant scene.

Bunny could not understand it, but he scampered home and told Mrs. Bunny all that he had seen, and Mrs. Bunny said, "Why do you not seek Geeza, the Water-Sprite, who talks and laughs through the rivers, brooks, and little rippling rills, and ask her to teach you her language, that you may understand what these dark people say?"

So Bunny sought Geeza, the Water-Sprite, and said:

"Oh, thou fair water sprite,  
Teach me to hear aright,  
That wherever I may go  
Their language I can know."

The Water-Sprite answered, "That may I not do, for while Wa-ni-to, the Queen of the wood-elves, lets me understand the speech of the earth people, yet may I not give the knowledge to others."

Then Bunny sought Mud-we-ja, the Wind-Spirit, and said:

"Oh, great Mud-we-ja, of the many voices,  
Give me the ears of the great winds,  
Or even those of the little breezes,  
That I may understand what the earth people say."

And Mud-we-ja made answer, "That may I not do, for while Wa-ni-to, Queen of the wood-elves, lets me understand, yet may I not give the knowledge to others."

Then Bunny was discouraged, but a passing Butterfly said, "Why do you not go to Wa-ni-to herself, and ask her? She gave to the Water-Sprite and to the Wind-Spirit, and why not to you?"

So Bunny hopped nimbly off to seek Wa-ni-to, Queen of the wood-elves. When he beheld her he bowed very low and said:

"Oh, Wa-ni-to, beautiful one,  
Fairest of all beneath the sun,  
Give to thy devoted Bunny  
Understanding of all that sounds so funny."

Wa-ni-to smiled and said, "Those to whom I have given this knowledge are friends of the earth-people."

"I am a friend of one—the little maiden with the soft black eyes," answered Bunny.

Wa-ni-to continued, "While I and wood-elves protect the creatures of the forest, we also protect the earth-people, for they are but another kind of an animal."

"But they are so powerful," exclaimed little Bunny.

"No, the most helpless of all," said Wa-ni-to, "for Nature did not give to those poor creatures the many gifts the wild animals possess. They cannot see in the dark, nor smell the track of an enemy, nor have they the soft velvet tread of our wild things. They lack in strength and swiftness, in sight and hearing. Because Nature has made them so dull and stupid I feel sorry for them, and try to protect them also."

"It is only because I would help them that I want to understand the queer noises they make," said Bunny.

Wa-ni-to fixed her piercing eyes upon Bunny and gazed at him long and earnestly, and then said, "Thou speakest truly. Thou or thy family have never harmed man, while man often destroys thee, simply for cruel pleasure. It is only fair thou shouldst understand all they say, to protect thyself."

Then Wa-ni-to touched Bunny's ears with her magic wand, and said, "Hear now and understand, but harm not."

Bunny scampered off, and when he reached the Indian village he saw a great crowd, and one man, who was dressed in fine skins ornamented with jewels and feathers, was seated in the seat of honour.

Bunny looked for the little brown maiden, and soon found her with other dark-skinned children watching the crowd.

"'Tis a greater chief, even, than thy father, Meonta," said one.

"Yes, it is the chief of all the tribes, and he lodges in our wigwam, and I shall see all his beautiful jewels, for he has many," and Meonta laughed happily.

Not many days after this, as Bunny was on a nut hunt in the woods, he heard the sound of bitter sobbing, and to his surprise saw Meonta lying upon the ground, crying as if her heart would break.

"What grieves thee, gentle heart?" asked the chipmunk.

"Oh, dear little chipmunk," said Meonta, "know you not the terrible thing that has happened?"

"No," replied Bunny; "tell it to me."

"Know then," began Meonta between her sobs, "that a mighty chieftain of many tribes is lodged in our wigwam. Many jewels and beautiful skins hath he, and I alone, as the chief's daughter, was allowed to enter this wigwam where the mighty chief lodges, and where he keeps his jewels."

"One string of highly-prized jewels is missing! For three days have we all been searching for them and cannot find them."

"Well?" chirruped the chipmunk.

"Now they say I stole them, for I was the only one permitted within the wigwam," and Meonta buried her face in the soft moss and sobbed afresh.

"How mean! How cruel!" chattered Bunny excitedly.

"Yes, but hearken: if the jewels be not found before the sun sets three more times, I must die! For in our tribe a thief may not live, even though the daughter of a chief," and poor Meonta's wails again broke forth.

Bunny was horrified at what he heard.

"I will help you, little maiden," he said.

"What can a little chipmunk do?" asked Meonta.

"Size does not make bravery," answered Bunny. "My family, although smaller, are braver than the red or grey squirrel, and dare approach nearer to man. Legend says that once a mighty dark man declared war on the whole squirrel family, and, having no weapons, he sought to catch them in his big, black hands. My cousins, the red and grey squirrels, dared not go near him, but a little chipmunk ran so close to him that the dark man made a grab for him, and seized him in his big, dark hand. But before he could close his hand, the chipmunk ran swiftly through his fingers! And the marks from the dark man's fingers came off on the chipmunk's smooth coat. And to this day chipmunks bear the dark stripes down their backs to show how bravely they dared the mighty man."

"Is that true?" asked Meonta.

"That is what Granny Chipmunk told me," answered Bunny. "At any rate," he added, "we are none of us cowards! So cheer up, little one, I will call my brethren together and see what we can do," and he meditatively sat up on his hind legs, and rubbed his ear with his front paw, and then darted off into the woods, where he called the chipmunks together, and they chattered as only chipmunks can.

Then Bunny sought Meonta.

"We agree to find the jewels on one condition, *viz.*, that you get your father to promise us protection. We love our children, even as your father loves you. The Great Spirit gives us all the same love. It is that love that makes us all children of one Father. If your father will promise that our children shall not be killed by the dark men, we will find the jewels, so his child shall not be killed."

So Meonta told her father what the chipmunk had said, and the old chief answered, "Poor child, the sorrow has turned her brain."

The old chief was almost crazed with sorrow himself, and he called his tribe together and said, "Anyone that can find the lost jewels and so save my daughter's life, shall be protected through all the years, they and their children. I, the chief, swear it."

Bunny, hidden in the trees, heard all this, and all day long the chipmunks searched the woods, and at night they each took a firefly to light the way and searched the night long, but could not find the jewels. The second day they called all the red and grey squirrels to help, and searched through the day and all through the night by the aid of the fire-fly lamps, but found nothing.

The third day Bunny hid himself where he could watch the wigwam, and when all had gone away from it, he saw To-to, the tame crow, come tip-toeing along and peer cautiously around, and then slip noiselessly into the wigwam.

"Oh, ho," said Bunny, "now I have found the thief."

After a little while To-to came out and flew through and through the dark wood, and Bunny scampered after him, until they came

to a quiet little nook, and To-to clawed with his sharp claws, and poked with his long bill among the dead leaves, and finally uncovered the string of jewels.

These he played with for a while, for crows love anything that glitters. Finally he carefully covered them and flew away.

Then Bunny dug with his little paws, and poked with his little nose, until he found them, when he seized them in his sharp teeth and ran as fast as he could until he came to Meonta sitting alone and weeping.

Bunny ran noiselessly up behind her, and suddenly springing upon her shoulder dropped the jewels in her lap.

Meonta gave a shriek of delight, and seizing the jewels, cried again for joy.

When Meonta carried the jewels to her father, and told him who had found them, and the only reward the chipmunks asked, the old chief said, "What I have sworn, I have sworn. Call you the little creatures, and I will call my tribe, and we will smoke the pipe of peace together."

So Meonta called Bunny, and he called Mrs. Bunny and the babies, and all the squirrels, and they all went to the Council Tree, and there sat the mighty chief, and Meonta's father, and all the Indians.

Then the pipe of peace was passed around, and the warriors solemnly smoked it, and the little chipmunks nibbled at it, and all went merrily.

The next morning, when Meonta and Bunny met under the Council Tree to talk it over, they found a beautiful little flower growing there, never seen before, of pure waxen white, and just the shape of the pipe.

"'Tis the spirit of the peace pipe in the form of a flower," said Meonta.

"Wherever we find it, our lives are safe," said Bunny joyfully.

That was many, many years ago, and yet to-day, away up on the mountains, among the pines and the hemlocks, coming from the dark soil, like little spirits, are the waxen-white Indian peace-pipes growing, their little curved bowls and long stems shaped just like the pipes smoked that day by the Indian chief when he promised protection to Bunny.

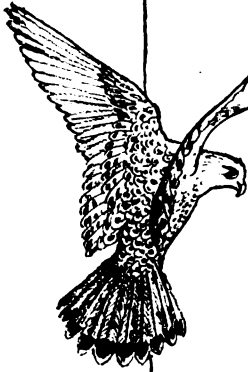
In days of prowess and of might  
When every boy was eke a Knight  
Then Quintain was their chief delight

A shield upon a turn-stile hung  
And he whose pole was deftly flung  
Before the turn-stile round had swung;

Could catch the shield both safe and sound.  
But if he failed the stile turned round  
And felled him promptly to the ground.

For then as now  
Who dares must win  
And clumsiness  
'tho not a sin,  
May mar  
whatever  
we begin.

E.S.



# THE QUINTAIN





## VALOUR FOR VICTORIA.

### V.—HOW ROBERTS WON THE CROSS WITH A DOUBLE FIRST.



NEW YEAR 1858 must always be a red letter date to Earl Roberts, and especially to his family. As a young lieutenant of the Bengal Artillery, he had spent the "day of the year" in Cawnpore, where, by-the-way, he happened to get born twenty-five years and three months before. But it was not a time for merry-making, nor for idling. Though the back of the terrible Indian Mutiny, which had left so shocking a stain on his native town, was broken, there was yet hard work and plenty of it for willing hands to do.

Already this young officer had faced death, for he had been through the siege of Delhi, fighting for dear life and dearer honour. The rebel Sepoys held the city, and many fierce conflicts took place outside ere it was wrenched from their clutches. In one of these combats Lieutenant Roberts ought, humanly speaking, to have been killed. As fearless as he was brave, he was in the thick of the fray. Bullets flew around him like hail. The mutineers far outnumbered the Britishers; but so long as the gallant artilleryman did his duty he was satisfied, so he constantly pressed where danger was most threatening. Here, there, and everywhere, ever on the alert, ever active, he seemed to bear a charmed life. Then suddenly a strange sensation crept over him; the world appeared to be whirling around, and he fell. A Sepoy bullet had struck him close to the spine. Like other soldiers, he wore a leathern pouch for the caps with which in those days muskets were fired. Usually he carried this purse in front, near his pistol. But during the toil and turmoil of the fight it had, by great good luck, worked its way to his back, where it acted for once the part of a shield, for the bullet hit the pouch and had to pierce the leather before it entered his body. It was thus prevented from penetrating very deeply. Nevertheless, it proved a close shave. For fourteen days he was on

the sick list, and he could not wear his sword-belt or mount his horse for a month.

On another occasion the lieutenant's life was saved as by a miracle. After the death of General John Nicholson, Roberts had bought for a keepsake a Waziri horse that had belonged to that great soldier. However, he was not to own it for long, but the beautiful creature, in dying, rescued its new master from almost certain destruction. On this day it was singularly restive—the firing and tumult had evidently unnerved it; and as Roberts was endeavouring to bring it under control his eye caught sight of a Sepoy taking very deliberate aim at him. At the moment he was quite helpless, both hands being occupied in the management of his steed. He looked upon himself as lost; but just as the trigger was pulled the horse reared and received in its head the bullet intended for its rider, and dropped like a log. In another action, shortly before this, another horse had been shot under him, whilst he was engaged in repelling a Sepoy sortie. Talk of a baptism of fire! Why, he had gone through a perfect deluge!

Now we come to the two famous exploits by which Lieutenant Roberts won the Cross—a veritable glutton of bravery this, for he must needs perform a double deed, and on one day, too.

From Cawnpore to Fatehgarh, that was the route given by Sir Colin Campbell, on the 2nd of January, 1858. Early in the morning the march began, and all went well till, nearing the Kali Naddi, it was observed that a force of rebels was posted in the village of Khudaganj, with intent to bar the way and to kill, if being the first to open fire was a sign of serious business. As it turned out, the Sepoys were in deadly earnest. They directed their attentions to different sections of the British troops with remarkable impartiality, not without skill and some measure of success. Presently the British guns were

got into position, and soon smothered the mutineers' cannon and knocked holes in the village. When their position had been sufficiently dusted, the advance was ordered and the hamlet was cleared in fine style. The Sepoys did not wait to make closer acquaintance with their enemy. Both sides knew the reason why. There had been such butchery of women and children as had hardened the hearts of the British soldiers to a degree without example, before or since, in the whole history of British warfare. It was "Cawnpore" and cold steel till passions cooled. So the rebels turned tail and fled, as only those fly who know what nameless atrocities they have done and how vain it is to look for mercy which themselves have denied. And so from this little Indian village in the Doab there ensued a life-or-death chase, what time the folk in the far-away British Isles were skating and curling on loch and river, or indulging in the festivities with which a new year is usually hailed.

What a ding-dong race it was, Roberts "up" for one! As the horses clattered forwards the very earth shook in sympathy. Keeping a fine line, every now and then the men were given pause as they came upon the rear of the laggard rebels, who, Vengeance at their throats, were game enough after a fashion. At times they turned and sent a wild volley into the ranks of their pursuers, of which these took not the slightest notice, being anxious only to get to close grips. At others a group, feeling that they at least were done, would kneel to receive the cavalry on their bayonets prior to firing their muskets. Of no avail such half-hearted rallies of despairing men! With set teeth and an occasional growl, the troopers rode at and over them, cutting them down to right or left as they passed on. No pause was there in the bitter chase. For five miles the hunt was kept up, until daylight gave signs of waning, and a halt was called. When day goes night comes—there is no gloaming in the tropics. And pursuit in the dark has perils which the boldest must heed. Besides, it really seemed as if they had disposed of all the fugitives.

But the very end was not yet quite in sight,

for though the order had been given to wheel to the right and form up on the road for the return ride to the main body at the village, the movement had not been carried out. A batch of stragglers, the remnant of the Sepoys who, earlier in the day, had showed such pluck under cover of the mud dwellings of Khudaganj, had been espied. It would not do to leave these men to play the part of so many snakes in the grass, so they were charged forthwith. Being speedily overtaken, the mutineers faced round and fired at close quarters slap into the advancing squadrons, doing damage. To Roberts's sorrow he saw Lieutenant Young-husband, who till then had appeared to possess as many lives as a cat, fall. Nor, to his greater grief, could he at the moment render his messmate any assistance.

For one of Younghusband's sowars, or dragoons, was in trouble. A Sepoy was attacking him with fixed bayonet, and the man was in imminent danger of losing his life. Without ado Roberts put spurs to his horse and rode at the rebel, coming up with him in the nick of time, for in the unequal contest the sowar must have gone under. With a whole-hearted sweep of his sword Roberts struck him in the face, and the Sepoy sank lifeless to the ground. At such crises one must act, not think. But for the lieutenant's immediate interference, at all costs, the loyal native dragoon would have been killed. Earl Roberts himself says so, and he ought to know, for he was there.

Even now he was not free to go to his friend's help, for he had no sooner saved the sowar than he felt called upon to protect the honour of his flag. In the distance he saw, despite the dim light of parting day, a couple of Sepoys scuttling off with a British standard. In the then state of things that was an outrage that could not be permitted. The standard must be recovered from murder-stained mutineers at all hazards. In a trice, therefore, he flew after them. It did not take long to come up with the rebels, nor did he stay to lecture them. Seizing the pole of the standard with one hand, he tore it from the fellow's grasp, whilst with the other he cut him down with his trusty sword. In those few stern



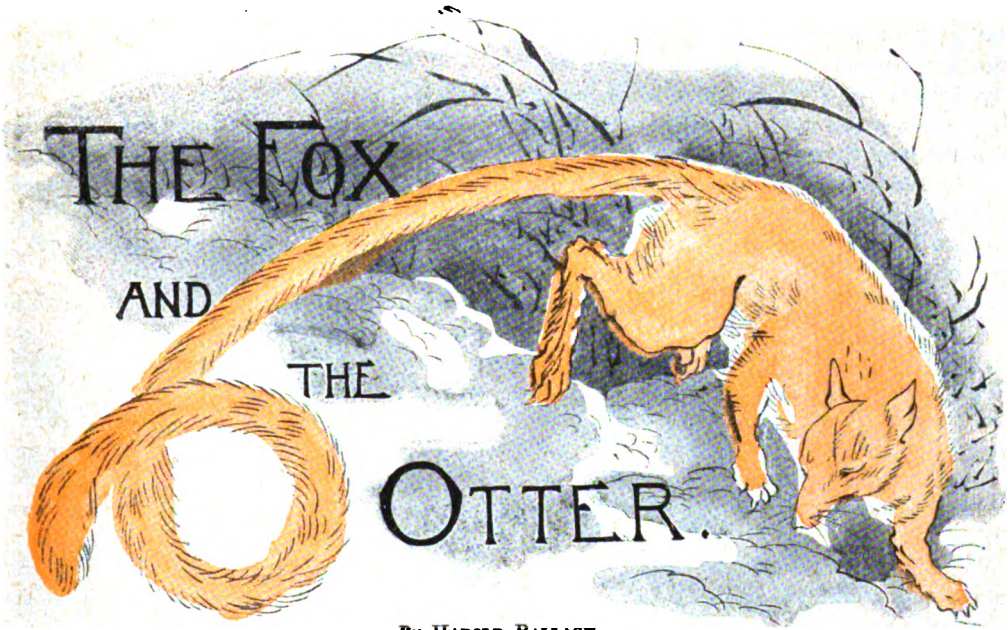
"Bringing his musket close to Roberts's body he drew the trigger."

seconds the Sepoy's comrade was not a mere bystander. Bringing his musket close to Roberts's body he drew the trigger—but the cap missed fire, and ere he could level it another time the young lieutenant slashed him to the earth. It was a supremely tragic moment. By all reckoning, Roberts ought to have been a dead man: hence his escape was little short of marvellous. He remained, however, cool and collected throughout the trying incident. Forty years later, when he gave to the people an account of his long spell of service in India, Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, of Kandahar and Waterford—as he had then become—simply stated in a footnote to his brief narrative of these eventful minutes—for one exploit followed the other almost instantaneously—"For these two acts I was awarded the Victoria Cross." Your true hero is ever modest, and modesty is the stamp of this man.

Having secured the colour, he rejoined the

force, and in due course was welcomed by Sir Colin Campbell, in charge of the advance to Fatehgarh. He now learned that his friend Lieutenant Younghusband's wound had proved mortal. Before that fatal day this gallant officer had survived an extraordinary accident. Whilst hunting the Gwalior rebels, after the fight at Agra, he rode into an empty old well, fifty feet deep, and two dragoons on the top of him, such was the impetuosity of their speed. Younghusband landed at the bottom in a sitting posture, with his back to the side of the well, his horse falling upright and standing across him, and thus protecting him from the weight and blow of the other two men and their horses, which were all dashed to pieces on the spot. Though badly bruised, Younghusband lived to fight another day, taking a foremost part, as we have seen, in that furious chase in which Roberts so worthily won the prize for bravery in hand-to-hand encounter with the foe.

JAMES A. MANSON.



By HAROLD BALLAGH.



**KITSUNE-SAN** (Mr. Fox) was taking a morning walk. He was in the habit of strolling about the countryside at any time of day or night. People generally had a good deal of respect for him, and they let him alone. They had actually built a shrine to his ancestors on a hillside near by. Kitsuné sometimes stopped and counted the many red *torii* (gateways) that led up to it.

Inu, the country dog, was a stupid creature! He and his brothers lay lazily around the farmhouse doors, and ate anything that was thrown outside.

Occasionally a young Inu would follow up Kitsuné, but this only made the keen old fellow smile.

It was so amusing to lead Inu afield, and double back to his own home!

It happened that Kitsuné was taking a walk for business rather than for amusement.

He did not move briskly, that was hardly dignified; besides, when a fox is shrewd enough there is no occasion for him to exert

himself unnecessarily, especially when he can live upon the wits nature has provided.

Kitsuné's sharp eyes did not miss any movement of Saru (the monkey), and the fluttering of Hato (the dove) made him move his ears, but that was all; Kitsuné did not stop, he had a definite object in view.

Suddenly his step became slower; he looked more impressive than before, if possible, for on the river bank he saw Kawaguso (the otter).

"Good morning, Kitsuné-san. How is your honourable health?" said Kawaguso, smiling.

"Ah! Good morning, Kawaguso-san; you are at work early, my dear fellow."

Kawaguso glared at the fish in his arms. "Yes, sir, a Kawaguso with a family to feed cannot play the gentleman of leisure."

A flash of anger sparkled in Kitsuné's eyes, but only for a moment.

"Pshaw!" he thought to himself. "Kawaguso is far too stupid to know what a sharp speech that was."

"Well," said Kitsuné, in his most insinuat-

[\* Copyright in the United States by Carrie Elizabeth Harrell.]

ing manner, "I was thinking as I came along what a splendid industrious fellow you are. After all, you are to be envied. You come down here to the river and soon have enough fish to last you all day. I wander about half the night, and then go to bed hungry."

Kawaguso glanced at him good naturedly. "Old Kitsuné looks hungry now," he thought. "Tai-san (Mr. Perch) is unusually large to-day," he said out loud, "and, if you will condescend, I shall be most happy to entertain you in my humble home."

Kitsuné bowed gravely and replied, "It will give me great pleasure."

So they went off together to Kawaguso's house.

Mrs. Kawaguso prepared a delicious breakfast, and Kitsuné feasted to his heart's content.

When he had finished, even to the choice tobacco of his host, he said:

"Really, I have not enjoyed myself so much in years. Pray give me the pleasure of your company to dinner at Fox Hall to-morrow at three o'clock."

Kawaguso felt quite flattered. "Thank you very much," he said.

The next day Mrs. Kawaguso helped her husband to dress, and saw him off in plenty of time for Fox Hall.

"*O tanomi moshimasu!*" said Kawaguso at Kitsuné's door. No one replied.

"*O tanomi moshimasu!*" announced Kawaguso again. The door still remained shut.

"This is very singular," he thought. "*O tanomi moshimasu!*" he shouted. Still no one let him in.

After some hesitation, he opened the door and went in.

Kitsuné was dressed in his finest clothes; he sat in his best room, with his eyes turned steadily upward.

After a while, seeing that his host took no notice of him, Kawaguso said:

"I beg your pardon, but Kawaguso is here!"

His remark passed unheeded. Kawaguso was overwhelmed with embarrassment.

"Well, I will see if he intends to speak to me," he thought, and quietly sat waiting.

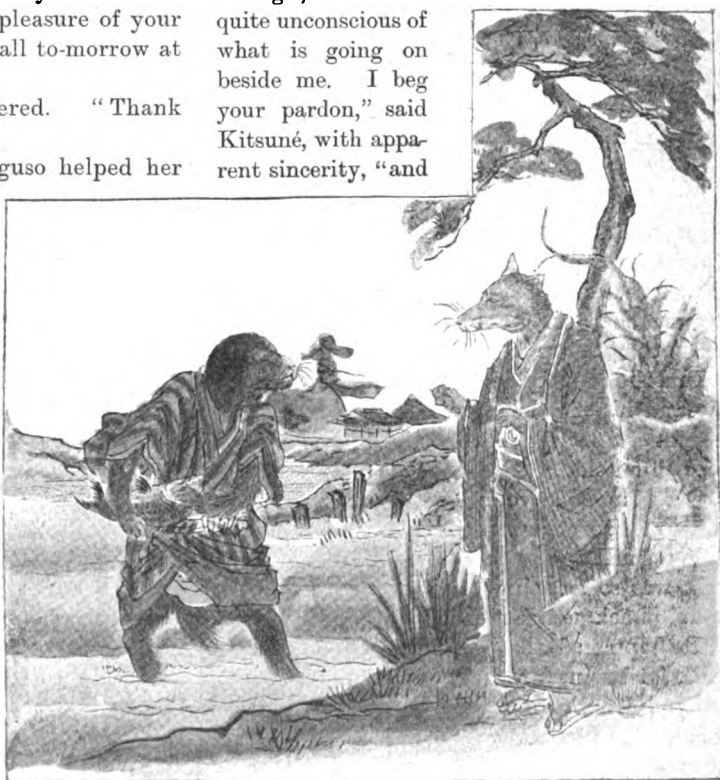
After two hours his indignation got the better of him, and he went home.

The next day Kitsuné went to see Kawaguso.

"Why did you not come yesterday? I waited for you," he said.

"I did go," exclaimed Kawaguso, "but you sat gazing upward, and would take no notice of me."

"*Maa!* (Oh!) I must have been in a celestial trance, *ten muki jibiyo* (looking-to-heaven disease). I am often taken with such spells, in which I think of nothing but celestial things, and am quite unconscious of what is going on beside me. I beg your pardon," said Kitsuné, with apparent sincerity, "and



"'Good morning. How is your honourable health?'" (p. 345).





"They tied him to a pole and carried him off in triumph" (p. 349).

hope you will not feel hurt at my apparent rudeness."

As long as Kitsuné-san had apologised, there was nothing for Kawaguso to do but to accept his explanation and ask him to stop to dinner.

This was exactly what Kitsuné had expected, and he did full justice to all the good things Mrs. Kawaguso prepared.

When he had finished the meal he pressed his host to take breakfast with him the next day at ten o'clock.

Kawaguso went to Fox Hall at the appointed time, but found, as before, no one to receive him.

He went in and saw Kitsuné seated, staring at the ground.

Kawaguso found that he was to be treated in the same way as before, so he soon departed. Kitsuné went around that evening to his house.

"Why did you not keep your appointment?" he asked.

"I went punctually," replied Kawaguso wrathfully, "but I was utterly unable to attract your attention."

"Ah! I must have had a terrestrial trance, *ji muki to iuu jibiyo* (looking - to - earth disease). In this state my thoughts are concentrated upon the earth, and I know nothing of what happens around me."

Kawaguso saw immediately that Kitsuné was simply trying to outwit him. He was de-



terminated to be revenged, so he kept quiet, fed Kitsuné as before, and waited for his opportunity. It soon came.

"Kawaguso-san," remarked Kitsuné, between bites of fish and pickled plums, "you are the most successful fisherman I know. I would like to take lessons of you. Come, tell me your secret."

Kawaguso looked up gravely.

"I am most successful on a very cold night. Selecting a good fishing place, I make a hole in the ice through which I put my tail, and there I sit until I feel it getting heavy; when it is very heavy I pull it out, and never fail to find a large fish hanging on."

Kitsuné was delighted.

"That sounds very easy," he said.

The next snowy night Kawaguso heard Kitsuné calling him.

"*Hai! Hai!* (Yes! Yes!)" he replied.

"Come, this is a splendid night; I wonder you are not out fishing. I want you to show me a good place," shouted Kitsuné.

Kawaguso turned over sleepily. "It must certainly be midnight," he said grumblingly to himself. Out loud he called cheerfully, "I will be there in a minute, Kitsuné-san."

When they reached the river Kawaguso cut a hole in the ice, and placed Kitsuné over it with his tail hanging in the water. Kawaguso sat on the bank and encouraged him when he found his patience was nearly exhausted.

"It is best to sit perfectly quiet. If you move too much you will have all your trouble for nothing. Why not take a nap? You say you want a large fish, his weight will certainly wake you up."

Kitsuné looked ruefully at Kawaguso-san, but he could not detect the least smile, so he resigned himself to the weary waiting.

Kawaguso watched him until the break of day, to be sure that his tail was fast frozen; then he got up and politely took leave of the stingy fellow.

"Your honour has now a famous oppor-



"Told his whole family the story" (p. 340).

tunity for indulging in both celestial and terrestrial trances! I wish you a very good morning!"

Just then Kawaguso saw some boys walking toward the river.

He stepped behind a tree, and waited to see what would happen.

"Domo! (Dear me!)" exclaimed one of the boys. "I do believe that old fox is frozen in the ice! How glad I am we started early. What luck we are in!"

The boys rushed up to Kitsuné and killed him with a club. Then they tied him to a pole and carried him off in triumph.

There was an end to the celestial and terrestrial trances of Kitsuné-san.

Kawaguso-san returned home and told his family the whole story.

"My children," said he, "from this dreadful circumstance take to yourselves this lesson—

*Avarice brings a sure punishment!"*

## A STRANGE MOUSE.

AS in the nursery Mrs. Puss  
Was looking out for mice,  
She threw a glance upon the shelf,  
And there saw something nice.

A little mouse among the toys  
Was standing very still,  
"I'll catch that mouse," said Mrs. Puss,  
"Most certainly I will."

Then crouching down before the shelf,  
Her instinct to obey,

She made a sudden upward spring,  
And pounced upon her prey.

But what was this? In sudden fear  
Her claws let go their hold,  
At coming into contact with  
A substance hard and cold.

Then frightened Mrs. Puss turned tail,  
And fled from out the house,  
While still her prey remained unmoved—  
He was a clockwork mouse!

E. M. W.

## THE "LITTLE FOLKS" WARD PAGE.

Conducted by BELLA SIDNEY WOOLF, Author of "All in a Castle Fair."

### WHAT THE LITTLE BIRD OVERHEARD.

HERE was a certain Little Bird, who set out from a certain spot in the heart of London on a voyage of exploration one April morning. She stretched her wings with delight as she flew over the housetops, over the sea of traffic below, through the ugly business streets, up through Trafalgar Square, where she paused to take a sip of water from the fountain, and so to the West End. It was a glorious morning—golden sunlight lay upon the tall, dull houses and flickered among the pale green leaves of the trees in the park.

"We shall see what we shall see," said the Little Bird, wisely, as she perched on a window-sill of a large house, which overlooked the

park. She peeped in. A large and comfortable schoolroom met her eye. Two girls and their governess were seated at the breakfast-table, and this was the conversation the Little Bird overheard:—

*The Governess:* Now, Sibyl, do put down that paper and eat your breakfast.

The girl addressed as Sibyl put the paper down with a sigh. The Little Bird nearly fell off the window-sill from excitement—it was LITTLE FOLKS.

*Sibyl:* You are cruel, Miss Jones.

*Miss Jones:* Well, Nora hasn't had a glance at it yet. She might grumble. Besides, there's a time to read and a time to eat.

*Nora:* And a time to collect, too, I think.

I'm afraid we aren't getting on as quickly as at first, are we, Sib?

*Sibyl*: No, that's just what I'm thinking about, and I wanted to see if there were any hints, only Miss Jones was so horrid.

*Miss Jones*: Sibyl!

*Nora*: She's only joking, Miss Jones.

*Sibyl*: Yes, I really was. Don't be angry, Miss Jones. Only I do wish we could collect more. Some children seem to do so much.

*Miss Jones*: You mean for the "LITTLE FOLKS Ward," isn't that it?

*Nora*: Yes, in the North-Eastern Hospital for Children. You see we've asked everyone we know and we sent quite a nice sum the first time, but now we've come to a full stop. At least, we put away half our pocket money each week; but can't we do something else?

*Miss Jones*: It's very difficult to find something, but I'll think it over.

At that moment a lady, evidently the girls' mother, came in. The girls jumped up and kissed her.

"Good-morning, chicks," she said. "Before you settle down to work I want to tell you that Father says he will take you out this afternoon, and where would you like to go?"

The girls gave a cry of delight. Then Nora pulled Sibyl's arm and whispered something.

*Sibyl*: Excuse me whispering, Mother, but it's for the "LITTLE FOLKS Ward."

Her mother looked mystified.

"Well, have you decided?" she said at last.

*Sibyl*: Yes, Mother; please tell Father we would like to go somewhere cheap.

*Her Mother*: Cheap! What do you mean, Sibyl?

*Sibyl* (speaking very fast): Well, you see, Mother, if we go to the theatre it costs so much, and we want to get some money for the Fund; so we thought p'raps Father would take us somewhere cheap—for a walk even—and give us what he would spend. It's Nora's idea—but you see we don't know what else to do—and we are so sorry for those children—and—

Sibyl's face grew very red, and she stopped short.

*Her Mother* (kissing the girls): It's a very nice idea, girls, and I'll tell Father about it;

at least, I think you had better come down and tell him yourself.

Then the church bell hard by struck the hour, and the Little Bird, whose eyes were full of tears of delight, made a note in the little book she carried under her wing, and reluctantly flew away, for she had much to do and see still.

The next halting place of the Little Bird was at a smaller house; but it was a very cosy little room into which she peeped. Breakfast was cleared away there, and there were two people in the room, one, a lady writing at a table, the other a little girl lying on a sofa, her head propped up with pillows. Her face was very pale, and she looked as if she had suffered much pain. She sighed heavily and drummed with her fingers on the side of the sofa.

Her Mother looked round anxiously.

"What is it, darling Val?"

"I'm so miserable, Mother; I don't know what to do."

"Poor darling; won't you knit or read?"

"No, Mother. Fancy, having to lie like this for six months longer. Oh! if that horrid swing hadn't given way. I'm too miserable."

"Some children are far worse off, Val. Remember what you read in LITTLE FOLKS the other day. Have you done anything for the Ward yet?"

"Yes, I've done as much collecting as I can. What else can I do here?" Val groaned.

Her mother was silent for a moment.

"You knit so well, Val. Why not make several things—comforters, mittens, and Tam o'Shanter's, or shawls—I'll buy them from you for my poor people. What do you say to that? And I'll ask Granny and the Aunts to do the same."

Val's face lit up.

"Oh, Mother, how lovely. I'll start at once. It's so grand to earn some money, and then I really shall be of use. Please give me some wool at once."

And Val's little white fingers were plying the needles busily, and there was a faint, pink flush of pleasure in her cheeks, as the Little Bird flew away.

This time the Little Bird had a long, long

journey far out into the country. She looked back and saw London lying like a broad black streak behind her, and the green fields and quivering trees and sparkling streams before her and below her. She sank down and perched on the porch of a pretty house, set round with beds of tulips and hyacinths and bright scillas and golden daffodils, and all sweet spring flowers. There was a group of children in the porch, and they were all trying to read *LITTLE FOLKS* (which the postman had just brought) at the same time.

"Now what can we do to help?" said the eldest girl. "We're buried in the country; we hardly ever see a new soul. Whom can we collect from?"

Another sister said:

"It does seem a bit difficult."

"Difficult! It's impossible! We've written to all possible people and we've collected from each other, and that's the end of it."

"The end of what?" asked a tall young brother, who came out of the hall at that moment.

The girls explained.

"H'm," he said.

"Do think of something, Dick!"

"I know," he said, suddenly, and dived into the house. In a moment he was back again with a newspaper.

"Look here," he said. "'Lovely fresh primroses, flowers or roots, 1s. per box; post free.—Susie Jones, Blank House, Blankshire.' Now why can't you do that as well as Susie Jones?"

The girls gave a cry of delight.

"You darling, Dick! What a heavenly

idea. The wood is just carpeted with them. Will you come and help us?"

"You must put the advertisement in first, sillies, and hear if anyone wants them; and write to your friends, too. But I'll help you dig up the roots when they're wanted."

"Come and write the advertisement then, and we'll go and post it in the village. Oh, Dick, what a grand idea! We can sell other flowers later on. You dear boy!"

"Three cheers for Dick and for all those who do their very best to help the *LITTLE FOLKS* Ward," chirped the Little Bird as she flew further afield.

P.S.—So many of my readers are anxious to find various ways of helping the *LITTLE FOLKS* Ward besides by direct collecting, that I have a suggestion to make. If any of you who live in the country would like to copy the suggestion which the Little Bird overheard Dick make, you should write out an advertisement and send it to me *immediately*. It will then be printed in next month's number. But remember—

(1) That if you offer primroses or other flowers and roots they must be carefully picked and carefully packed.

(2) All advertisements must bear your *full name and address*, and must be accompanied by a line from your father or mother or guardian to say that they allow you to sell the flowers, and that they will supervise the sending of them.

(3) If you or your friends wish to buy any of the flowers offered, you must write direct to the advertiser.

(4) Neither the Editor nor I accept any responsibility in the matter.

Now good-bye till next month, my dear readers—please continue to work as well and enthusiastically as you are doing at present for the *LITTLE FOLKS* Ward.

Address all letters referring to the advertisements to Miss B. Sidney Woolf, c/o The Editor of *LITTLE FOLKS*, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

## PETER THE PUNSTER.

OF Peter Pryce, a dreadful boy,  
This truthful rhyme is spun;  
He loves his meals, he loves his play,  
But most he loves a *pun*.

At cricket, when his brother Fred—  
His brother Fred is small—  
Got rapped upon the shin and howled,  
Peter called out, "No *baul*!"

And when his Auntie Emmeline  
Her age to someone stated,  
He murmured, "Twenty-eight, to me,  
Seems rather *auntie-quoted*!"

A fretwork outfit he received  
From his rich Uncle Shaw;  
He made a bracket, and, quoth he,  
"You see here what I *saw*!"

One day a neighbour let him sketch  
A handsome tabby—*her* puss;  
"The tail's too long," she said. Said he,  
"I drew it long on *purr-puss*!"

That Peter, dreadful boy, is fond  
Of *LITTLE FOLKS* we grant;  
Ask him his "favourite animal,"  
Cries he, "The *L. F.-ant*!"

FELIX LEIGH.

## WANTED—A DOLLY.



WE had wanted a dolly for ever so long, Maud, and Molly, and I, and we used to plan and plan about how we could get one, but we never seemed to be a bit nearer to the dolly. Perhaps I had better tell you a little about us first, though, before I begin about the dolly, because I know stories are very puzzling when they just begin about a family as if you knew all about their names and relationships, and sometimes you can't make out for pages and pages who all the people are.

Well, there are three of us. First, Maud, she is ten; and then me (I am Mabel, and I am eight); and then Molly, she is the baby of us, and she is six. We have always lived with Uncle Henry since father and mother died out in India. Uncle Henry is a clergyman, and we used to live in Thorbury. The house was just a little way out of the village, and it was very small, because Uncle Henry is very poor—at least he was till—but that doesn't come yet. Then there was Mrs. Parbury; she did the cooking and things, and sometimes her niece, Jane Collins, came to help when there was a lot to do.

Well, after Farmer Kenrick's dog worried Lily Bluebell (she was our doll) when we left her on the door-step by mistake, we hadn't any dolly, and we wanted one *dreadfully*. We hadn't been very fond of Lily Bluebell, because she really was very ugly and shabby, but still, she was better than nothing, and we missed her when she was gone. We planned and planned, but it was no use, because we hadn't any money, and we didn't know how to get any. One day we played with our towels rolled up, but Mrs. Parbury was angry, and anyhow you can't feel very fond of a towel; it hasn't even got a face. We used to go in to Thorbury and look in at Thompson's shop window, and plan which of the dollies we would choose if we had any money. But Thompson's dolls weren't really the kind we planned about; they had little tight yellow rolls of hair all over their heads, and they had

only wooden arms, and hands without any proper fingers. And, besides, they had no clothes, and we wanted a dolly with clothes that would come on and off. Still, one of them might have done, if she had been dressed like a baby, with a little cap like those babies have, to hide her ugly hair.

We went on planning and fancying about a dolly, till it really became a kind of game to see which could "fancy" the nicest one. Maud was splendid. She could make a kind of story out of it. One wet day, when we were tired of playing "Hide the thimble," because we knew all the places where it could be hidden, Maud sat down on the hearthrug, and we said, "Tell us about Beauty" (that was what we had planned to call the new dolly when she came). So Maud said:

"Well, some day (perhaps this very evening) there will come a knock at the door, and we shall wonder what it could be. And soon Mrs. Parbury will come upstairs with a *great*, big parcel, marked 'With care' on the outside, and she will say, 'This is a parcel for you, children,' and just then Uncle Henry will call her downstairs to tell her about some chicken-broth or something; and then—we will bring the parcel over to the table and cut the strings very carefully. And then—inside we shall find the most beautiful baby doll that ever was seen; with pink cheeks, and eyes that open and shut; and she will have nice 'baby curly' hair, not too long, you know. And she will have on a beautiful long, white, embroidered frock, and little tiny knitted boots, and lovely petticoats, and everything a baby should have."

"Oh, do go on," we said. "Can't you think of something more?"

"Yes," said Maud; "I've thought of something we didn't plan before. When we go to take the paper and wrappings out of the box we shall find another smaller box, and when we open it we shall see a lovely white cloak trimmed with swan's down, and a little bonnet, and a white veil like Mrs. Harvey's baby's."

"How lovely!" I said. "Go on, Maud."

"And there will be a little brush and comb, and a sponge, and a tiny cake of soap, and—and, oh, yes—and two little towels marked *B* in red letters."

"Oh, Maud, how *do* you think of such a lot of things?" said Molly. "Is that all?"

"Yes, that's all," said Maud; "but perhaps I'll have thought of something new for the next time."

Just then came a knock at the hall door, and Molly said:

"Oh, Maud, *do* you think——"

"No, Molly, I don't think it's the dolly," said Maud. "You must remember that we're only fancying, or else you'll be disappointed."

Maud was quite right: it was only the Squire coming to see Uncle Henry, as he often does, about the poor of the parish, and things like that. But this time his daughter, Miss Thorne, was with him, and we heard her saying:

"I won't disturb you and father in your discussions, Mr. Falconer. I'll go upstairs and pay a visit to the children till you have finished."

We were very glad, because Miss Thorne is very nice indeed, and we liked her very much. So she came up to the nursery where we were sitting by the fire.

"What are you doing all by yourselves?" she asked. "And why are you in the dark?"

"We were only talking," said Maud; "and Mrs. Parbury doesn't allow us a light till after tea-time, because candles and oil cost such a lot."

"Of course, of course," said Miss Thorne; "and firelight is very jolly, isn't it? I like it very much myself when I build castles in the fire before the lamps are lit. Can *you* build castles in the fire?"

"Do you mean make pictures out of the red and black places in the coals?" I asked. "Maud can do that."

"Once she saw a giant chasing a little girl," said Molly, "and just when he was going to catch her, he fell down, and he turned into a rock. I saw it, too, quite plain."

"Dear me! That was a lucky ending for the little girl," said Miss Thorne, and then

after a bit, she said, "Shall I tell you a story?"

Of course we said yes, all together, for we love stories.

"What shall it be about?" she asked, and Molly said, "About a beautiful big dolly."

So she told us a lovely story about a dolly, and when it was finished, she said:

"And now, show me your dollies; I'm sure you're very fond of them; I used to love mine when I was a little girl."

Of course, we had to tell her that we had no doll since Lily Bluebell was worried, and then we told her how we wanted one, and how we planned about getting it, and she was very nice, indeed, about it.

"Why is Uncle Henry so poor?" asked Molly. "If he was rich he could buy us a dolly. I thought poor people was always wicked, like Jim Tiles, that stole and went to prison. Was Uncle Henry ever wicked, Miss Thorne?"

"I'm quite sure he never was, Molly," said Miss Thorne. "I think he is the best and kindest man I know, and you should be very proud of having him for an uncle."

And then she explained to Molly that poor people were not always wicked, nor wicked people poor; and she told us some things that Uncle Henry did that showed how good he was.

"And some day when you are older, Molly, you will understand that he is poor because he was good, and wouldn't take money because he thought it should not really belong to him, but to someone else," she said. And then the study door opened, and Uncle Henry and the Squire came upstairs.

Uncle Henry said: "Why are you sitting in the dark? That is not a very hospitable way to treat Miss Thorne when she comes to visit you," and he lit the candles.

"It's because Mrs. Parbury says candles are so dear, and we mustn't ask you for them, because you can't afford them," said Molly.

Of course, she shouldn't have said that, it wasn't polite, but she is only six, and doesn't understand. Uncle Henry got rather red, and Miss Thorne said:

"We were telling stories by the firelight,



and they always sound much nicer and more exciting when the room is rather dark ; don't they, Molly?"

The Squire and Miss Thorne went away, and afterwards Uncle Henry came up again, and said :

"I have told Mrs. Parbury that you may have a light when you want to before tea. I can do without candles in the study, for I can read quite well by the light of the lamp—And what stories was Miss Thorne telling you?"

So we told him some of the story about the doll, and he laughed, and he said :

"It was very kind of a pretty young lady like Miss Thorne to tell you stories. And what else did she tell you?"

"She said that you weren't wicked at all," answered Molly; "and I'm so glad."

"Not wicked?" said Uncle Henry, laughing. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, Mrs. Parbury told Molly you were poor, Uncle Henry," explained Maud, "and Molly thought poor people were wicked, like Jim Tiles that went to prison, and you said it was all because he was so poor, and hadn't enough to eat, and so he got bad and stole. And then Miss Thorne explained about it, and she said you were the best and kindest man she knew, and we ought to be very proud of you. And so Molly is glad."

Uncle Henry smiled, but he said nothing, and then he kissed Molly, and said good-night to us, because he was going out to visit a sick man, and mightn't be back till late.

It was very wet for a few days after that, and we got so tired of staying in the house, and Mrs. Parbury was cross, and we had nothing to do after our lessons with Uncle Henry in the morning were over. And we got tired of planning about the doll, because Maud couldn't think of anything new to tell us about her.

And then one evening, something lovely happened! A parcel came for us, just as we had planned, and when we opened it, inside was—not one dolly, but *three*—such lovely ones. Two had fair hair and blue eyes, and one was dark, and they were labelled, "For Maud, and Mabel, and Molly, from Miss

Thorne." They had lovely clothes that could come off and on. We just danced round the room, and hugged each other with delight, and Uncle Henry heard us, and came upstairs to know what the noise was about, and we showed him the dollies.

But he only looked rather grave, and then he said :

"I'm sorry, children, that you should have told Miss Thorne about wanting a doll; I'm afraid it must have sounded rather like asking her to give you one. If you had told me, I would have tried to get one for you at Christmas-time. You see, when you are poor, you have to be careful about telling people what you want." And he looked very worried and vexed, and went downstairs again.

We looked at each other, and felt very unhappy, for we hate to vex Uncle Henry, and we put the dollies back in the paper, and then I said :

"Perhaps it *did* sound rather like begging, though of course we never thought of it."

And Maud said, "I'm afraid it must have, for you see Miss Thorne must have gone and ordered them for us at once."

"What can we do?" I said. "Oh, Maud, do you think we should give them back, and explain that we didn't *mean* to beg, and then perhaps Uncle Henry will be pleased?"

"I'm afraid we ought to," said Maud. "I don't know—I'll think about it in bed to-night, and let you know to-morrow what I've decided."

Molly nearly cried, and she hugged her dolly hard going to bed, and said :

"Oh, Maud, do settle that we may keep them; I love mine *so* much."

But the next morning Maud told us that she thought we ought to take them back, and explain about what Uncle Henry said. So after lessons, we each took a dolly, and we went to the Squire's; it's a good long way, and Molly was tired, so it was lucky that we met Miss Thorne in the avenue. And she said :

"Oh, I see the dollies are going out for an airing; how are they this morning?"

And then Maud told her about Uncle Henry being vexed, and said we hadn't meant

to ask for a dolly, and Molly said she didn't mean to be naughty, and then she began to cry.

And Miss Thorne kissed her, and said: "Of course you didn't, darling, and you are all good little girls not to want to vex Uncle Henry; and if you'll come back with me now, I'll explain to him, and I'm sure he'll say you may keep the dollies."

We met Uncle Henry in the lane that leads to our house, and Miss Thorne said:

"We were just coming to see you, Mr. Falconer, if you can spare us a few minutes."

Uncle Henry took Molly out of her arms, and said: "You shouldn't tire yourself carrying this big girl of mine, Miss Thorne; she is much too heavy for you. Of course I can spare you a few minutes—as long as you like."

"Molly isn't a bit heavy," she said, "and—and—I want to explain. They all thought you were vexed about my sending them the dollies. They said you thought they must have—well, almost asked me for them, and, of course, they didn't do anything of the sort. We were all planning about a dolly together, that night you and father were talking downstairs, and I was visiting the children—and I thought I would like to send them the dollies. But they brought them back this morning, because they thought it would please you, and you really must let them keep them. If anyone was wrong, it was I, for sending them without asking you first if I might."

Uncle Henry hesitated, and then he said:

"Thank you very much; the children may keep the dollies, and I am very grateful to you for thinking of them. Perhaps, after all, I need not be so proud for them as I am for myself. I want them to be happy, and the dolls have made them *very* happy, I know."

"Then we may all be happy together," said Miss Thorne, "for I was very unhappy when I thought I had vexed you. And—and—I wouldn't be too proud for anyone, even for yourself, Mr. Falconer. Good-bye."

We had splendid games with our dear dollies that afternoon, and every day after. It was really lovely to think that our "plans" had come true—even better than that, for we had three dollies instead of one.

And on Christmas Day Uncle Henry gave us three beautiful dolls' cradles from him and Miss Thorne, and when we walked home from church together we thanked her, and then Uncle Henry said:

"And what do you think Miss Thorne has given *me* for a present?"

We couldn't guess what it was. "What is it? Do tell us," said Maud.

"Herself," said Uncle Henry. "Don't you think she's rather a nice present?" And then he explained that he was going to marry Miss Thorne, and she would be our aunt, and that we were going to live at Burset, which is the next village, because Uncle Henry was going to be rector there, instead of old Mr. Herdman, who died.

RUTH DUFFIN.





FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED.

## HEROES OF FAITH.

### V.—SAMSON.

*By the Author of "The Land where Jesus Christ Lived," etc.*

**I**T was a gala day in Gaza, one of the five royal cities of the Philistines. From all quarters, men and women were trooping merrily along. For a great festival was to be held there in honour of their chief god, Dagon.

A wonderful god Dagon was, with the face, hands, and arms, and upper part of the body like those of a man, while the lower part resembled that of a fish. He was the god of fruitfulness, and prosperity, and natural power. And all this they had proved him to be. For he had greatly enriched them, and had recently given into their hands the mighty Samson, who had worked them such terrible mischief.

The Philistines themselves were a strong and fearless people, and they had amongst them giants like Goliath of Gath, the very sight of whom was enough to frighten a whole army. But Samson had been a more formidable foe than any giant could have been. For,

though not a giant in stature, yet in strength he was more than a match for all the giants and strong men of Philistia together.

Samson was an Israelite, of the tribe of Dan, and had been specially strengthened to do a certain work. The Philistines were always bitter enemies of the Israelites, and were at that time cruelly oppressing them. And before Samson's birth the Angel of the Lord had appeared to his mother, telling her that she should have a son who should be endowed with special strength, to vex and fight their great foes. He was not, like Gideon, to lead an army to victory, but was only to *begin* to deliver Israel from the Philistines. And the child was to be a Nazarite from his birth, that is, he was to be set apart for the service of God, and his hair was never to be cut. It was to be the sign of the covenant between him and God. As long as it remained uncut God would be with him, giving him supernatural strength against the Philistines.

As, therefore, the little boy's hair grew, he

grew strong; and when he became a man, and seven long locks curled down over his shoulders, his strength was prodigious.

All through his childhood and youth his mother had talked to him about the visit of the angel, and about his being a Nazarite. Over and over again she had told him what bitter wrongs the Philistines were constantly inflicting upon the people of Israel, and how his wondrous strength was given him to smite the oppressors. He must never forget, she said, the mighty work he had to do. And, above all, he must keep sacred the secret of his strength, and never tamper with his seven locks of hair, or God would leave him, and his strength go from him. His mother had talked to him till, when he grew up, he was filled with hatred of the Philistines, and a burning desire to avenge upon them the wrongs of his people Israel. And soon the Philistines found him a terrible enemy.

The first time he put forth his strength against them was on his marriage with a Philistine woman. The Philistines claimed from him thirty sheets and thirty changes of garment for guessing his riddle. But Samson, knowing they had forced the answer to the puzzle from his wife, went out and slew thirty of their own people, and brought their spoil to them.

After that, in revenge of a cruel injustice that the Philistines had done him, he caught three hundred foxes, or rather jackals, and, tying them together in pairs, with firebrands between their tails, he turned them amongst the ripe corn of the Philistines. Then he "smote the Philistines hip and thigh with a great slaughter." And when three thousand cowardly men of Judah, fearing the vengeance of the Philistines, begged him to allow himself to be delivered up to their oppressors, he submitted to be bound with two new ropes. But no sooner did the Philistines set up a shout of triumph at seeing him thus brought to them than "the Spirit of the Lord came upon him," and he broke the ropes like burnt flax, seized the jaw bone of an ass, and fell upon the Philistines, making them flee in all directions, and killing a thousand.

Another time, when he entered the city of

Gaza at night, they closed their ponderous gates, thinking they had him secure. But Samson arose at midnight and carried away the iron gates, with the two posts, and the bar, to the top of a rock.

It was of no use to try to catch such a man. He must carry some charm about him, the Philistines said, and if they could only get hold of that he would be no stronger than another man. So they bribed a beautiful Philistine woman to worm out of him the secret of his wonderful strength. She was wicked, unscrupulous, and wily, and knew how to go about getting what she wanted. And Samson was morally weak, and foolish enough to listen to her and allow her to influence him.

At first he only jested with her, telling her to try one thing and then another, and he should become weak; but no sooner did she try them and say, "The Philistines be upon thee, Samson," than he got away, performing fresh feats of strength.

But he could not indulge in evil company and in trifling with sacred things without grievously falling. And at last he forgot all about his great mission, and betrayed to her the great secret of his strength, telling her that, if she cut off the seven locks of his hair, he would become weak.

Then the cruel, treacherous woman coaxed him to go asleep, cut off his sacred locks, and woke him up, saying, "The Philistines be upon thee, Samson."

He sprang up thinking to get away as before. But his strength had gone. He had proved faithless, and "the Lord had departed from him."

The Philistines fell upon him, put out his eyes, and brought him down to Gaza. They bound him with fetters of brass, put him in a loathsome dungeon, and made him grind corn for the prisoners.

But in the lonely prison Samson had time to think. Up before his mind, as he turned the heavy millstone, rose the image of his fond mother, and all that she had taught him. He remembered how he had been called to be a Nazarite to serve God, what wondrous strength had been given him to put forth against the

oppressors of his people ; how he ought to have preserved it inviolate, and how he had yielded to temptation, and betrayed his trust to the very enemies from whom he should have begun to deliver Israel.

And now where was he? Down in the darkest and lowest dungeon in the Philistine prison, in the very city of which he had carried away the gates, weaker than an ordinary man, and doing the work of slaves, grinding corn for criminals. His eyes had been put out, too, so that he could not even weep the tears that he would have shed.

How he, the champion of Israel, had fallen ! And how his mighty strength had perished ! And all this he had brought upon himself. How he hated and despised himself ! What would his poor mother say if she saw him now ? Oh ! If he could only have his eyes back, and his seven precious locks falling again over his shoulders, what a different man he would be ! And how faithful he would be to his trust !

But, though he could not undo the past, he could turn in abhorrence from it. And, kneeling in the damp, dark dungeon, he turned his sightless, disfigured face upwards to his mother's God, and, telling Him how bitterly he repented, prayed for help. He knew that, bad as he had been, he should be heard. And as he prayed, a new strength came into him, a higher, nobler sort of strength than that with which he had smitten the Philistines, a strength to be the true, faithful man God had meant him to be. His folly had taught him wisdom, and his weakness, strength ; and his faithlessness had brought him a faith that was yet to work the mightiest of his wonders. What though he was in fetters and his eyes were gone, and he was a helpless prisoner ? Now he had turned from evil, the God of Israel, his God, was with him again. And what might he not do ? More than he had ever done before.

The day came when the Philistines were to keep a feast in honour of their fish-god, for delivering into their power this supernaturally strong foe. And men and women were flocking in thousands to the temple of Dagon. Laughing, joking, shouting one to another, they hurried along, revelling in the thought

of the fun they were to have out of the poor helpless prisoner. For he was to be brought out of the dungeon to make sport for them. His hair had begun to grow again, and he could perform some little feats of strength, but now he would have to do it for their pleasure and not for his own.

Into the middle court of the temple the sightless prisoner was led ; and, as great shouts of derision were set up, he was placed so that all could enjoy the sight, near the two central pillars. All round him were the triumphant lords and great men of Philistia, with the chief ladies of the land, smiling and congratulating each other. And on the flat roof were three thousand men and women of lower rank looking down on him with mocking laughter, and enjoying, glorying in his misery. How could those worshippers of the half man, half fish, Dagon, know what was soon to befall them, or dream that Samson's God could, or would, restore his strength for their destruction ?

The poor prisoner could not see the mocking crowds, and was deaf to their cruel jibes. For up to the gracious God of Israel he was lifting his heart, now stronger in faith than his arms had ever been in natural strength. At last he had become a true-hearted Israelite, a faithful servant of the living God, a hero of faith. And the Philistines should know it. "Let me, I pray thee," he said to the lad that held his hand, "feel the pillars on which the house stands, that I may lean upon them." Fresh laughs were set up at his seeming weariness. But a voice rang through the temple, "O, Lord God, remember me, I pray Thee, and strengthen me only this once, O God." Then putting his arms about the pillars he bowed himself with all his might. The mocking jests suddenly ceased ; cries of terror and piercing shrieks were heard on every hand ; for the two main pillars of the temple fell. Down came the roof, with the three thousand men and women on it, crushing to death the lords and ladies below. Samson died with them. But what of that ? He had proved himself faithful at last, and "the dead which he slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life."

H. D.

## "NEVERCONTENTED."

NEVERCONTENTED was sitting one day,  
 Alone in his nursery, weary of play,  
 The rain on the window was pattering down,  
 And Nevercontented remarked with a frown :  
 "I wish all the clouds that can possibly be  
 Were blown by a hurricane into the sea,  
 For then to the garden I'd gallop away,  
 And there I would *always* be willing to play ;  
 I'd follow the bee in the work he enjoys,  
 And never come back to my nursery toys."

He sat in a garden of roses one day,  
 Where June had just followed the footsteps  
 of May ;  
 Above him the sky was a beautiful blue,  
 Beneath him the daisies and buttercups grew ;  
 Yet Nevercontented looked up with a sigh,

And murmured, "I wish there were clouds in  
 the sky,  
 For then it would rain and a hurricane blow,  
 And into the house they would tell me to go,  
 And then if I might (without making a noise)  
 I'd play all the day with my nursery toys."

Nevercontented was given a seat  
 To witness a pantomime. *My!* what a treat !  
 O wonder of wonders ! Too grand to describe !  
 When out of a castle the fairyland tribe  
 Flew hither and thither, a beautiful throng,  
 Through magical forests of blossom and song.  
 But just when the music was sweetest of all  
 There rose from the "circle" a terrible bawl.  
 The people looked startled, and somebody said :  
 "It's Nevercontented boo-hooing—for bed."

JOHN LEA.

## AN UNKNIGHTLY EPISODE.



HY, how quiet them children are,"  
 said cook to Jane. "I should be  
 afraid they was in mischief."

But one peep into the nursery  
 would have told her the noisy little  
 group were not in mischief. No, they were  
 listening open-eyed and open-mouthed while  
 Aunt Mary was telling them the most lovely  
 story you ever heard.

It was all about a brave Prince, who fought  
 his way through dreadful dangers to rescue a  
 beautiful Princess, who was shut up in a grim  
 old fortress. And after she was rescued, she  
 returned with the Prince to his own land, but  
 on the way they encountered dangers even  
 more terrible than when he had journeyed  
 alone. Once a dragon pursued them, and they  
 were obliged to flee before it, till the Prince's  
 black charger was nearly spent with fatigue.  
 Then a lion stood full in their path, and the  
 beautiful Princess nearly fainted with terror,  
 while the Prince bravely advanced, and with  
 his keen, bright sword cut off the lion's head.  
 Finally, when they were almost upon the  
 borders of the Prince's own land, they were  
 set upon by a band of robbers and their

gallant horse was killed, while the Prince him-  
 self was in sore straits, manfully defending  
 the Princess. All at once, however, a bugle  
 sounded, and the Prince's own retainers came  
 hurrying up and soon put the robbers to flight.  
 Then they escorted the Prince and Princess  
 back in triumph to their own castle ; and  
 there they were married and lived happily  
 ever after.

Well, the story was something like that,  
 only much more exciting and beautiful, as  
 told by Aunt Mary.

"Oh!" said Bobbie, when the story was  
 finished, "I should like to fight with a sword  
 and kill a dragon."

"Silly," said Jack contemptuously, "you  
 wouldn't be able to carry a sword. I can."

"I could have a little one, couldn't I, Aunt  
 Mary?" said Bobbie.

"But there aren't such things as dragons  
 now, are there, Aunt Mary?" said Jack.

"No, dear, perhaps not ; but there are lions,  
 you know."

"I should be afraid to meet a lion," said  
 another voice. It was little Harry Jackson  
 who spoke.



"Afraid?" repeated Jack scornfully. "I shouldn't mind. Harry, you're afraid of everything. Why, do you know, Aunt Mary, he's even afraid of cows!"

"Hush, Jack, that isn't at all kind of you to tell tales like that. I dare say you're afraid of some things yourself, if the truth were known."

"Well, anyway, I shall kill lions when I'm grown up," said Jack decisively.

"So shall I," echoed Bobbie; "and do you know, Jack, I think there must be a lion in the big wood. Once I heard——"

"Silly," said Jack again. "There are no lions in England. You have to go to India to kill lions. That's where I'm going."

"Yes, but dear, you don't understand," said Aunt Mary. "The Prince in my story only killed the wild beasts because he was defending the beautiful Princess. That was his first thought. Therefore, if you are kind and nice to little girls and help them when they are in trouble, you are more like my Prince than if you went to foreign countries and killed lions. Now I am going to get Amy ready to go out."

"Are we to go?" asked Jack.

"Well, I thought, if you and Bobbie would be very good boys I would trust you to take her for just a little walk round the fields before tea. You will be very careful of her, won't you? Harry is going to help me in the garden."

In a few minutes Amy came down ready for her walk. She was the boys' cousin, a little girl of four years old, and quite a baby to these big boys of six and eight, who were going to take care of her. They walked down a long green meadow, and then they took a path which led by the side of a wood. Here they startled a blackbird off its nest, and this set Jack thinking of birds' eggs, so off he went into the wood, Bobby following, thus deserting Amy entirely. Meanwhile the little girl kept faithfully to the path till she reached the end of the wood, and then she sat down and waited. After what seemed to her a very long time, the boys at last reappeared, Bobbie without his cap, and both torn and dirty from their scramble through the bushes.

"Now let's go through Mrs. Wells' yard," said Bobbie, "and then across the meadow. It won't take any longer."

"Oh yes, and see the little chicks and the quack-quacks," cried Amy, clapping her hands.

"But there's that nasty cross old gander," said Jack. "I can see him down there by the pump with two geese. He's sure to come after us."

"Oh, never mind," said Bobbie. "He's eating, and he won't see us."

So they went through the gate into the poultry yard, and stood for a while looking at the fluffy little chicks and the fat, white ducks waddling to the pool, Jack keeping a furtive eye on the gander.

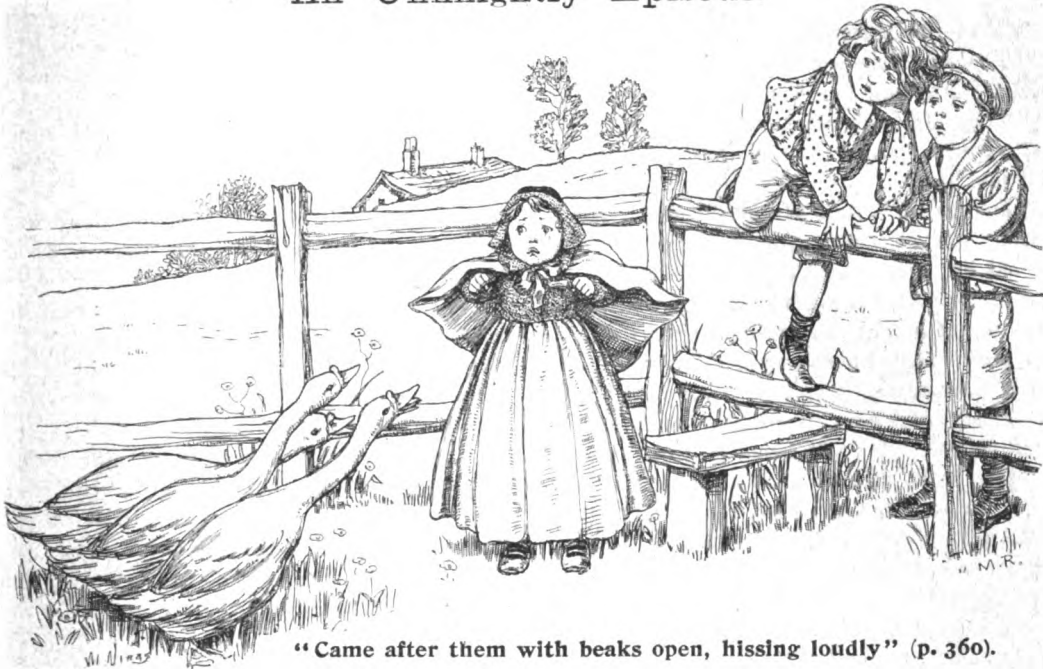
Suddenly he said, "He sees us, Bobbie! Come on, quick!" And Bobbie, taking Amy's hand, they ran to the stile at the opposite end of the yard.

In doing this, however, they had to cross in front of the geese, who, irritated and alarmed by the children running past, came after them with beaks open, hissing loudly.

Jack, the valiant hero, quite terrified, scrambled over the stile first. Bobbie quickly followed, and as soon as he was over, these two brave boys ran off as fast as their legs could carry them, leaving poor little Amy quite alone on the wrong side of the stile.

She was very frightened, but stood facing the angry geese, the tears streaming down her face, while she flapped her little arms up and down, crying, "Go away! Go away, you naughty goosies!" The geese stopped short, all three in a row, and went on hissing. At this moment a fortunate thing happened for the little girl. Mrs. Wells came out of the house and began calling the fowls together to feed them. The geese heard her, turned round, and scuttled off, and Amy was left in peace. She managed to get over, or rather through, the stile into the next meadow, and then looked round for Jack and Bobbie. They were nowhere to be seen. However, she knew her way, and toddled along happily.

Now a road ran through this meadow, and at one side of the road there was a little dip with a tiny pond, overshadowed by trees.



"Came after them with beaks open, hissing loudly" (p. 360).

Amy knew the place well, for she had often come here and made mud pies with Jack and Bobbie. They used to make loaves of bread and rolls of butter, and all kinds of nice little things, and put them in the sun to bake. So it struck this venturesome baby that she would stop there and play.

In the meantime Jack and Bobbie, feeling rather ashamed of themselves, were sitting down by an old tree, not far from home, waiting for Amy to pass.

"She'll be sure to come along here," said Jack. "She knows the way as well as anything."

"Did the gander bite her, do you think?" said Bobbie, in an awed voice.

"Oh, no," said Jack airily; "they came after us to bite our legs, but they couldn't bite Amy's, 'cause she'd got a long frock on."

"Isn't she a long time," said Bobbie, yawning. "Perhaps she's gone home another way."

"Well, we'll just wait a little longer," said Jack, "and then we'll go in by the kitchen garden, so as to catch her either way."

Amy was very happy, making her mud pies, and the fact that she had got on her nice afternoon pelisse did not trouble her in the least. She was so busy that she did not hear

a rustling of the leaves and the squish-squash of hoofs in the soft mud. Then there was a sudden rush and jostling down in the dip, and Amy looked round quickly to see, to her dismay, six pairs of eyes solemnly regarding her, six wet muzzles with wide sniffing nostrils, while any number of hoofs seemed to be almost trampling on her.

For a full second she looked at the eyes and the eyes looked at her. Then she started up screaming—

"Bobbie! Bobbie!" And at sound of her voice the big calves galloped off a little way, and then solemnly returned. Amy was scrambling up the bank into the road, a mud pie still in her hand, and never ceasing to call Bobbie or Jack between her sobs. And now the calves were following her, and the faster she went the faster they followed, till there was really grave danger they might knock her down. All at once, however, Harry Jackson came running to the rescue, brandishing a little stick in his hand. He called out, "All right, Amy! I'll send them away, don't you mind," and with a shout he ran straight at the calves, who at once turned and galloped off, whisking their tails and kicking their heels up in the air.

Then he returned to Amy.

"There. They won't come back now," he said. "But how is it you are all alone?"

"They did frighten me so," said Amy, still half crying, "and Jack and Bobbie went and left me."

"Did they?" said Harry. "Well, never mind. Don't cry." And taking her hand he led her along carefully to the house.

Presently the two heroes came running to meet them out of the kitchen garden.

"Hullo, Amy! here you are!" began Jack. "We've been waiting for you ever so long."

"Nasty, bad boys," said Amy, turning her head away. "I won't speak to you."

"Oh, well, don't," said Jack. "I don't care. Where did you find her, Harry?"

"Alone in the meadow and being very much frightened by the calves," said Harry, still keeping tight hold of Amy's hand.

At this moment the door opened and Aunt Mary came out.

"Why, what a time you children have been!" she said. "And how's this? Harry has brought Amy home, then? Jack and Bobbie, come here. You look very much ashamed of yourselves. What does it all mean?"

She got it all out of them somehow with Amy's assistance, and then her scorn knew no bounds.

"You mean to tell me that you two big boys ran off and left Amy to take care of herself? Jack and Bobbie, I had no idea you were such little cowards! Why, who was it talked so bravely about fighting lions?—and then to run away from Mrs. Wells' old gander! You call yourselves English boys," she went on, "and behave like that! I thought you *were* boys, but I see you are only babies, and the place for babies is the nursery. So run off there and stay there for the rest of the day."

And without a word the culprits obeyed.

BARBARA LUCY.

## THE ENQUIRING CHICK.

O H, dear!" exclaimed the eldest Chick,  
"Why can't I crow like Pa?"

As "Cock-a-doodle-doodle-do"

Was wafted from afar,

"Because, my son, you're much too young,"

Replied his fond mamma.

"Why can't I swim?" then asked that Chick  
Of most enquiring mind,

"Because, my dear," his mother said,

"You weren't that way designed."

(Fit answers for her son and heir

Were sometimes hard to find.)

"But what makes ducklings swim, mamma,  
And why don't they get drowned?"

"Because they're ducklings, to be sure,"

Said Mrs. Hen, and frowned.

Her arguments were not, I fear,

Remarkably profound.

"And how is——" But the Chick's mamma  
With great annoyance said,

"Your questions, child, are quite enough

To turn the wisest head,"

And then with an indignant cluck

She drove him in to bed.

E. M. W.

## ODDS AND ENDS.

### Why the Herring is King of the Sea.

Once upon a time a falcon escaped from Ireland. On her way across the sea she felt hungry. No bird being in sight she went a-fishing, but just as she was about to strike at a fish, a shark gobbled her up bells and all. Now, the falcon was then thought to be the aristocrat of the bird world, and the birds felt called upon to avenge her and wage war upon the fishes. But even as among men plotters, there was one bird that played the traitor. This was the puffin, who straightway went to the fishes and warned them of their danger. So the fishes made up their minds to choose them a king. The whale and dolphin, which are not fishes at all, though they little knew it, conscious of their size and strength, mocked at the fears of the fishes. Thus a choice had to be made from amongst the smaller and weaker kind. After great debate, the herring was hailed amidst much enthusiasm as king, and saluted in good French with cries of "*Vive le Roi!*" The only fishes that sneered at the choice were the plaice and flounder, which have had wry mouths ever since. The herring wears a coronet on its head as a sign of the honour bestowed upon it, and as it usually travels in vast shoals, what are these but the huge army in attendance on a king? Perhaps we shall not err if we say that this fable is merely meant to show that the herring is the king of all fishes, not as a ruler, but as an article of food.

### The Duchess's Exam.

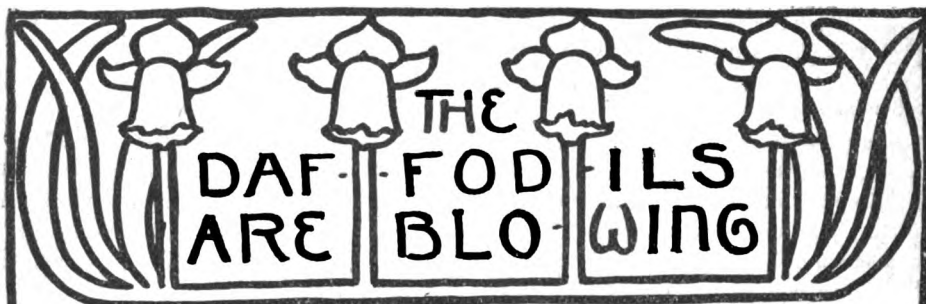
There was no woman so proud of being a Gordon and a Scot as the famous Duchess of Gordon, who was also a great beauty. She gallantly undertook to recruit for the Gordon Highlanders by offering a kiss to every man that would join. She was very fond of speaking Scots. An Englishman, anxious to win her favour, professed to know the dialect well. "*Hirsel yont, my braw birkie,*" was her answer. He had to confess that he only understood the word "*my.*" What her grace had said was, "*Move on, my fine fellow.*"

### The Flitting of the Martins.

Swallows and martins that have had a late nest of young ones have been proved to desert their offspring, leaving them to perish of starvation. In spite of their fondness for their fledglings they are forced to act thus, for the simple reason that when cold weather comes and kills off the insects upon which they live, they must at once depart for sunny climes or stay behind and die, without in the least helping their babies by the sacrifice. A pair of martins which had a houseful of infants in the West of England were disagreeably reminded by a sharp snap of cold at the end of September that they must flit. It was plain from their behaviour that they did not want to abandon their young. They tried, however, in vain to get the little ones to join them. At last, in their distress, they fetched all the martins in the neighbourhood, which duly obeyed the summons. Gathering around the porch of the house where the nest was, they darted round about the nest, wheeled in short circles near it, and uttered all kinds of call-notes as they passed by. What the parents could not do, the whole troop of martins seemed to have accomplished. At all events, next morning, all the birds, young and old, had gone.

### The Ruling Passion.

Amongst the many great Rectors who have served the High School of Edinburgh, a foremost place must be given to Dr. Alexander Adam. Though his parents were poor, he managed to educate himself at the University of that city by private teaching. Porridge and small beer were often his breakfast and supper, and he dined sumptuously on a penny loaf. He was a teacher all his life, and held the Rectorship for forty-one years (1768-1809). When he lay dying his wits wandered. His mind was full of his classes and his boys. In the very last hour, he thought himself examining the class. Suddenly he stopped, exclaimed, "*But, it grows dark; you may go!*" and almost immediately passed away—to say "*Adsum*" in another and a better world.



The daffodils are blowing,  
Shrill horns to every blast,  
To tell of all their knowing  
That spring has come at last.

And all the woods are waking,  
And all the fields are fair,  
Spring in each blossom breaking  
fills all the fragrant air.

The stream sings loud its gladness,  
And upon the wind a voice  
Cries "Gone is the winter sadness,"  
And bids the world rejoice.

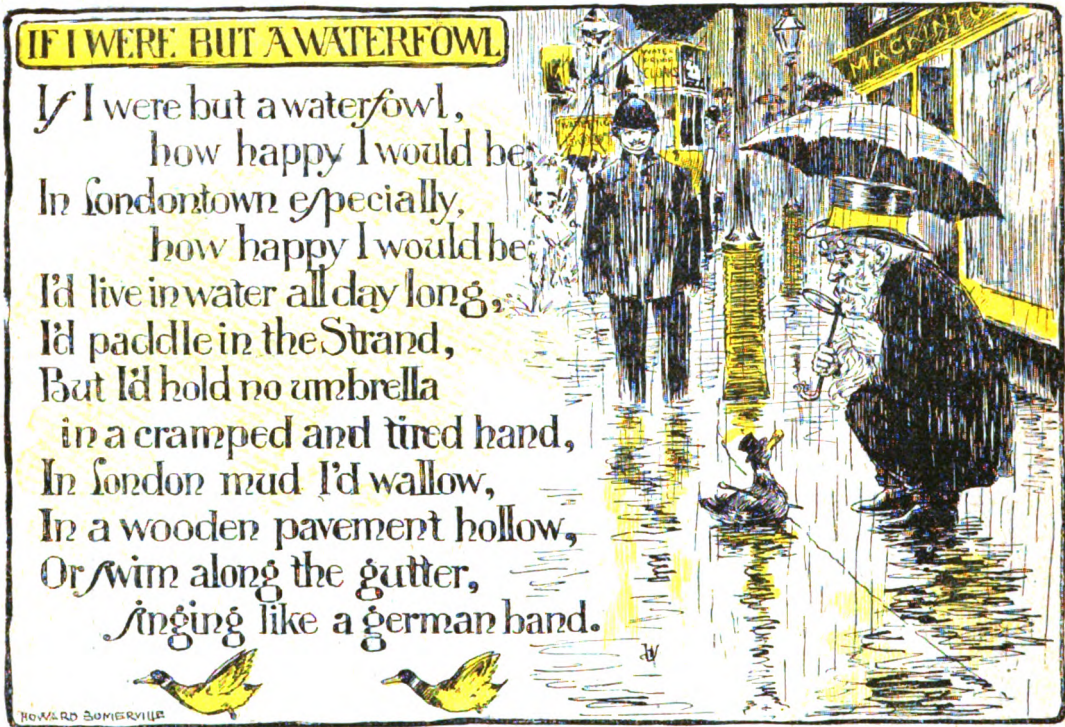




# THE DAFFODILS ARE BLOWING







## THROUGH TIME'S TELESCOPE.

V.—PETER PAUL RUBENS.

**T**OBY BALLARD thought he should like to be an artist. Perhaps this was because the afternoon was wet, and the idea of becoming a great explorer, or of following any out of doors profession had less attraction than when the sun was shining.

So he got his box of paints out of the cupboard and began. When an hour had gone by he discovered that the result of his exertions was not encouraging. Toby lost patience. Seizing the piece of card upon which he had been working, he tore it into fragments and flung them into the empty fireplace.

"That is the funniest way I ever saw of pursuing art," said a voice at his elbow. Toby blushed. He was sorry for what he had done, and ashamed to think anyone had seen him do it.

"Now I will show you a boy," went on the voice, "who followed a plan very different from *yours*."

Toby was not surprised to find this promise immediately fulfilled, and he had scarcely seated himself at the table again with his head dropped forward upon his folded arms, when a scene in old Antwerp presented itself to him. Master Ballard had heard so much of Antwerp and its splendid buildings, its quaint houses, and its beautiful churches, that he was surprised to find many of the streets bore signs of desolation, as though some sorrow had fallen upon them.

"It is only a few years," said the voice, "since the city and its inhabitants suffered in a cruel war and the soldiers of Philip II. ran riot in the streets of Antwerp. When such terrible events pass by they will leave their ugly footmarks long behind. Thus, even now, in the year 1590, many of poor Antwerp's streets are in ruins, and its citizens feel more heavily than ever the yoke that Philip II. of Spain has fastened upon the country."

But while the Spirit of History had been explaining all this, Toby's interest had become engrossed upon a fine large house, all gables and steep roofs, black wooden beams with carvings upon them, and little windows with small square panes. It was the house of the Countess Lalaing, whose husband had been much respected during his lifetime by William the Silent. Toby soon made a closer acquaintance with this lady's dwelling. So clear was everything to his sight that he seemed to enter the very door. From room to room he went, examining this and that, until he found himself at the foot of a flight of attic stairs. Groping his way up, he pushed open the creaky door which stood at the top. A ray of sunlight for a moment dazzled his eyes. Then he discovered that someone was in the room. It was a boy of about thirteen years old, dressed in the costume of a lady's page. He was kneeling before a large closed box, surrounded by a quantity of the dusty lumber which generally finds a resting place in such an old attic. The light from a small window fell on the boy's face, and on the top of the box over which he was bending. It was evidently serving him the purpose of a table, for it was strewn with scraps of paper, all of them covered with pencil drawings. The page boy's thoughts were now engrossed by an effort to draw the outline of a human face. Times and again he would hold the paper at arm's length to discover where the fault lay (for he knew there was a fault), and then, instead of impatiently tearing the paper into fragments, he bent over the box lid again, and toiled away until the drawing grew more to his satisfaction.

As Toby watched, the young artist began to murmur to himself.

"Oh, how I wish," said he, "that I could become a great painter! I don't like being a page boy at all, and if mother could send me to Master Verhaght's studio——" The thought was too splendid for words. The pencil moved over the paper with new energy, and if happy longings could inspire an artist's hand, the face that the boy was working at would have been the most beautiful ever drawn.

Presently he rose from his knees and stood by the little window. His eyes wandered over the roofs of Antwerp, but his thoughts wandered a great deal farther than that. The Countess Lalaing was not *very* fond of art and books, he thought, and living in her house was not like living in the house that he could remember in far away Cologne, where he had dwelt from a baby of one year old until he was eleven. His father was alive then. If he had not died, perhaps they would never have returned to Antwerp. Though his father had been a great student of law, he had still been fond of art and tasteful pursuits.

"But after all," said the boy, "why should I mind being a page so much? Every boy who wants to be brought up a gentleman must be a page *first*. Perhaps, if I tell mother how I long to be an artist, she will take me away from the Countess Lalaing."

He turned again to his drawings, and became so engrossed that he did not hear his name called. It was repeated again and again—"Peter Paul, Peter Paul!"—until the voice came only from the foot of the attic stairs and a footfall sounded on the creaking steps. Then he jumped to his feet, hurriedly concealed his precious scraps of paper, and ran to the door. Toby saw the door close behind him, heard the sound of retreating steps, and then the old attic, with its dusty lumber and dim lights, faded away.

"Is that all?" said Tobias, as no new scene appeared at once.

The Spirit of History laughed. "Why, no!" said he. "Peter Paul Rubens did not give up the idea of being a great artist because he could not be one at the first effort."

While he spoke Time's Telescope was focussed upon another scene. The Countess of Lalaing's page boy was standing before his mother in her home at Antwerp—a mother who had shown much wisdom in all her actions. While she and her family had lived in exile from her native city she had been a consolation to her husband (who had disgraced himself with the great Prince of Orange); she had been a loving mother to her children, and she now listened to her son with patient attention: heard of the efforts he had made to improve

his talent for drawing, learned his strong desire to become an artist, and examined the numerous sketches brought for her inspection. And then Toby heard that young Peter Paul was to be a page boy no longer, but should be sent as soon as possible into the studio of the great Verhaght, the master painter of Antwerp.

The brilliant career had begun, and Time's Telescope became busier than ever, for you have to be very quick if you would follow a clever and industrious boy from one success to another. Peter Paul Rubens did not stay long with Verhaght, for he was a landscape painter only, and the young artist wished to be able to paint figures as well. Accordingly Toby soon found him under the tutorship of Master Van Noort. When anyone *really* wants to be an artist he is willing to get up early in the morning. So that is what Peter Paul did, and ere long he had learned all that anybody in Antwerp could teach him—which means that he had learned a great deal—and when Time's Telescope showed him as a very young man journeying into Italy, his fame had gone before him, and Toby need not have

been surprised to see how he was welcomed there.

So rapidly did one scene follow another through the magic glass that Toby was almost confused. First, the great artist was standing in the presence of Queen Maria of France talking about some historical pictures he was to paint for her. Next he was arranging with King Charles I. of England, in his palace at Whitehall, for a grand portrait of his Majesty; or preparing for a visit to Madrid to settle terms of peace between the Spanish and the English kings.

Thus, under the sullen skies of war and tyranny the flower of this painter's art was reared, and as the scenes began to fade at last from Time's Telescope Toby could not help feeling glad that one who had desired so much to succeed should have succeeded so well.

He walked to the fireplace and stood gazing at some fragments of card lying in the grate. And as he did so he seemed to see again the humble page boy of Antwerp kneeling in the dim and dusty attic with his scraps of precious drawings lying around him.

JOHN LEA.

## LOLLIPOP LAND.

I MOUNTED my gingerbread charger to-day,  
And over the hills I galloped away;  
Over the hills I galloped, you know,  
To the Lollipop-land where the Sugar-sticks  
grow!

I sped along through the golden fields  
Where the Barley-sugar rich harvest yields,  
And the cattle looked up in mild surprise,  
And gazed at me long with their big Bull's-eyes.

But I hurried along through the meadows  
sweet,  
Down Candy Lane and up Toffy Street,  
Till I came to a place where the roadway  
stops,  
And reached the Valley of Peppermint Drops.  
The hedges were bordered with Sugar-plums,  
And the little buds were tiny Tom Thumbs,

While the flowers that grew by the silver  
streams  
All blossomed with beautiful Chocolate  
Creams.

But I passed along through this tempting  
stock,  
And rode up the mountain of Almond Rock;  
And there, at the top, lay the snow that makes  
The Sugared Ice for the Birthday-cakes.

My charger he neighed and tossed his head,  
While I patted his neck of ginger-bread;  
And then, as we started a gallop once more,  
I fell, with a bump—on the nursery floor!

"Dear heart! Pretty lamb!" cried Nurse;  
"I declare,  
He'd fallen asleep as he sat in his chair,  
With his gingerbread cake still clasped in his  
hand."

That's how I came back from Lollipop-land!

CONSTANCE M. LOWE.

## IN PERIL ON THE HILLS.



LUMP! Flop! Scamper! Scamper! Scuttle!

A noise as if a crowd of people were jumping about on the iron roof overhead, and the green arms of the ilex on the terrace swaying as if with a wind. But it was quite a still morning.

"What can be the matter!" cried Maudie.

"Who is it?" asked little May sleepily out of her bed. She was tired with her long journey up from the hot plains the night before.

It was a gorgeous morning in the Himalayas, a bright sun shining down on to a little bungalow nestling amid the trees on the mountain side. And two little nightgowned figures ran out on to the verandah.

With them came Flip, Miss Mutton's white terrier. Miss Mutton had taken charge of Maudie and May at her home in the mountains when it was too hot for them to remain any longer with their parents in the plains.

"Oh, Maudie! A lot of old grey men on the roof!"

"You goose, May, they're monkeys!"

"Bow, wow, wow!" barked Flip, who knew all about the monkeys, and hated them.

And monkeys, indeed, they were. A troop of grey-bearded, long-furred hill monkeys, or *lungoors*, which, bounding down the mountain side when out for an early morning ramble, had rested awhile to play on the roof of Miss Mutton's bungalow.

But the sight of Maud and May, and Flip's barking, scared them. Off they scampered, leaping from branch to branch, through the swaying forest, till they were lost to sight in a sea of green.

Every morning, however, they came down that way from the cliffs above, where they lived, tempted by an apricot orchard below Miss Mutton's bungalow. Gradually the little girls learnt to look for their morning callers, and spread food for them to induce the *lungoors* to linger that they might watch their antics more closely.

But *lungoors* are shy creatures compared with the brown monkeys which Maud and May had been used to see about in the plains about the roofs of the natives' houses, and which English children watch on hurdy-gurdies. It was some time ere they grew used to human beings. It was the food that did it, however; any little tit-bits they could not resist. Gradually they would spring down upon the terrace and clutch at bits close to Maudie's feet, while May looked on.

Then they would bound up the nearest trees and eat the morsels hastily and greedily, as if in fear of their being taken from them by Flip or their fellow-monkeys, jabbering and snarling—*crrk, crrk*, all the while.

Flip didn't like the monkeys, any more than the monkeys liked him. Perhaps it was jealousy about the food, for Flip was very fond of scraps, too, and I dare say he did not see why the *lungoors* should get them. So it happened that the dearest wish of Flip's heart was to catch one of the monkeys. He was very successful with rats and with cats, he knew, and he longed to get a monkey. But they were always one too many for him. In vain Flip tried dodging, barking, running; the *lungoors* had longer legs than he had, and could jump, whereas Flip could only run. When he thought he had got one sitting, apparently on the terrace at the foot of the big ilex—*Shush!* off it would bound, almost to the topmost bough, and Flip would be left barking, discontented and indignant, below.

One happy day, however, he was in luck. There was a quite young monkey, old enough to run and jump alone, without being carried clinging to its mother, and yet not old enough to be very wise. If it had had the wisdom to stop up among the boughs where she had left it, Flip would never have had the chance. But the silly little thing ventured down with the others after the bait of biscuits on the terrace, while Flip, who was pretending to be asleep in the verandah, looked out of one corner of his wicked little eye, and made a sudden rush.

The older monkeys scampered off, but the little one could not jump so far, and in an instant Flip was shaking him as he would a rat.

In vain Maudie and May called to him to leave go, begging and coaxing him. Flip had got his chance at last.

But he had reckoned without a grey-bearded monkey, almost as tall as a man, the great-grandfather of all the tribe.

With one wild powerful leap this hoary personage bounded to the assistance of the oppressed youngster. The next moment the latter was scampering off, frightened but free, while Flip, howling, and his tail between his legs, had taken refuge under Miss Mutton's chair, with two marks of the big monkey's sharp teeth on his little white neck.

"Serve him right for bullying the poor little monkeys!" said Maudie.

"My poor, darling Flip!" said Miss Mutton, tenderly. "Run, May, and get him a macaroon out of the biscuit-tin; and Maudie, call the bearer to bring some water to bathe his poor, dear neck."

May obeyed a little hesitatingly. Miss Mutton was not Mother. If she had been she would never have given to Flip what the little girls were grudging—the best English dessert biscuits.

"She's all very well," quoth Maud, "but she's full of 'don'ts.'"

Which was quite true. I fear Maudie and May were both rather spoilt children, as children in India so often are; spoilt by their parents because the latter know that they will soon have to part from their darlings, who will grow too old to be kept in the Indian climate, and spoilt by the native servants, who are much too kind to children.

Then there were the lessons, too.

"Dear little girls," Miss Mutton had said the day after they arrived, "you will be feeling so much better and stronger now, out of the heat, and up in this nice cool, bracing air, that I shall begin to-morrow with a couple of hours with Maudie, and take May at the same time for half an hour. It is quite time she began her letters and her twice two and her pothooks."

But May didn't think it was. In fact, the stronger and better she felt the more inclined she was to run about and play, instead of sitting still over stupid books, and Maudie quite agreed. There was so much to see new and wonderful in the beautiful mountain world in which they found themselves.

So both little girls growled and grumbled, and began to dislike Miss Mutton almost as much as the monkeys hated Flip.

But it was Maudie who started the idea, I am sorry to say, because she, being the elder, ought to have known better, and shown May a good example.

They were standing one morning watching the retreating monkeys scamper away into the forest, when Miss Mutton's sharp voice was heard calling them in to lessons.

"Bother!" grunted Maudie. "I'm sure it's not time yet."

"I wish we were nice and free like the monkeys, and could run away," sighed May.

"And I've got extra work to do alone this afternoon, 'cause I wasn't good yesterday," growled Maud. "She's horrid."

"Let's run away with the monkeys!" cried May.

"I've a good mind to," said Maud. "Let's go this afternoon when she's out of the way, down shopping, and give her a good fright, wondering what has become of us. Serve her right for being so strict."

"Yes! Yes!" and May jumped and clapped her little hands. "Let's run right away and go up into the mountain and see where the monkeys live!"

Luck favoured them. After tiffin, as they called lunch, Miss Mutton sallied forth borne aloft in her *jampan* by four natives, to do her shopping down in the valley in the bazaar of native shops, and presently the ayah, who never counted for much, slunk off to her little dog-kennel of a hut behind the bungalow, to eat her dinner and smoke and chew the *pān* she loved so dearly, and which dyed her teeth a hideous reddish black.

Maudie flung aside her hated French exercise and her copy-book, and off the children crept, silently, for fear ayah should spy them. Flip offered himself as a companion.





"DABBLED THEIR FEET IN THE WATER" (p. 372).



"We'll let him come," said Maudie. "He'll be glad to attack the monkeys in their lair, and have his revenge. It'll be fun to see!"

Up, up, up! Up the narrow, steep, stony path behind the house, ziz-zagging up the mountain side. Under the shade of the ilex, among thin gnarled stems, and under the great trunks of the tall deodar pines. The partridges and the pheasants called in the forest, beautiful butterflies, swallow-tailed and radiant with colour, flitted across the path; lizards sunned themselves on bare rocks, and chameleons flashed away in the brilliant sunshine.

Suddenly Maudie, who had so nearly caught a swallow-tail with her sun-bonnet, heard a little cry behind her from where May was wading on the side of the path amid the masses of maidenhair-fern, picking the pink begonias.

"Oh! my foot, my foot! It's all bluggy!"

The elder sister turned and hurried to her side. "What's hurt you, May? Not a snake!" she asked, frightened.

"No, nothing hurt anywhere, only—see, it's all bluggy!"

Sure enough a little blood was oozing out over the white sock. Maudie hastily tore off shoe and sock, but nothing was to be seen anywhere—no wound.

Stay. Something black fell out of the sock, something black and fat, like a tiny slug.

"A leech!" cried Maudie, much relieved. "Only a leech. May, there's lots of leeches about in the long grass, don't go off the path again."

So on they wandered up and up. But still far above them towered the precipice in whose

crannies the *lungoors*, they had been told, made their homes. The afternoon had worn on, the sun was low behind the mountains, and the children were hot and tired. Presently they found a little stream coming bubbling down a feathered ravine, and the path crossed it by a little bridge. Here the little girls sat themselves down, and, taking off their shoes and socks, dabbled their feet in the water, and cooled poor May's bitten ankle, fanning themselves with the large coleus leaves which grew on the bank.

The woods were growing dark. Flip, remembering tit-bits at Miss Mutton's dinner time, stood watching them, and in dog language begging them to come home.

But someone else was watching them, too, out of the thick brushwood, unseen, but close at hand.

Happily the children sat still, laughing and talking together. But Flip moved off, a white speck on the homeward road.

Suddenly there was a spring, and a dark mass leapt out through the gloaming.

Then followed a yelp, and that was the last that was ever seen or heard of Flip!

The scared children did not dare to move. Might not the leopard make another spring?

At last! It seemed an age of dead silence and dismay. Voices came up the path—the bearer, the ayah, Miss Mutton herself. The next moment the frightened children had rushed into her arms.

She was horrid no longer. All was forgiven and forgotten. But Maudie and May never again wanted to run away and see where the monkeys lived.

EDITH E. CUTHELL.

## A TROUBLESOME SUM.

ARITHMETIC," the Sum remarked,

"Is not in Willie's way;  
If 5 a chance, most terribly  
I'll puzzle him 2-day.

"As he declares that figures are  
A nuisance and a bore;  
I'll try his 10-der brain as it  
Has ne'er been tried be-4.

"He says he '8s the Rule of 3,'  
And so it's my design,  
To show his teacher that he is,  
A youngster asi-9."

\* \* \*

To do that Sum when it was set,  
Cost Willie toil immense;  
He said he'd known no harder 1  
In his 6-perience!

FELIX LEIGH.

## NOWHERE AND WHAT WAS THERE.

**D**OROTHY sat up in bed impatiently. "I can't see why you don't let me alone," she said to the Dream; "I was good; I was sound asleep."

"That's about the only time that you are good," said the Dream, balancing himself on the footboard.

"Well, you needn't talk," said Dorothy, crossly; "you are bad yourself; in fact, you are about the worst dream I ever had."

"Oh, come now," said the Dream. "How about that one that brought the great big striped tiger right into your room, and was going to let him eat you up, only your mother came, when you screamed, and drove him away?"

"Yes, he was pretty bad," admitted Dorothy; "but just see what *you* did! You knocked the floor right out from under everything, so that when I looked over the edge of the bed I looked clear down to Nowhere, and pretty nearly fell over. It was awful."

The Dream giggled. "My! but you were frightened—and I have not put the floor back again yet, either. Say, come on down there with me, and I'll surprise you. We will be back to breakfast."

"But you are a bad Dream, and I am afraid to trust myself to you," objected Dorothy; "you might get me into all sorts of trouble. No, thank you, I don't believe I'll go."

"Oh, yes, you will," said the Dream, jumping off the footboard and hopping across the counterpane toward her. He was little and thin and brown, and had sharp ears, and a sharp nose, and sharp toes, and very, very sharp eyes, and he wore a suit of skin-tight brown velvet, and little soft velvet shoes. He took hold of two of Dorothy's fingers. "Come on," he said.

"I won't," said Dorothy, holding back and looking fearfully over the edge of the bed, away down to Nowhere.

"Oh, yes, you will," said the Dream again; "stand up."

Dorothy obeyed, although she tried her

very best not to. It seemed as if she simply could not help herself.

"Now jump," said the Dream, and away they went.

"Why, this isn't so very bad," said Dorothy, catching her breath after the first terrible feeling of falling, as she found herself moving swiftly along through space; "only I'd like to see something. When you can't see a thing, and it isn't dark either, you sort of feel as if you weren't anywhere."

"You are not," said the Dream. "This is Nowhere."

"Oh," said Dorothy, "then there isn't anything here to see, of course?"

"What would you like to see?" asked the Dream. "If there is anything that isn't anywhere that you would care to have a look at, just think of it and you will see it."

"I should like to see To-morrow," said Dorothy hesitatingly; "folks are always talking about it, and yet it never comes."

As she spoke she saw before her a great figure plodding along in the shadow. Its face was scowling and fretful, and it was loaded down with all sorts of things. In one hand was a satchel of school books and a half-hemmed handkerchief, while the fingers of the other hand were constantly moving up and down, as if practising on the piano, and all over its back were pinned unfinished pieces of fancy-work, half-written letters, and neglected tasks of all kinds.

"Oh, how ugly!" exclaimed Dorothy; "I always did hate to-morrows, there is so much to be done in them; but I had no idea that they were as bad as that. And I see now why it never gets here, because it is going the other way, of course."

The Dream chuckled. "Don't like her appearance, eh? Well, it is all in the way that you look at her. Go around on the other side, the bright side, and take a look from there."

Dorothy stepped around on the other side, and lo! the shadow melted away, and the heavy, dark figure changed to that of a lovely maiden dancing along before them, smiling

and beckoning. Her hair was wreathed with flowers, and over her arm were thrown daintily finished bits of sewing and embroidery. The fingers of one hand still moved as if playing on the piano, but they brought forth the most beautiful music.

Dorothy started forward. "Oh, how lovely!"

"Makes a difference which way you look at her, don't it?" said the Dream.

"I should say so," cried Dorothy; "I shall always look at the bright side hereafter. I had no idea that it made so much difference."

"Good," said the Dream. "Now, what else do you want to see? But, never mind, here comes something."

Dorothy looked, and then screamed and clung to the Dream, for there, coming straight toward her, was a most dreadful object. It was very big, nearly as large as a horse, and much heavier, and it had long, shaggy hair, and hard, smooth wings, like those of a beetle. It walked upon at least eight legs, and a great pair of strong, sharp pincers projected in front of its nose, and it seemed to have about a hundred eyes upon each side of its head.

As it came towards them it opened its great red mouth full of shining white teeth, and uttered a terrible sound, something between a snarl, a roar, and a buzz.

"Oh, what is it? What is it?" shrieked Dorothy, trying in vain to run away, for her feet seemed glued to the nothing upon which she was standing.

"That is a Bugbear," said the Dream, calmly, "and it is coming rather near, too, so you had better drive it away pretty soon."

"Drive it away? Oh, how? What shall I do?" screamed Dorothy, as it came closer and closer; "why, I haven't so much as a pin."

"Laugh," said the Dream.

"Laugh!" she exclaimed indignantly. "How can I laugh, you horrid, cruel Dream, when I am frightened almost to death? Oh, dear! Oh, do something quick."

"Do it yourself," said the Dream; "laugh, as I told you. That is the only way."

Already the terrible beast was almost upon her, opening and closing his great pincers like an enormous pair of clashing shears. There

seemed to be nothing else to do, and so poor Dorothy uttered a timid, weak little "Ha-ha!" that sounded about as humorous as a sob. Nevertheless, the Bugbear seemed to hesitate, and put up a pair of his big fore-paws as if to ward off a blow. "Ha-ha!" said Dorothy again; this time a little more confidently. The Bugbear backed off somewhat, and began to tremble all over. He looked so funny, such a great big shaggy thing seeming so frightened, that Dorothy burst into a genuine laugh, loud and long. That was too much for the poor Bugbear. He tried to turn and run, but his knees were too shaky, and he only sank down upon them, growing smaller and mistier, and when Dorothy ran forward, still laughing at his ridiculous appearance, she found that he was only a sort of a dusty cloud, which soon faded away to nothing.

"Why, he wasn't anything at all," she exclaimed to the Dream, in surprise.

"You are right," said the Dream; "always meet a Bugbear with a laugh, and he isn't there."

"How funny it is in Nowhere," said Dorothy, "but you can learn things. Really, I am growing quite brave. I think I would like to see a Ghost now, if you will be sure to stay with me."

"Oh, I'll stay," said the Dream. "Here it comes."

And sure enough, there before them stood an indistinct white figure, swaying back and forth in the air, and looking very ghostly indeed.

Dorothy shrank back a little. "I—I don't feel quite as brave as I did," she said in a rather small voice. "I think that I can see its eyes; they are sort of smoky and fiery."

"Go closer," said the Dream.

Dorothy took a timid step forward, and saw that the white figure seemed to be wrapped in just an ordinary white sheet, and that the eyes were merely spots of phosphorus painted upon it, then she grew braver.

"Pull off the sheet," called the Dream.

Dorothy summoned up all of her courage, and leaning forward she gave the corner of the sheet a jerk, when out jumped a little, laughing boy with red cheeks and shining eyes.

"Who are you?" exclaimed Dorothy, rather startled, but smiling in spite of herself.

"Why, I'm a Joke," said the merry little boy; "that is what all ghosts are. Pull off the covering and you'll find a Joke inside every time—you may be sure of that, so you need never be afraid."

"True enough," said the Dream, joining them; "they are bad-mannered fellows, these Jokes who hide in ghosts, but they will never hurt you. They don't mean to be really bad, they are just mischievous, and sometimes they get the worst of it themselves, when they have angry people to deal with. Come now, it is almost breakfast-time, is there anything else that you are afraid of and would like to see before you go back?"

"Well," said Dorothy, "when there is a very hard thunderstorm, I sometimes think that perhaps the end of the world has come, and that sort of frightens me."

"I can show you about that," said the Dream; "now don't be afraid."

Then Dorothy heard a great rumbling of thunder, and saw monstrous clouds come rolling up, rent here and there by vivid flashes of lightning, while the wind blew in long, heavy gusts, but she only pressed her lips tightly together, and kept saying to herself, "The Dream is with me. Nothing can really hurt me while I have the Dream."

They had been moving along very rapidly

with the storm, and presently Dorothy saw that before them stood a great wall, of which she could see neither the top nor the bottom.

"This," said the Dream, "is the end of the world."

"But what is on the other side?" asked Dorothy.

"Oh, you want to see beyond, do you? You didn't say that. Well, go close to the wall."

Dorothy did so, and as she laid her hand upon it she found that it was only a soft, grey curtain of mist. She drew it gently aside and peered beyond. For a long time she stood looking, her face bright with surprise and pleasure, and her eyes shining with delight; then she drew a long breath and turned to the Dream:

"Well, if that is what comes at the end of the world, I don't care one bit how soon it comes," she said.

"Perfectly satisfied, are you?" said the Dream, with a little chuckle. "It is funny the sort of things that folks are afraid of. Come now, it is breakfast-time; home you go. Shut your eyes."

When she opened them again the clock was just striking seven, and she was once more sitting up in bed.

"Well," she said, as she looked over the bed-rail down to the blue and white forget-me-not carpet, "that Dream was not such a very bad one after all."





### THE GRAND CHAIN.

## THE BOOK OF BETTY BARBER AND THE TROUBLE IT CAUSED.

By MAGGIE BROWNE, Author of "*Wanted—a King*," "*The Surprising Adventures of Tuppy and Tue*," etc.

### CHAPTER IX.

#### THE BOX CHASE.

**O**NE—two—three—away," shouted Thirteen-fourteenths.

And away they all went, one after the other, one on the top of the other, pleased to get out of the hall in which they had been shut up so long, delighted to run about and stretch their legs.

Sois found the first box, close to the lodge gates, and a halt was called to examine it. It was passed from hand to hand, and declared to be exactly like the other two.

"We're on the track," cried Thirteen-fourteenths.

"On the track," shouted Repeater.

"Then forward again," shouted Sois.

The black and white figures hurried through the gates away out of Sum Land.

"Another box!" shouted Ellesdee.

"Hurrah, give it to me!" cried Thirteen-fourteenths, and box number four was added to the collection.

Thirteen-fourteenths was eager to find

more boxes, and once more the troop began to run and jump. Boxes number five and six were found not far away from number four, and the Fraction tucked them away in his pockets, without stopping the party.

"I hope there are not many more," said Thirteen-fourteenths. "I want to find the hare, the man who is dropping the boxes."

"Another box!" cried Tare, picking up something as he ran, "no lid this time!"

"And here's another," shouted Tret.

"There seem to be always two together," said Ellesdee. "He drops them in couples."

On they ran until they came to a place where several roads met.

"Well, here's another," cried Sois.

"And another," said Repeater, "at the foot of the sign-post."

"We must stop a minute," said Ellesdee. "I want to rest, and you will have to pack your boxes away, Thirteen-fourteenths. I'm sure your pockets are full."

"We'll all rest," said Tare.

"Indeed we will," said Tret, and he threw himself down on the ground.

But the Fraction did not sit down, though he stood still.

"I wonder which path we ought to take," he said, looking up at the sign-post above his head.

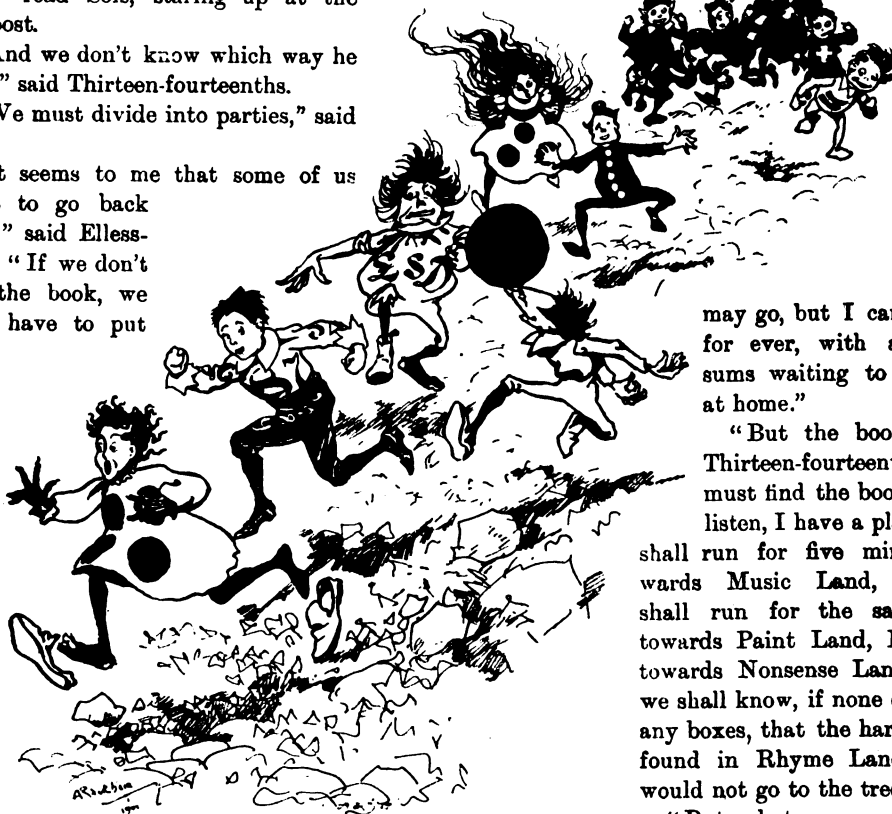
It was a difficult question, for there were several roads meeting.

"To Nonsense Land, To Music Land, To Paint Land, To Sum Land, To Rhyme Land, To the Tall Tall Tree," read Sois, staring up at the sign-post.

"And we don't know which way he went," said Thirteen-fourteenths.

"We must divide into parties," said Sois.

"It seems to me that some of us ought to go back home," said Elles-dee. "If we don't find the book, we shall have to put



"Forward again!" shouted Sois" (p. 376).

all those bits of paper together; for you know, some way or other, we must get those sums right."

Tare looked at Tret, and yawned a big yawn. "I'm tired," he said.

"If a man drops twelve boxes, how many will he drop?" said Sois.

"He may drop hundreds and hundreds," said Ellesdee, "and men may come and men

may go, but I can't go on for ever, with all those sums waiting to be done at home."

"But the book?" said Thirteen-fourteenths. "We must find the book. Now listen, I have a plan: Sois shall run for five minutes towards Music Land, Ellesdee shall run for the same time towards Paint Land, I will go towards Nonsense Land. Then we shall know, if none of us find any boxes, that the hare is to be found in Rhyme Land, for he would not go to the tree."

"But what are we to do?" asked the others.

"Sit still for five minutes here," said the Fraction, "and when the time is up help Repeater to call us back."

"A splendid plan," cried Tare.

"Grand!" said Tret.

"If I find a box," said Ellesdee, "you must go on your journey towards Paint Land without me. I'm very sorry, but I think I must go back home."

"And if I find a box," said Sois, "the box



chase must be finished in Music Land without me. I must go back, too."

"We will first find a box, then we can decide what to do," said Thirteen-fourteenths. "One, two, three, away!" he shouted.

He, Ellesdee, and Sois were soon out of sight. For the first two minutes the others lay still, resting; but at the end of the third minute Tare said to Tret—

"A box chase is very tiring, I don't want to go any further."

"Neither do I," said Tret.

"At the end of the time they will come back," said Tare, "and if they have found only one more box, we shall have to start the chase again. Don't you think?"

"I do," said one of the figures.

"So do I," said another.

"Four minutes," called Repeater.

"Well, then, don't you also think if we are going, we may as well go at once?" said Tare.

"Wait until the time is up," said Tret.

So they waited and rested, and when Repeater said, "Five minutes," they all shouted, "Time's up," then picked themselves up from the ground, and ran down the path back to Sum Land as fast as their legs could carry them.

Ellesdee was the first of the three to reach the sign-post, and he stared about him, much astonished not to find anybody there.

"Well," he said, feeling rather annoyed, "I ran very quickly, they might have waited for me."

"Hullo!" called a voice.

Ellesdee looked up. It was Sois hurrying down the path quite breathless.

"They've gone," said Ellesdee, "without waiting for us, isn't it horrid of them?"

"Which way did they go?" asked Sois. "I didn't find a box. Did you?"

"Not a sign of one," said Ellesdee, "I suppose they have all gone to Rhyme Land. I'm not going, I'm off home, and you had better come home too. I call this a wild goose chase, not a box chase."

"If one wild goose——" said Sois.

"If you don't come home," said Ellesdee, who was feeling quite cross and bad tempered, "something will happen."

They were scarcely out of sight when Thirteen-fourteenths appeared, looking rather depressed, walking quite slowly, with his eyes fastened to the ground. He had not found boxes, lids, anything. He bumped into the sign-post with not looking where he was going, and then stared up at it as if he had never seen it before.

"It can't be the right place," he said. "Where are the others? They were to wait." Then he stared about him. "It is the right place," he said. "Now where have they gone? I think I can guess—back to Sum Land. They were all getting tired of the chase. If they had found any boxes, they would have let me know quickly enough. Well, I suppose I must go by myself to Rhyme Land, and hope to find the hare there. Hullo, there's a procession coming down the road, I'll hide and watch."

The Fraction ran to the nearest tree, and climbed into it.

Four Rooks, marching along solemnly, headed the procession, behind them came four more, but they were fastened to a basket, a work-basket, which rolled along on empty cotton reel wheels, as smoothly as possible. In the work-basket, on a white roll of work, sat a Thimble and a Needle, looking quite pleased with themselves. On one side of this queer carriage a pair of Scissors marched along, on the other stalked a tall, pink Fox-glove. All round the carriage tripped a number of dainty little Violets, who kept trying to curtsy as they walked, and behind it followed a crowd of animals—horses, oxen, and sheep. When they came to the sign-post they halted.

The Scissors looked up and read aloud, "To Nonsense Land." Then he turned to the Thimble, and said, "Drive on."

Thirteen - fourteenths stared after them until the last sheep had disappeared down the road, then he jumped down from his tree.

"I wonder who they are, and why they are going to Nonsense Land," he said, "and I wonder if they have found any boxes. I'll run after them and ask them."

He ran down the road with a skip and a jump and a bound, and he very quickly caught up the procession, for they were not travelling

very quickly. He made his way through the horses and oxen and sheep, and tried to catch one of the Violets, but she easily kept out of his way.

At last the Scissors noticed him, and at once the Scissors made a sign to the Thimble, and the whole procession stopped.

Thirteen-fourteenths bowed his very best bow.

"Might I ask, sir——" he began.

"My name is Snip," said the Scissors.

"And mine Thirteen-fourteenths," said the Fraction. "Might I ask, Mr. Snip, if on your journey from Rhyme Land you have found any boxes similar to these?" and Thirteen-fourteenths took three or four out of his pocket.

"We have not seen any such boxes on our journey," said Mr. Snip, "but doubtless there are many such in Nonsense Land. He is always dropping them about."

"Who is always dropping them about?" asked the Fraction eagerly.

All the little Violets joined hands in a circle round the Fraction, and shouted as loudly as such small bits of things could shout:

"By the use of this ointment, one shilling a box. Allow me to sell you a couple."

Then they all began to laugh, and the Thimble, the Needle, the Rooks, and all the other animals joined in.

"Father William, you know," explained Mr. Snip, "Father William always carries about boxes of this ointment, and drops them too."

"And who is Father William?" asked the Fraction.

"If you will walk along with us," said Mr. Snip, "I will tell you all I know about Father William, an exceedingly curious person. But we must be moving on, or we shall be late, and it is most important that we should not be late. Excuse me, one moment."

Mr. Snip clicked sharply three times, then calling, "On, on, we shall be too late to help Lucy," made a sign to the Thimble, and once more the procession started.

"To help Lucy?" repeated Thirteen-fourteenths. Then he looked around him. "Then you are Lucy's," he said.

"Of course," said Mr. Snip. "We are all Lucy's, and we are off to Nonsense Land to try and help her out. One of the Rooks heard from Mrs. Owl, who had heard from someone else—and, by the way, I believe that that someone was this same Father William you were asking about—heard that Lucy, who is lost in Nonsense Land, was to appear this very day before the Court of the Grand Panjandrum to prove that she was sense, not nonsense."

"And we thought we could help her, so we set off at once," cawed one of the Rooks who were drawing the basket.

"But we couldn't get through the little gate, there were so many of us, and we had to come all the way round," said another.

"I wish I could help, too," said the Fraction, "but I am looking for a book, which I believe your friend Father William has in his possession."

"Why, Mrs. Owl said something about Father William fetching a book," said the Rook. "Lucy wanted the book, I fancy, but I didn't much attend to that part of the story."

"Then, perhaps Father William has taken it to Lucy in Nonsense Land," said Thirteen-fourteenths, "does Father William live in Nonsense Land? Tell me about him, tell me about him, tell me quickly." And Thirteen-fourteenths could scarcely keep still he was so excited.

"Let me speak to them all one minute," said Mr. Snip, "for we must be nearing Nonsense Land."

"Friends," he said, "remember we have come to help Lucy. We shall need great patience, great watchfulness, strict obedience. Will you all be watchful, patient, and obedient to me? I will lead you, and if we are able to help Lucy out of Nonsense Land she will take us back to our own tree, and we shall all be happy once more."

"We promise," cawed the Rooks.

"Obedience, patience, and watchfulness," said the others.

"Then forward," said the Scissors.

"Now tell me all about Father William," said the Fraction.

Mr. Snip explained how Father William had once lived in the Land of Poetry, how he had wandered into Nonsense Land, and could not find his way back to his own home again.

"He spends all his time trying to find the way," said Mr. Snip, "he is a restless spirit."

"But I don't now understand how the book got into Nonsense Land," said Thirteen-fourteenths.

"Excuse me," said Mr. Snip, "we must not discuss the question further now. We are approaching Nonsense Land. We must move quietly with the greatest caution. We must



"Thirteen-fourteenths bowed his very best bow" (p. 379).

not speak, we must not be seen. There are many who wish to keep Lucy in Nonsense Land, and they would drive us away if they knew we meant to try to help her."

"Will you go into Nonsense Land?" asked the Fraction.

"Certainly not," said Mr. Snip. "We must find some place and hide in Border Land. Silence, please," he called.

And the procession moved along as quietly as a number of mice.

The Violets climbed into the basket, and hid in the roll of white needlework; the horses walked on the tips of their hoofs, and very funny they looked, too; never a "baa" was heard from a sheep, nor a click from Mr. Snip himself.

They heard voices calling, "The Court of

the Grand Panjandrum is assembling, the Court of the Grand Panjandrum!"

But they only walked more quickly, crept along more quietly without speaking a word. The road began to get narrower, the hedges on each side of it thicker. Mr. Snip motioned to the procession to stop. Then he lay on his back close to the hedge, and quietly kick, kick, kicked until he had kicked a hole in the hedge. He peeped through the hole, and beckoned to the Fraction, and the Fraction peeped through, too, and they both nodded to the others to tell them that it was all right—that this was the place.

The Rooks slipped their heads out of their silk reins, the Needle, Thimble, and Violets jumped lightly out of the basket, the work in the basket began to unroll itself, trying hard not to sigh and groan, for it was rather stiff and uncomfortable. Lucy had squeezed it up so very tight.

Mr. Snip kicked a few more holes in the hedge, motioned each of his helpers by signs to a place, put the Fraction in front of a hole close beside him, and as the voice called, "The Court of the Grand Panjandrum is assembled," Mr. Snip nodded to the Fraction, and even ventured to whisper the tiniest of whispers, "So are we."

## CHAPTER X.

### THE COURT OF THE GRAND PANJANDRUM.

**O**RDER, order, order!" called the Young Man, Father William's son.

And with much arranging of tails, for many of them were animals, and minding of toes, they all settled in their places, and stared very hard at Lucy, who was sitting close to the hedge all by herself, looking very fierce and determined.

"Silence in the court!" called the Young Man, but not one of them stopped talking for a single minute.

"Look at her," said the Lobster, "she looks as cross as if she had lost a claw. Why can't she make up her mind to settle down and stay with us, and be comfortable?"

"She said she would find her way out of Nonsense Land," said the Walrus, "but she hasn't done it, and I knew she wouldn't do it."

The Grand Panjandrum rose in his seat.

"Know all men by these presents," shouted the Young Man.

"Where are the presents?" asked the Carpenter, but nobody took any notice of him.

"All right," said the Pussy Cat, "we know all about that, go on to the next part. Call Anthony Rowley."

So the Young Man looked at the Grand Panjandrum, the Grand Panjandrum nodded, and the Young Man called at the top of his voice:

"Anthony Rowley, appear before the Court of the Grand Panjandrum!"

"What's A. Rowley got to do with it?" asked the Carpenter.

"Here he comes, with his three imps," whispered Mr. Snip to the Fraction, as they peeped through the hedge. "Lucy persuaded him to come."

Anthony Rowley himself looked rather sad and depressed; he sighed, and said "Heigho!" But Rowley-Powley, Gammon, and Spinach were three of the liveliest imps you ever saw. Anthony Rowley bowed to the Grand Panjandrum, his three imps only set faces.

"Go on, tell all you know, and don't 'Heigho' more than you can help," whispered the Young Man.

"Heigho," sighed Anthony Rowley. "Life is a tragedy, and I, poor, miserable creature that I am, know only too well the discomfort of uncongenial surroundings."

"Spell it," said the Young Man.

"Do they bite?" asked the Carpenter.

"What's the gentleman talking about?" asked the Pussy Cat.

Lucy jumped to her feet.

"I know what he means," she said, "he means it is very miserable to be with people you don't want to be with, and I quite agree with him."

"Order! Order! Order!" called the Young Man, looking at the Grand Panjandrum's little button, which was bobbing up and down faster and faster every minute, a sure sign that he was getting angry.

Lucy sat down suddenly. Someone from behind pulled her dress hard, and she was too much astonished to object.

Anthony Rowley bowed once more, and began again. "I know myself," he said, "the great discomfort of uncongenial surroundings."

"He is calling us names," whispered Rowley-Powley to Gammon and Spinach.

"And therefore I can entirely understand that a comely maiden of small stature, who desires to proceed with the serious business of life in peaceful repose," continued Anthony Rowley, "may find it disturbing to be compelled to remain in idleness in a land given up to mirth and merriment."

Lucy jumped up to her feet quickly, but once more sat down very suddenly.

"Do you wish to say anything further?" asked the Young Man, watching the Grand Panjandrum's button rather anxiously.

"Heigho!" sighed Anthony Rowley.

"Then now it is our turn," cried Rowley-Powley, and before the Young Man could even call "Order in the court," Rowley-Powley had jumped over Gammon's back, and Gammon over Spinach's. Then they all three rushed at Anthony Rowley, two of them seized his arms, the other picked up his legs, and sweeping him off his feet, they carried him away out of the court.

"Heigho!" said Anthony Rowley.

"Dear me!" said the Owl. "Uncongenial surroundings seem to be exceedingly unpleasant."

The Grand Panjandrum's button was bob, bobbing, up and down, up and down, it looked as if it would bob itself off.

"Lucy, Lucy, appear before the Court of the Grand Panjandrum," shouted the Young Man.

Lucy jumped up quickly, and tried to move forward, only to find that she was a prisoner, her dress seemed somehow caught fast in the hedge.

"Stay where you are," said the Young Man, "and answer the Pussy Cat's questions quietly and quickly."

"How many verses have you?" asked the Pussy Cat.

"Six," said Lucy, "and I won't cut one out."

"Say the third," said the Pussy Cat.

Lucy began to think, began to speak, stopped, looked puzzled, and frowned.

"Is it sense or nonsense?" asked the Young Man.

"It is sense," said Lucy; "it is about——" And then once more she stopped to think.

"Well, we can't decide if it's sense or nonsense, if she won't say it," said the Lobster.

"I expect it is nonsense," said the Clangle-Wangle.

"She told me something about rooks sewing as long as their eyes could see," said the Walrus.

But at that moment from the other side of the hedge came the sound of horses neighing, of oxen lowing, and of sheep bleating.

"Of course," said Lucy, and she began to smile. "The third verse, I believe you said," and she felt so happy she nodded at the Grand Panjandrum. "My third verse begins—

"The horses neighed and the oxen lowed,  
The sheep's bleat, bleat came over the road——"

Before she could say another word every creature in the court began to shout at her.

"Throw her out," said the Walrus.

"We don't want her here," shouted the Clangle-Wangle.

"She knows what she's talking about! Absurd!" cried the Lobster.

"Catch who catch can!" shouted the Grand Panjandrum, speaking at last, his little button bobbing wildly up and down, backwards and forwards.

Every creature rose.

"Form lines!" shouted the Young Man.

"Slay the Jabberwock," shouted a voice.

Lucy, frightened out of her wits, tugged at her dress. The creatures were preparing to make a rush at her, and the line was so long she knew she would never get through it.

"Who is the Jabberwock?" asked the Carpenter.

"Lucy, Lucy, the impostor!" shouted all the creatures. "Lucy is a sham!"

Lucy shut her eyes, expecting every minute to feel the Lobster bite her, the Pussy Cat scratch her, something dreadful to happen. Instead, she felt several tugs and pulls from behind, and she found herself dragged back-

wards right through the hedge, and rolled gently on to the ground.

She could still hear the angry voices on the other side of the hedge, but she could also hear a voice she knew quite well, very close to her, saying—

"Now then, sharp's the word. Fill the gap up before they find out where she's gone."

She rubbed her eyes, sat up, and stared in wonder.

Her old friend Thirteen-fourteenths was working hard, stuffing straw, grass, branches, rubbish of all kinds into the hedge, to fill up the hole she had been pulled through; and standing round him, helping, were her own animals, the horses holding branches in their mouths, the sheep fetching grass, the rooks carrying bits of all kinds, all helping as hard as they could.

"We're so glad to see you," whispered the Violets, curtsying, and the tall pink Foxglove made his very best bow.

Lucy felt almost inclined to cry. They were all helping her, glad to see her, and she had been thinking she was tired of them, she had been wishing to leave some of them out.

"Dear friends," she said.

"There," whispered Thirteen-fourteenths, "now come up the road. We'll get safely to the cross-roads once more, and then we can talk comfortably. Do you hear them?"

There were still shouts coming from the other side of the hedge, not angry shouts, but shouts of wonder, surprise, and bewilderment, "Where is she? Where has she gone? Where's Lucy?"

"Come," said Thirteen-fourteenths, "quickly and quietly."

And once more the party crept back along the road, scarcely making a sound, not speaking a word.

When they reached the sign-post Lucy sank down beside it. She wanted to thank them all, but she was very tired, and the procession did not wait to be thanked. Mr. Snip bowed,



"She found herself dragged backwards right through the hedge."

the animals each in their own way said "Farewell," the Violets curtsied, and the basket drawn by the rooks rolled back down the road to Rhyme Land.

Lucy and Thirteen-fourteenths watched them until they were out of sight.

"They will be glad to get home," said Lucy. "I wish I could go too, but what about the book?"

"Yes," said Thirteen-fourteenths, "the book. Was Father William in the court? I could not see him; but I couldn't see much through the hole, for Mr. Snip had to work hard at it to make it big enough to get through. I thought it wouldn't be finished in time, and I'm afraid, as it was, it was rather too small, you must be a bit scratched. I



hope you are not much hurt, but really it was hard work, and you didn't help us."

"I didn't know," said Lucy, "I couldn't understand it. I thought my dress was caught."

"Never mind, all's well that ends well," said the Fraction. "But about the book? I must find it, you don't know all the trouble it has caused."

"And I thought I should prevent mischief by getting it to Nonsense Land," said Lucy. "I persuaded Father William to go and fetch it from the tree, but what happened to him I don't know. He never came back to Nonsense Land."

"If he is not in Nonsense Land this very minute," said Thirteen-fourteenths, "I don't know where he is. I know he came to these cross-roads. Hullo! What's that noise?"

"Somebody groaning," said Lucy, "somebody in trouble!" And Lucy rose from the ground, her own tiredness almost forgotten. "We must find out what is the matter."

"Help, help, here I am!" called a voice.

Lucy and Thirteen - fourteenths hurried down the road leading to the tree. They had not far to go. A little way down the road, crawling along slowly and painfully, they found a girl, sighing and groaning. It was Minora!

Lucy and the Fraction helped her to her feet, and between them they managed to get her back to the sign-post.

"What happened to you?" said the Fraction.

Minora only groaned. Then she slowly opened her clenched fists, and showed a treasure in each hand — a piece of paper screwed into a tight ball, and a small box, a box of ointment.

"Number thirteen," said the Fraction, "where did you get it?"

Lucy was examining the paper carefully. "Sums on one side," she said, "and on the other—— Minora, Minora, where did you get it? Thirteen - fourteenths, it is a page of the book."

"All I could get!" groaned Minora.

Thirteen-fourteenths looked at the paper, then at Lucy, then at Minora. Then he folded

up the sheet carefully, and put it away at the bottom of his pocket.

"Now, Minora," said the Fraction, "pull yourself together and tell us about it. Where did you see Father William, and which way did he go?"

Minora sighed, and rubbed her arms and hands and sides.

"I don't know anything about Father William," she said, "but I do know an old gentleman who looks as old as old, and who can jump and run, and tumble, and get up again, and never mind it at all, as if he were as young as young."

Thirteen-fourteenths and Lucy nodded at one another, as much as to say, "That's Father William."

Minora went on:

"I saw him sitting reading the book at the foot of this very sign-post," said Minora, "and I asked him to give it to me. He wouldn't. Then I tried to persuade him to give it to me. He wouldn't. I tried to take it from him, and he ran away so fast I could scarcely keep up with him. Then, when at last I caught him, and tried to take it away, we had a regular scuffle, and I should have got it, only I caught my foot, tripped and tumbled over, and found myself in the ditch with this one page."

"Did he say anything?" asked the Fraction. "Did he tell you why he wanted the book?"

"He never spoke a word until I lay in the ditch, and he was running away," said Minora, "and then he threw this box back to me and shouted, at the top of his voice, 'I kept my limbs supple by the use of this ointment, one shilling a box.'"

"Father William it was," said Lucy, "dear Father William."

"'Dear Father William' do you call him?" said Minora indignantly. "If you were as sore and tired and bruised as I am, you wouldn't say 'Dear Father William.' 'Dear Father William,' indeed!"

"You don't understand, Minora," said Thirteen-fourteenths, "he was taking the book to Lucy. She had asked him to get it, and had told him what a troublesome, mischief-making book it was."

"Which way did he go when he left you?" asked Lucy.

"I don't know," said Minora, "I chased him a long way down the road leading to the tree, but when I tumbled I didn't see which way he went. I shall have to find out, for I promised Queen Harmony to get the book."

"Then you have been to the Queen," said Thirteen-fourteenths. "How did you get on? What did she say? Where is Major C?"

"One question at a time," said Minora.

"There's someone coming," cried Lucy, "I can hear the tramp of horses."

"I can hear bells," said Minora.

"Who can it be?" asked the Fraction.

The sounds came nearer and nearer. Then down the road dashed a smart sleigh, drawn by six galloping horses, and driven by somebody dressed in bright, bright red.

The sleigh moved so quickly that the three watching had no time to do anything but to stare in wonder.

"Who was it?" said Lucy.

"Was there anything inside?" asked Thirteen-fourteenths.

"Something red," said Minora.

"Did you ever see anyone drive so quickly?" said all three at the same moment.

"It came from Paint Land, and went down the road to the tree," said Thirteen - fourteenths, who had been examining the signpost, "and there's someone coming down the road now. Why, it's Half-term!"

"Hurrah, he'll tell us all about it," said Minora, "he's a capital chap."

"But we mustn't all stop talking here, or we shall never get that book," said Thirteen-fourteenths.

"Hullo! Here we are again!" shouted Half-term.

And at that moment there was a shout from Minora of "There he is! There he is! Catch him! Catch him!"

She was pointing down the road leading to Nonsense Land. Coming down the road was Father William himself!





#### Which is the Northern Tree?

Of all trees native to the northern hemisphere none is better known than the Scots Fir. It runs right across Asia into Russia, and thence it stretches into Prussia, Norway, Sweden, and Scotland. Once upon a time it was found in what is now Denmark, England, and Ireland. It flourishes at a great height above the sea level, occurring on Mount Etna at an altitude of 7,000 feet. They say it was called the fire tree, from the fact that it supplied the wood for torches, when these were the common means of providing light. The showers of sulphur that used to alarm the ignorant Highlanders were only the yellow dust shed by the pines. From this useful tree we get tar, pitch, turpentine, resin, and deal planks. They give off a fine, fragrant aroma that is supposed to be healthy. Hence arises the popularity of such a town as Bourne-mouth, which is built amongst pine woods.

#### Why He Practised the Golden Rule.

Horatio Ross, who got his Christian name from Lord Nelson, was a famous shot. On one occasion during the partridge season in Norfolk, he shot at the birds in a match with Colonel Anson. When the latter at last gave in from exhaustion, Ross was still so fresh

that he challenged any of the company to walk to London, seventy miles off. He had the reputation of being one of the best pistol shots in the world. In his time the evil custom of duelling was quite common, and folk were liable to be "called out," as the saying was, for the simplest and slightest things. Most men, therefore, one would suppose, were anxious to avoid offending Horatio. No doubt this was the case, but Ross himself was so eager not to be required to fight a duel, when he would be almost certain to injure if not to kill his opponent, that it was his constant effort not to say or do anything likely to wound the feelings of others, and he never had a serious quarrel with anybody.

#### The Wise and Foolish Tailors.

When Millais' portrait of the late Sir James Paget, the famous physician, was on show at the Royal Academy, a lady and gentleman were overheard criticising it.

"How do you like it?" asked the former.

"Not at all," quoth the man.

"Why?" says the lady.

"Because the coat's so badly made, and the cloth's so bad," was the answer.

When Sir James was told of this, he took it seriously. The coat, he said, was made by

the best tailor in London. He added that when he first came to town, though his means were small, yet he determined never to live beyond them. Hence he never got anything for which he couldn't pay cash down. Needing a coat, he went to a tailor whose address had been given him, and asked how much he would charge for one. Finding the price too high, Paget inquired whether he would take less for ready money. "We don't do business on those terms," was the foolish, stiff-necked reply. Seeing another tailor's near by, he went in, was treated civilly, struck a satisfactory bargain, and dealt with him ever afterwards.

#### The Baby on the Battlefield.

During the hill fighting on the north-western frontiers of India, in November, 1897, the Ghoorkas were one day advancing in force up the Bara Valley. The scouts seeing an Afridi driving off cattle, fired at him, but when they came up to his body were surprised to find a wee Afridi baby lying beside him. The soldiers at once took the infant prisoner, and the mess president was required to see its wants attended to. Luckily he had some Swiss milk amongst his stores, so food was obtained, and he promoted a Kohati native to the post of nurse. It proved to be a serious thing, however, to carry about an infant in arms in a hostile country where there was plenty of fighting. So two days later, as they were returning through the village near which it had been picked up, the men, treating the child as a foundling, left it on the doorstep of a house in full view of the Afridis, who would doubtless be able to restore the interesting stranger to its friends, if not to its parents.

#### An Old Use for the Alphabet.

To an ancient philosopher we owe it that the dear old alphabet can be used in more ways than one. The Emperor Augustus had inquired of the wisdom-lover what was the best means of controlling an unruly temper. "Ah, sire," said Athenodorus, "before a man yield himself to anger, he should repeat the alphabet." It would be well if this old use of the A B C were revived. Some people advise

you to count twenty. Either plan will do, so long as the angry mood passes.

#### A Word for the Thistle.

"Puir auld Scotland's" favourite plant has been abused up hill and down dale. It grows rapidly, and farmers hate it—that is, the lazy ones, for no farmer up to his work will allow any weed to seize a firm hold of his land. But sometimes the thistle—despised of all but Scotsmen and donkeys—does good. In New Zealand, for example, when first introduced, it spread like wildfire, but by-and-by the beds of thistles became exhausted and died down. But in the meantime their long roots had pierced the soil in every direction, and broken it up. Thus, when the plants decayed the ground was ready to admit the rain, which otherwise would have lain on the surface and made the earth water-logged and sour.

#### The Area Bell.

Amongst the inhabitants of a square in a well-known English town were a goat and her two kids. They were turned out to grass daily, but were in the habit of being fed by hand besides. If the feeders were behind time, the mother and kids used to go to the hall door of the house where their owner lived, and butt against it with their horns. By-and-by, even this by no means gentle salutation was not attended to. Then Madame Goat put on her considering cap, and one day the cook heard a vigorous ring of the area bell. Intent upon scolding the impatient butcher or baker, she went to the door, but saw no human being. Instead, there stood on the pavement, close to the wire which rang the bell, the goat and her kids gazing longingly at the kitchen window. The cook, not suspecting the goat, closed the door. Presently, the offence being repeated, a watch was kept, and the goat was seen to hook up the wire in her horns and give it a powerful tug.

#### Gorging Jacks and Guzzling Jimmies.

In other days the Maoris, the natives of New Zealand, loved a big banquet above everything. When a chief gave a feast, his first desire was to go "one better" than had been done before. His guests were free to eat

and eat, and eat, and oh! how they *did* eat. It is on record that for one such monumental meal the provisions were built up in a wall one mile long and seven feet high, which was garnished every here and there with a roasted pig. For another feast the potatoes were planted only one year in advance. Gluttony is the hall-mark of the savage state.

#### Spring Weather Forecasts.

Weather-wise folk agree that a late spring is a blessing in disguise. Plenty of rain in spring means dry weather for harvest. If the almond tree bears many blossoms, then expect a hot summer and good crops; but if its leaves are the more abundant, the harvest will be poor. When the elderflower begins to shine, it is time to shear sheep. Should wild roses or whitethorn blossoms be common, the winter will be severe.

If the oak's before the ash,  
Then you'll only get a splash;  
But if the ash precede the oak,  
Then you may expect a soak.

#### Cricket in the East.

It seems to be thought strange that cricket should be played in very hot countries. The Parsees play it in India. What the Australians can do is known to all. Prince Ranjitsinhji, an Indian prince, is regarded as the prettiest batsman living, as a very smart fielder, and as a good "change" bowler. These things are all modern. There is, however, no doubt but that so long ago as 1676 cricket was played in the near East, for the Rev. Henry Teonge, chaplain of H.M.S. *Assistance*, when the ship was cruising in the Levant, says that on May 16th the English residents in Antioch, some forty in number, rode out of that city to a valley four miles away, and there played cricket and other games. They had a noble dinner afterwards, and returned to town at six o'clock, "in good order, but soundly tired and weary." Even in cricket, therefore, there is nothing new under the sun.

#### Smiling the Smiler.

There is a long poem, called "The Course of Time," which is hardly ever read now. Its author was a minister named Robert Pollok.

When he was a young man he studied divinity in Glasgow. In the course of time he had to preach a trial sermon, and chose to consider the subject of sin. His language was so flowery that the students often tittered. Still Pollok held on his way gamely. At length one passage was so very high-flown that even the professor smiled. The preacher was setting forth eloquently the evils which sin had brought into the world, and wound up with this biting remark—"And had it not been for sin, the smile of folly had never been seen on the brow of wisdom."

#### The Prince's Button.

A young lady wrote to an officer engaged in the Crimean campaign, telling him to take Sebastopol as speedily as possible, and Prince Menschikoff with it, and also to send her a button from the Prince's coat as a souvenir. Meanwhile the officer had been captured. However, it was the kindly custom of the Russians to forward letters to their prisoners, after opening and reading them. Prince Menschikoff sent on this particular letter along with a note from himself, in which he said that he was sorry he could not comply with the young lady's first two requests, but that he *could* gratify her third wish, for which purpose he begged to enclose a button from his coat.

#### How to Move an Obstinate Pig.

Dr. Stewart, the well-known minister of Nether Lochaber, once witnessed an amusing struggle between a huge pig and a number of Highlanders. The men wanted to remove her from the sty to a killing-yard, but in spite of all their efforts she would hardly budge an inch, except in the wrong direction. They hauled her, wheedled her, whipped her, used every art, but to no purpose. To them thus engaged there suddenly appeared a Lis more man, who volunteered to do the needful. He was allowed to try. Quietly and neatly seizing her by her two hind legs, he made her take the position of a wheelbarrow, and after trotting her to and fro a little bit, just to "show off" before his luckless mates, he "wheeled" her into the yard without the least trouble.

# Bound for a Cruise.

Words from LITTLE FOLKS.

Music by B. MANSELL RAMSEY.

*Animato.*

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody in 6/8 time, starting with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, C5-B4, A4-G4, and a quarter note F#4. The left hand plays a bass line with chords, starting with a half note G3, followed by eighth notes A3-B3, C4-B3, A3-G3, and a half note F#3. Dynamics include *p* and *cr's.*

1. I'm sev - en years old and a wee bit o - ver, Quite a big  
 2. The skip - per, of course, is my own dear dad - dy— A hol - i - day  
 3. I love..... to chat with the cook, old Ted - dy, Who knows such a  
 4. Our trim lit - tle craft..... will soon be fly - ing, Like a white - wing'd

The piano accompaniment continues with chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand. Dynamics include *p*.

*espress.*

boy, as my friends a - gree; I'm bound for a cruise in the good yacht  
 cruise is his great de - light; And when I am dress'd like a sail - or -  
 heap..... of won - der - ful tales; And the rest of the crew..... are al - ways  
 gull o'er the spar - kling foam; I'm long - ing to start— but there's no de -

The piano accompaniment continues with chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand. Dynamics include *espress.*

*rall.* D.C.

Rov - er— The skip - per has begg'd for my com - - pa - ny.  
 - lad - die, He calls me his lit - tle..... mid - ship - mite.  
 rea - dy To let..... me help with the ropes and sails.  
 - ny - ing I shall clasp mo - ther tight when I get safe home.

The piano accompaniment continues with chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand. Dynamics include *rall.* and *D.C.*



## PAGES FOR VERY LITTLE FOLKS.

## NURSE A-MY.

**NO**-THER said Un-cle George was here," said A-my, paus-ing at the li-bra-ry door. "He can't have gone out, be-cause the doc-tor said he was-n't to; be-sides, he is-n't well e-nough."

She ran in and look-ed round. "I won-der what it feels like to be ill like Un-cle. Oh!"— she stop-ped sud-den-ly, for she caught sight of a foot hang-ing down by the so-fa, and, creep-ing soft-ly up, she peep-ed o-ver the back.

Yes; there he was, fast a-sleep.

The lit-tle girl put her hands behind her back, and look-ed at him with a smile on her ro-sy face. "Mo-ther said I was to come down and a-muse you, Un-cle George," she said soft-ly, "but I can't when you are a-sleep. You'll wake be-fore tea-time though, and then what shall I do? I know!"

All the rest of the af-ter-noon, A-my was ve-ry bu-sy, creep-ing in and out of the li-bra-ry like a lit-tle mouse. At last all was read-y, and she sat down by the fire to wait.

It seem-ed a long time be-fore Un-cle George stretch-ed him-self la-zi-ly and o-pen-ed his eyes. "I be-lieve I've been a-sleep," he said, when A-my's mer-ry laugh made him sit up with a ve-ry sur-pris-ed look, but what he saw made him laugh too.

On the ta-ble drawn up be-side him

was a doll's tea-ser-vice, care-ful-ly set out. In the mid-dle was a pot of flow-ers, and all A-my's best dolls were sit-ting round the ta-ble.

"They've come to have tea with you, Un-cle," she ex-plain-ed. "So have I; and there are such a lot of nice things to eat. Here are buns, bread-and-but-ter, with jam as well, rock-cakes, ham-sand-wich-es, or-an-ges, grapes, and re-al tea, su-gar and milk; so now you must eat some-thing," and the lit-tle girl stop-ped, quite out of breath.

"But I'm a-fraid I don't want a-ny, lit-tle wo-man; sup-pose you eat it for me," he sug-gest-ed.

"Oh! Un-cle, when I've 'ran-ged it all so care-ful-ly," said dis-ap-point-ed A-my, and the tears came in-to her eyes.

Un-cle George put his arm round her, and kiss-ed them a-way.

"All right, I'll have some if you like," he said; and A-my sat down, quite sat-is-fi-ed, to pour out the tea. And when he had be-gun, some-how Un-cle found him-self quite hun-gry.

By-and-by Mo-ther came in.

"Well, George, how have you been get-ting on?" she ask-ed. "I hope A-my has not wor-ri-ed you."

"I should think not," he re-plied gai-ly. "She's a cap-i-tal lit-tle nurse, and you must let her come down an-oth-er af-ter-noon, to cheer me up."

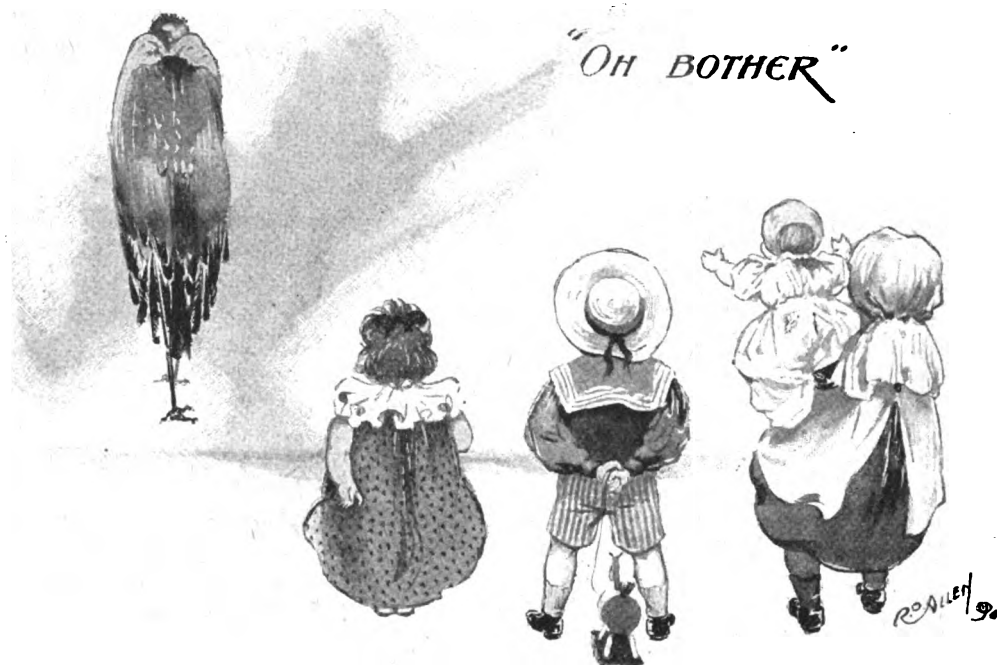
F. M. H.

*ASLEEP!*



*"WHAT ARE THEY STARING AT"*





### LIT-TLE PRINCE "FUN-FUN."



**U**HAT a big ship it was in which lit-tle Dai-sy and her bro-thers and sis-ters were go-ing to Eng-land! How grand-ly it steam-ed through the blue wa-ters; and what a nice white deck there was for a play-room!

Al-read-y Dai-sy had made friends with the pas-sen-gers and sail-ors. The on-ly per-son she had not spo-ken to was the lit-tle brown prince from In-di-a.

"But I mean to know him, be-fore we get home," she said to her bro-ther Ba-sil one ev-en-ing. "I am sure he is nice, and he looks so lone-ly some-times."

"Go and talk to him, and see what he says," an-swer-ed Ba-sil mis-chiev-

ous-ly, and Dai-sy was so of-fend-ed by his laugh-ter that she took her ball right ov-er to the oth-er side of the deck.

"I'll play all by my-self," she said; and so she did, for quite a long time.

Some one came up soft-ly and stood still, close by. She look-ed up, and there was lit-tle Prince "Fun-fun," as Dais-y call-ed him, gaz-ing at her ad-mir-ing-ly.

A sud-den fit of shy-ness seiz-ed her, and she be-gan to throw her ball a-bout wild-ly.

All at once she gave a cry and clasp-ed her hands. The ball was just fly-ing ov-er-board. But the lit-tle Prince sprang up, caught it, and hand-ed it back to her with a

smile which show-ed all his pret-ty white teeth.

"Oh! thank you," she cri-ed, "so much. Do you like to play ball? Do you?" she ask-ed ag-ain, as he did not an-swer.

They stood look-ing at one an-oth-er in si-lence for a few min-utes. Then Dai-sy burst out—

"I think you're the rud-est, hor-rid-est boy I ev-er saw; so there!"

She walk-ed off with her lit-tle head in the air; but could not help look-ing ov-er her shoul-der to see what he was do-ing.

Lit-tle Prince "Fun-fun" was cry-ing! Dai-sy could not bear that; she ran back to him.

"Don't cry," she said. "Why won't you speak and make friends?"

He shook his head, and then Dai-sy guess-ed what it all meant. "Can't you un-der-stand Eng-lish?" she ask-ed.

Prince "Fun-fun" laugh-ed, and clap-ped his hands.

"No Ing-leesh; no Ing-leesh!" he cried, shak-ing his black curls.

Dai-sy threw her arms round his neck and kiss-ed him; then she look-ed puz-zled. At last a hap-py thought came to her.

She ran a lit-tle way off, and threw the ball to him. He caught it and threw it back, and they play-ed un-til Dai-sy was car-ri-ed off to bed.

#### A LIT-TLE HE-RO-INE.

THIS is a pic-ture of a lit-tle girl call-ed Flor-rie Milne, who is eight years old. Some time a-go a fire broke out in the house in which she liv-ed, and it burn-ed so fast and fierce-ly that the fire-men al-most gave up hope of sav-ing the house. Then it was that Flor-rie re-mem-ber-ed that Ba-by was a-sleep in bed right a-way on the top floor. In a mo-ment, be-fore an-y-one could stop her, she ran in-to the burn-ing house and up-stairs, and soon ap-pear-ed with the lit-tle ba-by in her arms. Don't you think that was a ver-y brave thing to do, and that Flor-rie was quite a lit-tle he-ro-ine?



Florence Vesta Milne.

## IN TROU-BLE.

**A**VE RY lit-tle fel-low he,  
 As by his por-trait you may  
     see,  
 And *some-times* when he calls for me  
     I do not come.

In it he made a hole, 'twas wide;  
 Whence came the sound? he peep-ed  
     in-side:  
 It nev-er boom-ed a-gain: he cri-ed  
     For me to come.



In Trouble.

Dyrus &amp; Co., Richmond, phot.

Be-cause, and just like old-er boys,  
 He loves to make a hor-rid noise,  
 And choos-es first of all his toys  
     A war-like drum.

"Oh, have your bu-gle, Rex," I said;  
 With an-gry pout he toss-ed his head  
 And cri-ed, al-though I talk-ed of *bed*,  
     "I want my drum."  
 ARTHUR BRYANT.

## STAMP, POSTCARD, AND CORRESPONDENCE COLUMNS.

## STAMPS.

CECIL WEBB, 65, Wellington Terrace, Wellington, N.Z.; EVA KINNEIR, Gordon House, Horsham; EILEEN SPRING-RICE, Institutul lycéal de Domnisoare, Jassy, Roumania (will send 100 assorted Roumanian stamps for 50 of any foreign country); MURIEL REID, 7, Pilmour Links, St. Andrews, N.B.; NORA NICHOLSON, St. Stephen's Vicarage, Newcastle-on-Tyne; PAUL STURGE, Countisbury, 14, Hurle Crescent, Clifton, Bristol (Indian and S. African stamps for Canadian, Australian, Chinese, and Icelandic); LOUISE SLOET VAN OLDREUTENBORGH, 33, Rue d'Archis, Liège, Belgium; KATIE ABBOTT, c/o Alfred Abbott, Esq., Salonica, Turkey (Turkish and Greek stamps for Canadian, Newfoundland, and collectors in Lagos, Zanzibar, Siam, Brazil, Crete, Niger Protectorate, Peru, Honduras, Tasmania, W. Indian Is., and Djibouti); HELEN HAVENITH, Heleneveld, Contich, Belgium (wants especially South African, Newfoundland, and French Colonial stamps); BESSIE and HELEN SUTHERLAND, Ngaiu Station, Martinboro, Wellington, Wairarapa, New Zealand; DOROTHY ARCHER, 2, Mansion Row, Old Brompton, Chatham, Kent; DOROTHY AVERDIECK, Park Royd, Bradford, Yorks. (with girls living in the British Colonies and abroad, also in the British Isles); MARGARET AVERDIECK, same address (with girls living in the British Colonies and abroad); HILDA ROWELL, Lynfield, Stroud (sets of British stamps, many obsolete, for British Colonies or any foreign country); DOROTHY MALTBY, Ashwell Rectory, Baldock, Herts.; ELIA TILLING, May Dene, Shide Cross, Newport, I. of W. (all Europe—except England and France—America, Asia, Australia, and Africa); EVELYN TILLEY, 129, High Street, Newport, I. of W. (all Europe—except England, France, and Germany—Asia, America, Australia, and Africa); ERICA DE KEMPENAE, Modjokerto, Java (Dutch and Dutch East Indian stamps for stamps of all other parts of the world); LORNA STRUGNELL, Grove End House, Highgate Road, N.W. (also crests); VIOLET AMES, Redleaf, Baskerville Road, Wandsworth Common, S.W.; HELEN

PULSKY, 12, Eszterházy utca, Budapest, Hungary (with girls in Asia, Africa, Australia, Tasmania, South America, West Indies, and Sunda Isles).

## POSTCARDS.

ELAINE HERVEY, 88, Ghuznee Street, Wellington, N.Z.; NORA NICHOLSON, St. Stephen's Vicarage, Newcastle-on-Tyne; A. READER, 2, Pasture View, Stanningley Road, Armley, Leeds (will give six foreign stamps for one postcard with view); WINNIE GREEN, Burnside, Hertford Road, Hatfield, Herts. (Welsh and foreign ones specially); LOUISE SLOET VAN OLDREUTENBORGH, 33, Rue d'Archis, Liège, Belgium (will send two postcards of Liège or Belgium for one representing a great man's portrait—especially music); GABRIELLA SPADONI, San Filippo, Reggio Emilia, Italia (Italian postcards for English, Scotch, or Irish ones); WINNIE SCORE, South Bank, Lloyd's Place, Blackheath, S.E.; CLOTILDE RICART, Disputacion 443, Barcelona, Spain; MARJORIE FERGUSON, 5, Bedford Place, Croydon; ANDRÉE SORDET, Chateau de St. Romain, par Meursault, Cote d'Or, France (especially with Norwegian, Swedish, and Danish readers); RUBY MURPHY, Fuller's Hall, Naini Tal, Kumaon, India (with girls in Egypt, Russia, Finland, Lapland, Poland, Greece, Belgium, and Greenland); HELEN PULSKY, 12, Eszterházy utca, Budapest, Hungary (illustrated postcards).

## CORRESPONDENCE.

EILEEN SPRING-RICE, Institutul lycéal de Domnisoare, Jassy, Roumania; ISOBEL SMITH, Bellevue, 244, Rosemount Place, Aberdeen (12-14); T. P. ROCKE, Brynsvff, Swansea (with girl living in England, and preferably in Streatham); DOROTHY STUART BROWNE, Stamford House, Gildredge Road, Eastbourne (with French girl of 14, 15, or 16, preferably living in Paris); MAUD ANSON, Nisbet, Sevenoaks, Kent, wishes to correspond with a French girl about 12 or 13.

## NOTICES.

HILDA ANDREWS, Roxeth Vicarage, Harrow, wishes to exchange small white china dogs for crests.

DOROTHY E. McCaig, Aperfield Court, Cudham, Kent, would like to exchange the Nov., 1898, number of *LITTLE FOLKS* for the Feb., 1899, number of the same.

S. RALLI does not want any more pictures. C. E. BRIDGET BLAKE, Yeabridge, S. Petherton, Somerset, has several hundred silkworms' eggs to dispose of. The price is 1½d. per hundred, including postage.

Miss M. H. DE CASSELLS was in correspondence with Katie Abbott, but she left Portugal, leaving her without an address. Please will she write to K. A.; she has her address.

JENNIE CHARLTON, Crossgate House, Fourstones, Northumberland, would like to exchange "Cave Perilous" (by L. T. Meade)—as good as new—for the half-yearly volume of *L. F.* containing "Through Snow and Sunshine" as a serial. Must be in fairly good condition.

ROSALIE JONES, Crystal House, Barmouth, writes:—"If any *L. F.* reader has a tame rabbit to dispose of, would they write to me at the above address?"

MAY BUTCHER, Mount Pleasant, Mount Abu, Rajputana, has received the December number of *L. F.* for 1899.

M. DOROTHY MALTBY, Ashwell Rectory, Baldock, Herts., has a pair of white fantail pigeons for sale—1s. (if carriage paid).

PHYLLIS COOPER, Killerby Hall, near Scarborough, has white guinea pigs (1s. each); also white and black-and-white rats (6d. each).

MAY BROWN wants more contributors for her magazine *Early Efforts*. Any *L. F.* reader from 10-16 years writing to May Brown, Mount Pleasant, Sutton-on-Hull, will have rules and full particulars sent.





# CORRESPONDENCE

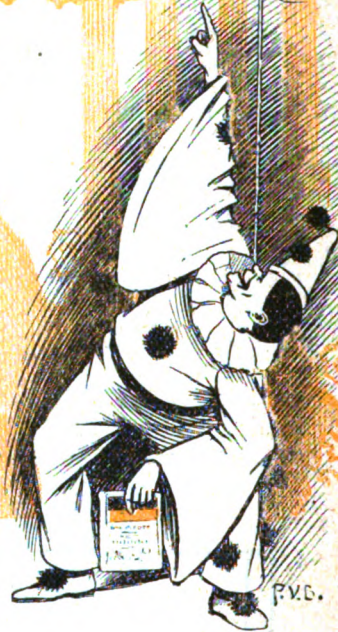
## NOTICE.

1. All letters must be certified by some responsible person as the original and unaided work of the writer.

2. Writers of letters should remember that some time must necessarily elapse between the receipt of their letters and the publication in the magazine.

3. The number of letters received is so great that only a small proportion can be printed at all. Therefore, letters should be of general interest.

4. Don't think too hardly of the poor G. K. E. because he doesn't print your letter right away. He does his best.



Berea Road, Durban.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I must tell you about my two dogs. The fox-terrier's name is Dick, and the poodle's name Waddles. The latter has just learnt a new trick all by himself. One day we were all at tea, and Waddles was seated beside me. Both dogs appeared to be very hungry, and, after waiting and fidgeting about for some time, Waddles suddenly ran out to the front door, which was standing open, and began barking furiously at nothing. Of course Dicky tore out after him, and he went right out into the road, while Waddles came trotting back with a most satisfied air, as much as to say, "Now I've got him out of the way I'll be able to get something to eat." Of course he got what he wanted, and we thought it was so smart that we encouraged it, and he does it nearly every day now; but I expect Dick will begin to "smell a rat" soon, and stop running out. Hoping this letter will be printed—I remain, your affectionate reader, J. MACCOLL.

Mount Pleasant, Mount Abu, Rajputana, India.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—It is such a long time since I last wrote to you that I must really do so again. It is so nice in Abu—quite different from Colaba. There are a great many very pretty walks here; there is scarcely a straight road—all steep hills. Our house is very high indeed, and we have such a lovely large "compound," full of great massive boulders, and at the back of the house is a deep precipice. There are a great many wild animals here; there are tigers, panthers, bears, snakes, and monkeys—not that the two latter are "wild animals." The panthers are very fearless. Some time ago one came right into a gentleman's verandah, and carried off his dog; so he told his servant to awake him if it came again. So the next night as soon as the man saw it he woke his master, who got up and shot it through the window. He also shot another one in the same way. Now I must stop this long letter.—Yours sincerely, MAY BUTCHER (aged 14½).

37, Clifton Hill, St. John's Wood, N.W.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—We have got a kitten, and her name is Kitty, Whiskers, etc. The other day—I think it was Saturday—

she got locked in my father's drawer, and we found her on Sunday. I think *LITTLE FOLKS* is a very nice book. I have taken it in since 1898. I like "The House by the Moor," "River and Forest," "The Three Witches," "Running Away to School," "Hiding and Seeking," "Cosy Corner," "In the Long Ago"—in short, I like them all. I must now end up.—Your interested reader, LIONEL L. PRICE (aged 10½).

Northlands, Bishopswood Road, Highgate, N.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—We two are writing to you to say how much we like *LITTLE FOLKS*. I have taken it in for eight years, and my friend for 2½ years. I have two dogs, a beautiful Persian cat, four canaries, a rabbit, and my brother has a lot of different birds. My friend has two dogs, one cat, two guinea-pigs, and two tortoises. So I think we are rather well off for animals between us, don't you? One day a little bird was caught by two boys; so we two were walking together, and we asked the boys to let it go. At first they did not want to; but we asked them to again, and they gave him his liberty. I have recommended *LITTLE FOLKS* to three friends, and they all take it in. I liked that story "The Three Witches," and I think "Cosy Corner" will be awfully nice. Do please, Mr. Editor, print this letter, as we have written you three times before, but have not been successful enough to have it printed. Good-bye now.—We remain, your interested readers, MAY LAMBIA, JANET GASKELL.

Littlethorpe, near Ripon.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I should be so pleased if you would put this in *LITTLE FOLKS*. I am collecting coloured advertisements, and would be very pleased if any *LITTLE FOLKS* readers would be kind enough to send me some. I only want coloured ones, but it does not matter if you send some alike. I have a spare number of *LITTLE FOLKS* for April, 1898. It is not torn or soiled at all inside, but the cover is slightly soiled. If any reader would like to have it and would write to me, I would send him it. Please write to the above address. Hoping I am not troubling you, and that you will find a space for my letter—I remain, your interested reader, RITA ROBINSON (aged 18).

**WE** have also received Puzzles and Answers from the following:—M. Ferguson, E. Doyle, D. Powell, Gladys F., M. Erskine, V. Russell, J. Holt, M. Plambeck, J. McNaughton, D. Lewis, J. Lambiki, D. MacLaren, L. Ehnmann, O. Chapman, A. Freeman, D. and J. Davison, E. Coulter, V. Collier, E. R. Craske, P. J. Oldfield, C. Rundall, L. Jefferies, S. Gillespie, W. Snow, N. Craven, M. Phillips, E. Duncan, O. and M. Durlacher, G. Kinneir, J. Farga, B. Holmes, G. Joyes, E. Black, W. Wells, J. Lea, N. Jackson, J. C. Taylor, S. Gifford, E. Calvert, N. Woods, M. Cavendish, H. Haughton, L. G. Firth, K. Laycock, P. Gellibrand, D. Steane, G. Warren, R. Wilks, H. E. Schwartz, P. Sturge, P. Farry, I. Tocher, V. Starkey, N. Irons, M. Dallas, W. Knapp, C. Mason, G. Daniel, O. Lindsey-Renton, D. and L. Frere, M. Martin, W. Young, H. Whipp, H. D. H. Bell, G. Batting, D. Hill, J. Oakey, L. J. M., and M. Hughes, N. Wallace, P. Speirs, C. de Wolf Smith, E. Whyte, F. Robertson, A. Lessels, I. Makepeace, M. Hutchings, D. Archer, P. Roberts, N. B. Hermon Hodge, G. Browne, E. Normant, M. B. Christopherson, A. Moran, E. James, W. Croft, H. Macgregor, D. Downes, D. Cornish, R. Speight, G. T. Collins, E. D. Mosten, T. Incedon, K. Breeze, M. Watson, J. and M. Hardisty, H. Rowell, W. Cleary, E. Bryden, M. McVey, M. Beare, E. Fergus, B. Carus-Wilson, M. Butcher, L. Grice, L. Dawney, D. Lushington, J. Charlton, N. Gibbons, B. Foster, M. Shuffrey.

**WE** have also received Letters from the following:—E. Kauntze, K. Colbert, C. Collins, V. Russell, M. Cushion, D. Powell, M. Clarke, E. Kinneir, H. F. Smyth, M. Dembinska, Mrs. H. N. Low, M. Solomon, F. Parkinson, E. Svenson, D. MacLaren, I. Glover, J. Peckett (with story), M. Paddle, J. Lambiki, D. Lewis, N. Cullingworth, L. Fearuley, A. Nivison, "Vic" (P. J. Cooper), M. Machin, V. Collier, G. Gusberti, C. Schwab, E. R. Craske, B. and C. Christian, L. Jefferies, I. Masters, M. Phillips, R. Gould, H. Andrews, F. Carpendale, "Timmy" (W. Jeffery), G. Whishaw, P. de Santa Maria, I. Harrison, D. Pressley Smith, G. Hill, B. Harman Young, P. Robertson, E. Cook, H. Occleston, R. Bronkhorst (poem), H. Edwards, B. Hyslop, B. Mood, M. Reid, "Princess Winifred" (R. Williams), E. Barrow (with story), J. Lea, "Tyke" (W. Wells), D. McCaig, E. Brown, F. Karn, N. Nicholson, D. Cutler, J. Gaskell, K. Laycock, B. Ledbrook, S. Wilks, E. Rookledge (with story), N. Woods, E. Mackay, E. Bittdorf, K. and M. Morgan, P. Sturge, D. Pridaux, V. Marshall, T. Rocke, K. Betham, P. Latter, N. Irons, M. Dallas, B. Paterson, L. and M. Hughes, D. Stuart Browne, J. Rubery, D. Mumford, M. Coutanche, H. D. H. Bell, E. Sara, M. and P. Isaacs, J. Parker (with story), A. Trowbridge, K. O'Neill, K. Crow, N. Selby, E. Durlacher (with story), I. Haggard, M. Dawson, C. E. B. Blake, S. Wortman, F. Robertson, A. Lessels, "Vic" (I. Makepeace), E. Gibbs, D. Lechiari, A. Hannah, U. Leigh, W. Godfrey, B. Stevenson, P. Roberts, K. Rackham, S. Buckley, E. Normant, J. Sutcliffe, C. Lascelles, "Bohs" (I. Clayden), M. Thompson, E. D. Mosten, B. Keays-Young, I. N. Raghavachari, "Vic" (M. James), W. Croft, R. Jones, A. Moran, M. Christopherson, H. J. Brimley, E. Attawell, M. Matthews, M. Watson, K. Breeze, N. and V. Conybeare, E. Bignell, G. Gibson, A. Sordet, T. Incedon, P. Nagington, D. Mitchell, H. Rowell, M. Attenborough, H. Nortinger, L. Deutsch, E. Philip, M. McVey, "Richard Hooper" (J. MacColl), Mrs. Crocker, E. Caplan, J. Evans, E. Doyle, V. Alsop, C. Marshall, L. Price, C. Herrick, D. Eckford, M. Morton-Smith, D. Drakin, E. Harris, L. Gibbons, J. Bauer, R. Aldebert, J. Charlton, B. Cunningham, P. Robinson, W. Field, E. Foster, M. Brown.

## ERIC.

**T**HIS is a picture of E-ric, in his sail-or suit. He is four years old and he says he is get-ting a ver-y big boy. When he grows up to be as tall as bro-ther Jack, he says he shall be a dust-man or per-haps a cross-ing-sweep-er, but I don't think he will be eith-er of those. He has a sis-ter call-ed Nell who is much old-er than he is, but she does just what he tells her to; so do most peo-ple, I think. But E-ric is not spoilt at all; he knows that ev-er-y-one would not like him so much if he were cross and cri-ed for things. Be-sides, big boys (with sail-or suits) nev-er cry!



Built, Northcote Rd., S.W., phot.  
Eric.

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

*E. Rachael Craske.*—If you get your name in the column beginning "We have received Letters (or Puzzles and Answers) from the following," it does *not* count towards the Silver Medal.

*Violet Marshall.*—In order to win a Member's Medal of the **LITTLE FOLKS** Legion of Honour, you must either get a puzzle printed in **LITTLE FOLKS** or receive Honourable Mention in one of the Competitions. That's all! But it's not so easy as it sounds, as some *L. F.* readers will tell you; but those who try hard generally succeed at last.

*Winifred Knapp.*—No, the Silver Medal is not awarded to the most frequent sender of puzzles every month. For particulars, see the February number of this year, p. 153.

*Muriel Morgan, Llandysil Rectory, Montgomery,* writes: "Have any of my fellow readers got the back numbers January-

June, 1899 (Vol. 49), either bound or otherwise, of **LITTLE FOLKS** which they would be willing to let me buy or even lend to me?"

*Isabel Mulford, 42, Elbury Street, S.W.,* writes: "Will you kindly say that if any reader would like the January and February (1901) numbers of *L. F.* I could let her have the two for 9d.?"

*A. B. and others.*—No. It is of no use sending up original stories or poems. We have so many claims on our space that we never insert contributions by our young readers.

*J. MacColl.*—Why don't I give a photo. of myself, showing my face? Because I'm so modest and shy. I couldn't bear it.

*Dorothy Tallents.*—1. Compound words will count as one word. 2. If you succeed in getting a letter printed, you will receive a *L. F.* memorandum book.

## OUR LITTLE FOLKS' OWN PUZZLES.

### ENIGMA.

I'm seen in the flames, but not in the fire;  
I'm found in the lanes, but not in the mire;  
I'm part of the needle, but not of the pin;  
Of gold, lead and silver, but never of tin;  
I'm in the light, but not in the dark;  
I live in the parlour, but not in the park;  
In England or Ireland, or even Australia;  
But not in America, Africa, Asia.

*The Vicarage,  
Dore, nr. Sheffield.*

*QUEENIE GIBSON.  
(Aged 13.)*

### TRANSPPOSITION PUZZLE.

**W**HEN the letters have been transposed, they will form names of towns in England.

Cinhhit, a town in Hertford.  
Satshnig, a town in Sussex.  
Afdlerif, port on the Bristol Channel  
Makaoh, a town in Rutland.  
Vodre, a town in Kent.  
Oople, a town in Dorset.

*25, Leinster Square, W.*

*RITA BEEVOR.  
(Aged 8½.)*

### BURIED NAMES OF ANIMALS.

1. **D**O go and play with her.
2. You must go at one o'clock to dinner.
3. You may eat a pear to-day.

## ANSWERS TO OUR LITTLE FOLKS' OWN PUZZLES (Vol. LIII., p. 316).

### LETTER PUZZLE.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

### BURIED FRUITS.

1. Pear.
2. Apple.
3. Plum.
4. Peach.

### DOUBLE RIDDLE-ME-REE.

ALFRED, LOUISE.

### PUZZLE.

C.I.V., VIC. V.C.

### DROP VOWEL PUZZLE.

My little canary was so sweet; I used to let him out in the nursery, but the other day he died. I have also a rabbit: he eats the cabbage out of my hand. When my brothers were at home from school, we collected faggots in a waggon, but now they have gone back to school, so I have begun lessons again.

4. Do not be a rude boy, Harold.
5. Frederic owned he had been naughty.
6. You put your pup on your shoulder.
7. Oh, thought I, Gertie will sure to break her promise.
8. Near at the gate he stood.

*2, Pavilion Street,  
Brighton.*

*MAY WATSON.  
(Aged 10½.)*

### JUMBLED NAMES OF FLOWERS.

1. **S**HCUIAF.
2. Gxolfsoev.
3. Twese Aep.
4. Rocusc.
5. Kipn.
6. Yhonkeluse.
7. Gorane wfoler.
8. Uplit.
9. Ylli fo hte Leviya.
10. Ysadi.
11. Oivtel.
12. Nacraiont.

*Broughton, West Derby,  
Liverpool.*

*ROSE TURNER.  
(Aged 11½.)*

### RIDDLE-ME-REE.

**M**Y first is in pen, but not in hen;  
My second is in arm, but not in leg;  
My third is in table, but not in floor;  
My fourth is in age, but not in youth;  
My fifth is in gentle, but not in rude;  
My sixth is in ox, and also in cow;  
My seventh is in night, but not in day;  
My eighth is in ice, and also in fire;  
My ninth is in ant, but not in worm.  
My whole is the name of a country.

*Student V., Town High School, I. N. RAOHAYACHARI.  
Kumbakonam, India. (Aged 12.)*

### BURIED NAMES OF BIRDS.

Thrush. Goldfinch. Sparrow. Blackbird. Seagull.  
Lapwing. Parrot. Waterwagtail. Starling. Canary.  
Hummingbird. Hedgesparrow. Nightingale. Flamingo.

### HIDDEN PROVERBS.

1. Fine feathers make fine birds.
2. Little and good.
3. Faint heart never won fair lady
4. Delays are dangerous.

### BEHEADING WORD PUZZLE.

1. Chair, hair, air.
2. Blouse, louse, ouse, use, so.
3. Wheel, heel, eel

### TRANSPPOSITION PUZZLE.

LONDON.

1. Lincoln.
2. Odessa.
3. Naples.
4. Donau.
5. Oxford.
6. Nile.

# PICTURE STORY WANTING VERSES (VOL. LIII., p. 158).

## LIST OF HONOUR.

**FIRST DIVISION PRIZE** (*Half-Guinea Book with Officers' Medal of the "Little Folks" Legion of Honour*).—Mary Muirhead (14), 26, Stoke Newington Common, N. **SECOND DIVISION PRIZE** (*ditto*).—Jessie Hughes (12½), Clarence Villa, Pontypool, Mon. **THIRD DIVISION PRIZE** (*ditto*).—Ralph Hadrill (8½), 10, Gladsmuir Road, Whitehall Park, N. **HONOURABLE MENTION** (*with Members' Medals*).—Jessie Hardy (8), Cnoc-na-grena, Ballymena, co. Antrim; Bertha Draffen (16), 6, Royal Crescent, Holland Park, W.; Kitty Balbernie (12), 193, Norwood Road, Herne Hill, S.E.; Kathleen Enid Wilson (11½), Lancing College, Shoreham, Sussex; M. May Stafford (16), 43, Granville Park, Blackheath; Adolf Lichtenberg (8), 71, Bedford Street, Liverpool; Xenia Rattner (12), Flat 4, Spasskaya St. 7, St. Petersburg; Rosa V. Tweedy (16), The Datcha, Huxtable, Swanley Junction, S.O., Kent; Kathleen Rowney (9½), 3, Glenmore Road, Minehead, Somerset; Eleanor Paget (12½), 70, Harley Street, W.; Madge Green, Aldhurst, Leigham Court Road West, Streatham, S.W.; Hettie Heymann (8), Taunentzienplatz 7, Breslau; Lillian Wilson (13), Borden Vicarage, nr. Sittingbourne, Kent; Countess Gerta Strachwitz (14), Schloss Mamling, Post Minning, Upper Austria; Dorothy Whittingham (13), Hurstcroft, Freta Road, Bexley Heath; Catherine Sauzey (13), 132, Avenue Victor Hugo, Paris; Kathleen Rackham (13), The Woodlands, Corton, nr. Lowestoft; Beatrice Carré (10), 33, Rue Cotta, Nice.

## First Division Prize Poem.

### BOBBY AND THE CAT.

Bobby was a little boy, whose bump of curiosity  
Was so developed as to make him quite a small monstrosity;  
And when one day, while strolling round upon inquiry bent,  
He met a cat, he was surprised, and stared with look intent.

"What can this funny creature be?" thought Bobby, in a fright—  
You see, he was so ignorant he fancied puss would bite.  
But pussy was so quiet and still that Bobby lost his fears,  
And came quite close to her, and even patted her long ears.

And when he stroked her on the back, so gentle was his touch  
That pussy purred in great delight, she liked it very much.  
Then Master Bobbie bolder grew, and thought he'd like to ride  
On pussy's back, so up he got; but came down with a slide.

"Get off! get off! you naughty boy," mewed the indignant cat,  
"I never was in all my life so sat upon as that."  
And Bobby got up painfully from off the dusty floor,  
And cried "Oo are an untid ting, I s'an't play any more."

And then he pulled poor pussy's tail—an unkind thing to do,  
I'm sure you will agree with me (and pussy thought so too),  
For with a jerk she freed her tail, and, with a sudden bound,  
She ran between our hero's legs and threw him on the ground.

"Boo-oo!" sobbed Bobbie, "go away, oo made me bump my  
head."

"Well, serve you right," puss softly mewed, "you pulled my tail  
instead."

And readers of this poem must see that what puss said was true,  
So don't forget that animals can feel the same as you.

MARY MUIRHEAD (14).

## Second Division Prize Poem.

### TOMMY THE TEASE.

Troublesome Tommy's a terrible tease  
(When I tell you this tale you will see)  
He always did tease me whenever we met,  
It was hard Tommy's pussy to be.

The last time I met him he'd made up a plan,  
'Twas to tease me much more than before,  
And though he but playfully tickled my ear  
I knew there was something in store.

And then he patted and stroked my back  
(It really was rather nice),  
But though I like being petted and fondled,  
I much prefer catching mice.

He put his arms round my neck and squeezed me,  
I didn't like that at all;  
Then carefully climbed on to my back,  
He's so heavy I thought I should fall.

And then, as a bright thought came into my head,  
I let him slide down off my back;  
I thought that he would cry, but he did not,  
Though he fell on the floor with a whack.

Then when I thought I was perfectly safe  
And had run away over the floor,  
When I looked round Tom had picked himself up,  
And was following me through the door.

Tommy patted and coaxed me—I saw through his plan  
To make me good-tempered once more;  
And then he pinched me and pulled at my ear.  
It was really much worse than before.

He would not give up this idea he had  
Of on my back having a ride.  
Holding tight to my tail in order to mount,  
He put his leg over my side.

When after some time he had climbed up  
I slid him down on to the floor.  
He hurt himself this time, because he cried;  
I don't think he'll ride me any more.

I then ran away, and left him standing still,  
Feeling beaten and vanquished and sad;  
I taught him a lesson that day, I've no doubt,  
For now he's a dear, kind little lad.

JESSIE M. HUGHES (12½).

## Third Division Prize Poem.

A baby went out walking  
One nice fine summer's day.  
And met a little kitten  
With whom he wished to play.

And then he tried to stroke her,  
So over her he leant;  
And pussy's tail was curly,  
And pussy's back was bent.

He put his arm around her,  
And to her he did say:  
"Oh! kitty, pretty kitty,  
With you I want to play."

Will you be my good gee-gee,  
And take me for a ride?"  
And on her back he mounted  
With a baby's little pride.

But, oh! he tumbled off her,  
And on the ground he sat;  
And then he looked straight at her,  
And said, "You naughty cat."

Then pussy looked about her,  
Her tail was in the air,  
And said to little baby,  
"Your weight I cannot bear."

Puss thought he wished to stroke her,  
So very still did stand;  
But baby didn't stroke her,  
A little scheme he planned.

With both his hands so little  
He caught hold of her tail;  
He thought he would go riding  
O'er every hill and dale.

He had a nasty tumble  
Right on his little face,  
And then his plans soon vanished  
To a far distant place.

He walked away disgusted,  
And to her he did say:  
"If you will be so naughty,  
With you I'll never play."

RALPH ARTHUR HADRILL (8½).

# THE "LITTLE FOLKS" WARD.

(See p. 349.)

## SECOND LIST OF SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Being Amounts Received up to March 22nd, 1901.

Amount already acknowledged				£ s. d.	Brought forward				£ s. d.
Robin and Daisy	..	..	..	28 12 9	Marjorie Baxter	..	..	..	0 2 0
Lesley Mawdsley	..	..	..	0 6 1	Dorothy Pumphrey	..	..	..	0 12 0
Muriel Nichols	..	..	..	0 12 0	Dorothy Carter	..	..	..	0 4 0
Muriel and Carmen Nicholson	..	..	..	0 8 0	Nellie Spear	..	..	..	0 6 10
M. and D. Godfray	..	..	..	0 3 0	Doris Pyrah	..	..	..	0 5 6
Dorothy Jefferson	..	..	..	0 5 0	W. A. Hind	..	..	..	0 11 0
Maldie Parfitt	..	..	..	0 5 0	Effie Steven	..	..	..	0 15 8
Norah Butler	..	..	..	0 1 1	Jack Coats	..	..	..	0 12 0
Kennie and Margery Brown	..	..	..	0 5 0	Madge Goldring	..	..	..	0 8 0
Dorothy Grinling	..	..	..	0 3 3	Dorothy File	..	..	..	0 10 3
Louis Jarvis	..	..	..	0 2 0	W. A. Wayman	..	..	..	1 1 0
Winnie Cuming	..	..	..	0 6 0	Gladys Whiston	..	..	..	0 9 0
Edith Guy	..	..	..	0 15 0	Hon. M. E. H. & Court	..	..	..	0 11 8
Julia Machin (died Feb. 19, 1901)	..	..	..	0 3 3	Freda Faulkner	..	..	..	0 5 6
Frances Hamilton	..	..	..	0 7 1	Barbara Allen	..	..	..	0 2 1
Maisie and Gladys Hall	..	..	..	0 8 4	Arthur Butcher	..	..	..	0 2 6
Jessie Hardisty	..	..	..	0 10 0	Hon. Frances Howard	..	..	..	0 6 0
Effie Whitecher	..	..	..	0 1 8	Maud Havelock Atkin	..	..	..	1 0 0
Charlotte Thornton	..	..	..	0 3 0	Nora Mills	..	..	..	0 7 0
Winifred Corner	..	..	..	0 5 0	Eileen Mayne	..	..	..	0 2 0
Gladys Williams	..	..	..	0 2 6	H. James Staines	..	..	..	0 7 6
Claire Shore	..	..	..	0 8 6	Vera Hunt	..	..	..	0 5 0
Dorothy Tallent's	..	..	..	0 5 0	O. P. Orford	..	..	..	0 7 0
L. Watson	..	..	..	1 2 9	Nellie Bralthwaite	..	..	..	0 10 9
William Farmer	..	..	..	0 4 0	M. Sutcliffe	..	..	..	0 6 5
Cathie Laughier	..	..	..	0 3 6	Martin Shoults	..	..	..	0 6 0
Stanley Parry	..	..	..	0 8 0	Cecil Nash	..	..	..	0 2 0
Dorothy Winans	..	..	..	1 14 6	Rissa Nash	..	..	..	0 7 0
Frank Lenzer	..	..	..	0 2 6	Dorothy Courthope	..	..	..	1 8 6
Betty and Poppy Somerville	..	..	..	0 7 9	Josephine Bennett	..	..	..	0 7 0
Anon (per M. H. S.)	..	..	..	1 1 0	Elsie May Brutton	..	..	..	0 15 0
Evelyn Kisch	..	..	..	0 10 0	Dorothy Sayers	..	..	..	0 6 2
Bertie Bartram	..	..	..	0 8 4	Helen Waters	..	..	..	0 8 3
Frances Mary Petty	..	..	..	0 10 5	Winifred Wilshin	..	..	..	0 5 6
Dorothy Cowper	..	..	..	0 10 0	M. Wale and A. Thorndycroft	..	..	..	1 0 0
Gladys Blin	..	..	..	0 12 10	Lady Barbara Wilbraham	..	..	..	1 0 0
Daisy Moore	..	..	..	0 2 0	Willie Hutton	..	..	..	0 6 6
Ida M. Betts	..	..	..	0 5 0	Winifred Harman	..	..	..	0 5 0
Winifred Knapp	..	..	..	0 7 0	Gordon Boyd	..	..	..	1 0 0
Dorothy Stone	..	..	..	0 10 0	Dorothy Dams	..	..	..	0 1 0
Robert Bushby	..	..	..	0 1 6	Marjorie Lowe	..	..	..	0 11 0
Lella Campbell	..	..	..	0 8 0	R. J. Pratt	..	..	..	0 13 1
Dorothy Robinson	..	..	..	0 16 0	Alma Hughes	..	..	..	0 5 0
Harold Rees	..	..	..	0 4 0	Jennie Charlton	..	..	..	0 1 0
Dorothy Durrant	..	..	..	0 4 0	Willie Farmer	..	..	..	0 11 0
Mallie Durham	..	..	..	0 2 6	Daisy Drew	..	..	..	0 10 0
Gwladys Davies	..	..	..	0 5 0	Katharine Wedderburn	..	..	..	0 5 0
May Collins	..	..	..	0 5 2	Violet Anderson	..	..	..	0 1 6
Emily Grylls	..	..	..	0 2 6	Mary Pratt	..	..	..	0 4 6
Margery Seabrook	..	..	..	0 4 0					
				£46 12 10					Total 63 5 9

## A SECRET.

○ H, yes, I have a secret,  
 And I mean to guard it well,  
 So please don't ask me questions,  
 For I really *cannot* tell!

The person who has asked her  
 Is Miss Gladys Goldenhair,  
 My sister's doll—I nearly  
 Let it out, I do declare!



Byrne &amp; Co., Richmond, phot.

## A Secret.

But hinting isn't telling,  
 And I will not be unkind;  
 I'll mention that my Dolly  
 Has been asked—but never mind!

They'll sip their tea together—  
 I do hope it won't be cold  
 At Dolly's first tea-party—  
 Now, that's much too bad! *I've told!*

FELIX LEIGH



## THE HAPPIEST LARK.



REMEMBER the place so well, where the happiest lark used to sing, just as though I were looking at it to-day. The gorse blooms still, I am sure, all along the great Irish moorland, where the earth goes on fire with the glory of its springtide thoughts; and the ducks find their way, as they always did, down from their old farmyard to those nice swampy fields sloping towards the bog. The ducks loved that place with all its delightful worms and other creatures coming out into the sunlight to be eaten; and other birds enjoyed themselves there too, skimming between the sky and the heathery moor, that stretches away for miles and miles to a wide and beautiful horizon; brave gulls and curlews piping, and many larks hung far aloft when Spring begins.

A few stunted trees, who were indeed wizards in disguise, crouched on the slope, and looked down, night and day, into that enchanted bog, over which even the stars would pause sometimes upon their journey, to point out some of its strange sights to one another. Nobody knows what he may not meet with on the bog at midnight, for it is the region where all Erin's spells have been woven since first the green island rose out of the waters.

Now, once upon a time, there had been a weeny elfin woman living alone upon the bog, who was the most shocking little fairy in the world, for she stole the eggs of larks in the early, early morning, before the good sun was up, searching for them in the dry grass where they slept so snug and warm until they should wake up one day as small birds; and she seized them with her mischievous elfin hands and bore them away into hiding, while the parent larks cried out in sorrow, and every rush trembled at the sight of so much wickedness. She believed that the eating of larks' eggs would give her a beautiful voice, and she wanted to do something better than anyone else, did that solitary bog-fairy. Now, everyone knows that a lark's voice is not made in this world at all, but comes to him, he knows

not how, just as the scent comes to a flower, from somewhere between the setting moon and the sunrise; and there was no music to be found in those poor little brown eggs when they were cooked for supper on will-o'-the-wisp fires, one every evening, through a whole May month.

Her voice, instead of growing bird-like, became exceedingly ugly and discordant, because, among fairies, bad thoughts and actions very soon show themselves outside, for the warning of all passers-by; the frogs mimicked her as she sat practising her music on a heather-turf, to the accompaniment of a tiny reed-instrument, and in a short time it was difficult for anyone to distinguish one voice from the other. As for the people whom she went forth to charm, the birds and beasts of the upland woods, and all the gentle garden sprites among their tulips, they were only frightened when they heard her, and every dormouse woke up and squeaked in astonishment.

But all this happened long, long ago, and the little birds have been free from such a visitor through many a nesting season. For one fine day, those who punish cruel fairies caught hold of her and slipped off her pretty wings and set her in the midst of a deep, cold moorland pool, there to bide a sad prisoner until a lark should be found to pity her and bring back her wings from the place where they were being kept, far above the clouds. She had robbed the world of music that it could ill spare, slaying its sweet musicians ere they could utter one note to gladden hearts grown weary of winter; and she must bear a heavy punishment for so sorrowful a crime.

For a hundred years she sat there, and the tadpoles tickled her face each spring with their tails, and slimy waterweeds grew over her; her eyes were always full of tears, for she was sorry then; but for a hundred years the larks shuddered when they came near that pool, and would not sing beside it, or forgive her for what she had done so long ago.

It is of a most joyous bird that I would now tell you, to whose voice even the ducks would

listen sometimes, as they came waddling slowly down in the morning hours, through the brambles and young brackens and all the wonderful vegetation of those places. That lark is dead now, or so I am told by the roaming breezes which came to me straight off the moorland; perhaps he died of too much happiness, as his cousin Philomela, across the sea in England, is said to die with the sorrow of her own song. But through his little life this bird gathered up all the happy dancing thoughts of children and flowers and merry young corn, which were floating about the world in springtime, and sang them over and over again in the blue of the sky, till the earth beneath learned them by heart, and seemed to reel in the sunlight for very joy.

Who shall say of what the happiest lark did not sing? For it chanced that a wonderful May season came, which brought a richer scent to its hawthorn and a pinkier light to its sunset sky than the oldest trees could remember; the wind's voice was almost hushed from joy, and cuckoos called strangely and sweetly far off from a sunny horizon. And high overhead the lark rose, while the land was yet dim with dreams, singing at day-break of beauty and of love, pouring forth his glad heart in the brightest web of the sunbeams, while noon drifted on to the night of stars.

In the years gone by, among the gorse, a little egg-brother of one of this lark's own ancestors, had been stolen away by her who crouched with tearful eyes in the dark pool. But by the love of that magic spring, its happiest bird forgot the elfin's wickedness, and longed to bring joy once more to the ancient enemy of his race; for this was a

season when clouds kissed each other that had crashed together in thunder, and primroses died with never a murmur, in peace with the beautiful world they were leaving, and the flowers who came to take their place.

Thus the lark forgot her and hovered over the pool as none had done since the cruel wight met her doom; and he sang her a song of hope in that sweet voice which the bog remembers to-day, while soft-hearted little water-beetles and caddis-worms rejoiced that her long punishment was over. And the elf knew that once more she would leap into the golden air and greet the dragon-flies—but not those she once knew. Ah, no! They had closed their bright wings just a hundred years ago.

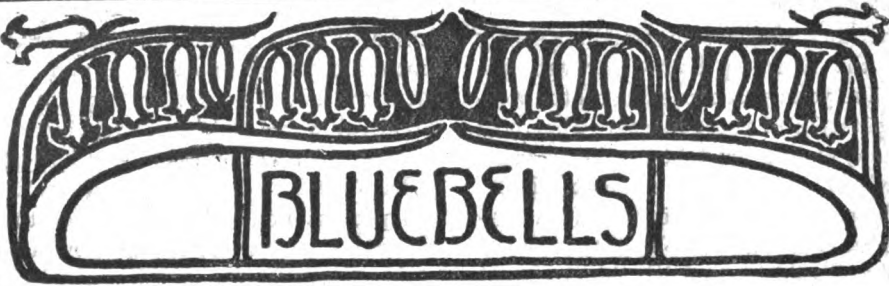
And the world, as she remembered it, was her own beautiful world again; and those who were looking at her saw that, in a moment, her face had grown lovely with joy, and the wickedness had faded away for ever, because in fivescore years there had been time to think.

Up, up, higher still and higher, the lark was soaring upon his errand of deliverance; deep into the heart of the sky, singing as though he would go mad with ecstasy, this happy and beloved little bird.

Softly the waving rye-fields moved, as though they must not break into that perfect music with a whisper; and when the song of the lark could no longer be distinguished on earth, it was heard in Heaven, and a baby-angel stooped from behind a portal of silver cloud, and reached him the elfin wings of long ago. And they were become more beautiful than words can say.

E. LONGWORTH DAMES.

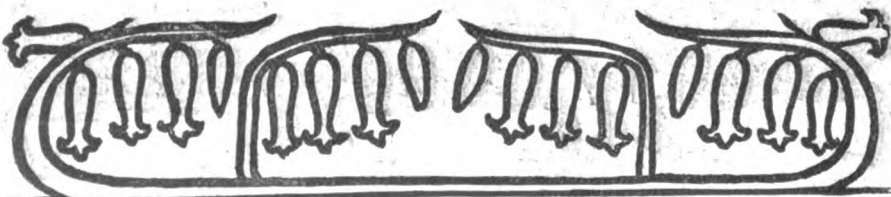




Blue is the sky  
Over my head,  
Thick in the woodland  
The bluebells are spread.

All the clear spaces  
Lit by the sky,  
All the dark places  
Where shadows lie,

Blue with the bluebells  
Which make all as gay  
As if the sky itself  
Came down to-day.









## DADDY'S GIRL.

WHO'LL make a bid for Daddy's own girl?  
 What will you give for each golden curl?  
 What for her smile, so sweet and so wise?  
 What for her beautiful bright blue eyes?

What will you pay for that dainty nose?  
 What for the cheek like a fair blush rose?  
 What for the lips like a Cupid's bow?  
 What for the little teeth, white as snow?

"A golden guinea I'll give," I said,  
 "For each soft curl on her golden head,  
 And I'll give, besides, a priceless pearl,  
 Pure as the heart of this 'Daddy's girl.'"

Daddy's girl smiled as she answered, "No,  
 The price you offer is much too low—  
 A chest full of love with a kiss for a key,  
 Daddy will pay—so I'm his, you see."

L. L. W.

## WHAT THE MANTLE KNOWS.

**A**N old cloth Mantle hangs in the lumber-room. It is long, and has a cape and a pointed hood. It was once of a dark brown colour, but is become stained and rusty with age and weather, for it is old and has braved many storms.

No one wears it now. The children spread it on the grass under the cherry trees for their afternoon sleep, or dress themselves up in it when they play at being Santa Claus. But for the most part it hangs against the wall, and thinks of its past life among the woods and mountains when it was young and new.

Oh, it knows many things does this old Mantle, and it has a good memory too. It remembers its earliest days, when it was cut out and made up by the village tailor. This was rather a painful business, but for the sake of beauty one must suffer something; and after all was finished it was indeed a very proper Mantle, fit to keep its wearer dry

and warm in the fiercest storms of rain or snow. It finds its present life in a town villa dull; as anyone must who has lived in the mountains, and the Mantle was, so to speak, mountain born.

The wool from which it was made grew on the backs of the brown sheep that feed on the scanty pastures among the great snow mountains. Far down the valley stands the mill whose countless wheels and machines are driven by the rushing mountain torrent. Here the wool was carded, combed, spun, and woven into cloth. The cloth was dyed to its proper colour, dried in the sun, then pressed, made up into a great roll, and sent to the tailor's, where some of it became our Mantle.

In the tailor's shop it hung up for a week or so; then one morning a man came in. He was young and handsome, and had silver leaves embroidered on his coat collar.

The tailor received him respectfully.

"Good morning, Herr Forester. How can I serve you?" he said.

"I want a mantle to keep off the rain and snow," answered the young man. "Ah, here is the very thing."

He took the brown Mantle from the peg on which it hung, paid for it, and went away with it.

"Now I shall see the world," thought the Mantle; and truly those were brave days that followed.

Its new master went every day into the great forests, and the Mantle went too, and learnt the ways of the woodland creatures, great and small, and saw the cutting of the big trees and the planting of the little ones. Sometimes the Forester must take long journeys from day to day on foot, sleeping at night in some charcoal burner's hut perhaps, and sharing his simple supper; after which the long pipes with their gaily painted china bowls would be brought out, and the Forester and his host would sit by the stove and talk.

What strange tales and ghostly legends were told. Stories of the old fierce wars when the peasants fought for and gained their freedom; stories of strange sights and sounds in the deep forests, of lights lighted by no mortal hands, of shadowy forms that beckoned the wayfarer on and would lure him to sudden death over precipices hidden by the darkness.

There were tales, too, of the dim gorge that runs deep into the heart of the mountains, where the huge cliffs nearly meet overhead and the foaming torrent rushes down and rolls the boulders along its bed with a thunderous sound.

There, in old days, the witches had their meeting-place before setting out on their midnight rides. There a man may see them still, if he go at twelve o'clock on Midsummer Night, all seated round a great flat rock, with pale, fierce faces and shining eyes.

Oh, the Mantle got quite rough with fear sometimes, and was glad when its master drew it closely round him as he lay down to sleep on the simple bed of dried leaves or sweet hay.

When morning came it went forth, folded over its master's knapsack, up through the forest out on to the mountain top. The

world lies spread out below in the clear sunshine, the little villages in the green valley, and the river hurrying on to find the sea.

It is summer now, and time to hunt the deer. A noble stag comes leaping through the wood. Crack! crack! Ah, he is down; the Forester is a good shot, and this is the finest stag of the season.

After a day's hunting there is merry-making in the little mountain inn. The Mantle hangs by the stove and sees and hears everything. Some supper and some good red wine, then out comes the guitar and there is playing and singing; yes, and dancing too, for the young maidens have come to welcome the hunters.

The prettiest girl has rosy cheeks, sparkling eyes, and brown hair. She blushes when the handsome young Forester leads her out to dance. Oh! they know each other well, and after the dance they go to sit outside to watch the full moon rise over the mountain peaks.

But it is a little chilly. The Mantle must go also, and it is quite large enough to cover two people when they sit together. The young man's arm is about the maiden's waist, and the Mantle feels the beating of her heart. Their heads are close together, too, and the Mantle hears many whispered words of love and tenderness. What happiness was there; the poor old Mantle feels almost young again with the memory of it.

Then on a bright day in winter comes a wedding, and the Forester bears away the rosy-cheeked maiden to his home in the valley below. They must go down on sledges, and the young bride wears a fur cap. Piff, paff! How they rush down the steep slopes and swing round the corners; the Mantle gets quite nervous. Quickly they reach the little house in the village street, and here the Mantle spends many years. In the daytime it goes out with the Forester, in the evenings it hangs in the sitting-room. Here sit the master and mistress; and friends come in to smoke their long pipes and play the zither, and tell one another the news of the little world in which they live.

One night the young wife is ill, in danger



of her life. The husband must ride to the next village for the doctor. The wind blows, the heavy rain beats in his face. He draws the Mantle round him as he urges on his horse and mutters a prayer that he may be in time.

Faster and faster ride the husband and doctor on their way home, and as the Mantle hangs drying by the stove it sees the husband's tears of joy when he learns his wife will live.

Another night, in late spring, the village is wakened by the deep sound of a bell. What are those cries in the street?

"The river comes, the river comes. Arise, arise and flee."

The Forester springs from his bed and looks out. The street is full of water. The wild river has risen with the melting of the snows and has flooded the valley. The Forester wraps his wife and infant son in the faithful Mantle, and bears them in his arms. Towards the mountains must they go, up and up. Now they are safe in a peasant's cottage. The Mantle fares forth again with its master to help in the work of rescue. Many are those it covers, and at last all are saved.

The years roll on; the Forester gets old. No longer can he go through the woods and climb the mountains. The Mantle still covers his aged form as he sits in his little garden or walks slowly down the street and stops to gossip with his old cronies. Their talk is of the good old times and the merry days of their youth. Then comes the end. Never again will the old man use his Mantle, for he is dead. The Mantle still hangs in its old place, but not for long. The son who is married will have his aged mother to live with him. He dwells in a villa near the town, and thither must the widow journey. Many things she takes with her from the old home, and among them the Mantle.

What a different life is here! Brightly furnished rooms, a large garden, the merry voices of children. The Mantle hangs up in the corner and listens. Its work is done, and when the Grandmother dies it is sent to the lumber-room, where it stays with many other old things, save when it is taken into the garden by the children. By-and-by it will be given to the ragman, and there will be an end of it.

BERTHA HARRISON.

## IN QUITE A FRIENDLY WAY.

GOOD morning, Mrs. Brownie Wing, and how are you to-day?

I've just called in to see you, dear, in quite a friendly way.

So now we'll have a quiet chat, as there is no one nigh,—

I like your cosy nest, but think you've built it rather high.

"*You* don't?" Ah, well! my dear, 'tis true you ought to know what's best,

But still I think the branch below more fitting for your nest;

It looks a bit like pride—at least that's what the neighbours say,

And so I thought I'd let you know, in quite a friendly way.

"They tell me that your little ones are quarrelsome and rude,

In fact the birds are all a-chirp of your unruly brood.

No doubt *you* think your nestlings are the finest in the land,

Ah, dear, such pride in mothers I can always understand.

"Now *I* admire your pretty voice, but others think it flat.

Well, really! This is quite a treat to have a friendly chat.

You think that it is getting late, and that I'd better go?

They said you were unsociable, and now I've proved it so."

Said gentle Mrs. Brownie Wing, a twinkle in her eye,

"Don't trouble, please, to call again, when you are passing by.

Now, as I'm busy, Mrs. Wren, I think I'll say good-day,

Or else, maybe, we shall not part in *quite* a friendly way."

MARIAN ISABEL HURRELL.

## THE SPRITES' FOLLY.



RICKSY drew himself up lazily from among the creamy-white petals of a magnolia blossom and yawned contentedly.

The sun shone warmly, and the flower's sweet, heavy fragrance made the little sprite drowsy still, in spite of the lateness of the hour.

"Hullo, Tricksy!" said a little voice. "You there? Here's a nice time of day to get up!"

Tricksy glanced across to the next blossom, where a laughing little face was peeping out at him.

"Hullo!" he said, with another yawn. "I didn't know you were there, Featherkin."

"I say, Tricksy, what a game we had last night, didn't we?" said the sprite, and at the remembrance they both laughed till the flowers shook beneath them.

"Don't you want your breakfast?" said Tricksy. "I do."

"Yes, of course, so do I."

"Well, the dew will be all off the flowers if you don't hurry."

"Oh, no, there's some still left in this half-open bud just above me," said Featherkin, settling himself back luxuriously among the petals.

"Then why don't you fly up and get it?"

"Why don't you?"

"Because it's too much trouble," said Tricksy.

"My dear chap, that's exactly it. Everything's too much trouble!"

"Dear me, how well you understand," said Tricksy's voice sleepily.

"Yes," said Featherkin, gazing up abstractedly to the blue sky overhead. "Everything we want done we have to do ourselves, and I call it very hard lines. Why we should exhaust ourselves in this way I'm sure I don't know. If we want anything to eat, for instance——"

A gentle snore from the neighbouring flower told him he might keep the rest of his reflections to himself.

There was a rush of wings in the air, a silver glitter in the sunshine, and a fellow-sprite alighted on the end of a little bough near by.

"Good morning, Silverwings," said Featherkin. "How very energetic you are!"

"No, my dear fellow," said Silverwings, "not energetic, far from it, only one must do something to keep oneself alive. Upon my word, everything's dreadfully slow this morning. Nobody's about, and the few friends I did meet were quite cross and grumpy. I suppose it's after the ball last night."

"No," said Featherkin, with a pathetic smile, "it isn't that. It's because we all have to work so hard. No wonder we're cross."

He sat up and flapped his sheeny blue wings lazily, and resumed—

"As I was just telling Tricksy——"

"Oh, where is Tricksy?"

"Just over there, fast asleep."

"I say, let's go and tickle him up!"

Featherkin looked at the speaker tenderly.

"My dear chap, I'm sure you have done enough for one morning, and as for Tricksy, he's completely worn out."

"What's that—what are you fellows saying about me?" said Tricksy, waking up.

"We're only saying how fearfully overdone we all are," said Featherkin.

"Oh, yes, of course we are," assented Tricksy, with a languid, sweet smile.

"What we really want, is somebody to carry us about and save our wings a little," went on Featherkin.

"Exactly," assented the others.

Just then a splendid scarlet and black butterfly came sailing majestically by. The three sprites gazed after it.

"That's an unfair arrangement," said Tricksy. "Such a little body and such big wings to carry it. Just the opposite to us."

Suddenly a brilliant idea struck the sprites. Why shouldn't the butterflies carry them?

"Let us go to the King of the Butterflies," said Silverwings, "and ask him to give us

some of his butterflies to ride. I am sure he will. Butterflies are rather stupid, but they are very good-natured."

So presently, spreading their wings, they rose with a soft flutter up, up, in the air, and flew to the sunny flowery bank where the King of the Butterflies held his court.

They found the Monarch balancing himself on a spray of fragrant honeysuckle, opening and shutting his splendid wings, whose colour and dazzling beauty would have put a rainbow to shame. He listened courteously to the sprites' request.

"You wish to ride my butterflies?" said he. "Certainly. But may I ask why you proffer such a request?"

"We're far from well, your Majesty," said Tricksy. "We really find life too fatiguing."

"Ah, no doubt," said the King, with a twinkle in his eye. "Well, I will order my fastest, most highly-trained subjects to wait on you, and I only bargain that they may be well and kindly treated."

This the sprites readily promised.

"I do not wish to dissuade you from your purpose," added the King impressively, as his visitors prepared to leave, "but I warn you that the day will come when you will be sorry you ever rode a butterfly!"

The sprites flew off, their satisfaction somewhat damped by these parting words.

"Can't think what he means," said Silverwings.

"Perhaps the butterflies will turn restive and pitch us off," suggested Tricksy.

"Oh dear no," said Featherkin. "Besides, what would it matter if they did? We have wings of our own."

And now followed a happy time. Butterfly-riding became quite fashionable. The sprites went gaily hither and thither on their willing steeds, and never attempted to use their own wings at all.

Everything went on well till one lovely summer's evening someone unfortunately suggested races.

The idea was hailed with great glee and clapping of hands. Races! Of course; why hadn't they thought of that before! "Come along!" they shouted to one another. "We'll

start from the topmost bough of this apple tree and race to the big white hawthorn!"

Now the butterflies were never intended to be made use of in this way, so when they heard these words they determined to revolt.

All the sprites assembled and eagerly awaited the signal to start. One, old Black Cap, rode a dragon-fly, swifter than the swiftest butterfly. Not, as he explained, to race, but to act as umpire, and see that all was fair.

"One, two, three, go!" said a voice, and with a gentle whirr of wings the butterflies rose in the air.

Laughing, rollicking, on the sprites came, Featherkin leading the way, when, all at once, his butterfly swerved from the course, swept down to the earth, then suddenly, with a jerk, rose upright, straight in the air, and Featherkin fell off, right into the middle of a poppy!

Here was a joke, and how the other sprites roared with laughter as the same fate happened to each of them in turn.

"Come back! Come back!" they cried to the butterflies, but the gorgeous wings went sailing calmly on, and the sprites looked comically at one another from their poppy-cups and laughed again till their sides shook.

"Oh! what a trick," said Featherkin. "Won't I whip that butterfly of mine when I get hold of him!"

"Yes—when you do," said Tricksy. "My opinion is, they've gone for good."

"Oh, I don't think so," said Silverwings. "Anyway, it's no good staying here."

"Well, I'm very comfortable," laughed Featherkin.

"Don't be lazy," said Silverwings. "It will be rather refreshing to use our own wings again, after all this time. Now come along. Are you ready? Go!"

Alas, poor sprites! They had been standing delicately poised on the poppy petals, ready to spring into the air when the word was given. The moment after they were rolling over on the ground uttering exclamations of pain and fright.

They picked themselves up, rubbing their injured limbs and looking with a bewildered expression into each other's faces.



"Featherkin fell off, right into the middle of a poppy" (p. 410).

"Whatever does it mean?" said Tricksy, in a scared whisper.

"I cou—couldn't fly," said Silverwings, his teeth chattering with fright.

"Nor could I," came in awed whispers from the others.

They began examining each other's wings, and were startled to see how small and shrunken they had become. No more bright colours, no beautiful sheen or silvery lustre. Dull and withered-looking, they almost resembled the wings of a bat, with the difference of being utterly powerless, utterly useless.

"Let us go and ask the King of the Butterflies about it," said Tricksy.

"Yes," said Silverwings. "This must be what he meant when he said we should be sorry we ever rode a butterfly."

At these words, their comrades, declaring they had been led into a

regular trap, angrily took themselves off, and our three were left alone.

See them now, poor sprites, frightened and tearful, making their way with difficulty over the rough uneven ground. Bravely they plodded on, but the way was long and walking sorely hurt their tender little feet. They were dusty, footsore, and dreadfully weary before they reached the splendid Monarch, who this time received them in state, his Queen by his side, and all his court around him. The sprites bowed profoundly, then,

"Your Majesty," said Featherkin, "your words have come true. We do indeed repent of having ridden your subjects, since thereby we have lost the use of our own wings."

"How did you find that out?" asked the King sharply.

Then he was told, with all sadness and humility, how they had been racing the butterflies, whereat he scowled, and about their being pitched off, whereat he laughed, and, finally, how they had come to him to ask if there was any way by which they might regain the use of their wings.

The King pondered; then he said, slowly and impressively:

## A VERY FINE SIGHT.

(See VOL. LIII., p. 76.)

THE Waste-Paper-Basket solemnly rose,

Put the Editor's spectacles over his nose,  
And glancing around with a puzzled stare,  
He slowly ascended the Editor's chair!

"Dear me," he began, "dear me, what a change!

It certainly looks remarkably strange;  
But where have they gone to—the paper?  
The ink?

The pens and the pencils? I'm dreaming, I think!

The queries? The answers? The puzzles and jokes?

The yellow-backed papers (I mean LITTLE FOLKS)?

I can't understand it; I can't, I declare!"

And here he descended again from the chair,  
Gazed up at the ceiling, and down on the floor,

"Did you not already see the folly of your lazy and good-for-nothing habits, you should be further punished by being kept in ignorance. However, as it is, I will tell you that there is a way, but it requires great patience."

"So that we may be able to use our wings again, your Majesty," said Tricksey, "we will indeed be patient."

"You have simply lost the use of your wings," said the King, "because you have ceased to use them."

"Then we need only use them," cried Silverwings, "and it will be all right."

"Gently, gently," said the King, raising his antennæ to command silence. "It will cost you a world of trouble. Every day must you practise, little by little. At first you will fall, you will make many slips, but by patience and steady perseverance, in time—in time—the power will return, and not only the power, but colour and beauty, for it is use and hard work that keep our wings bright and lovely. Now go. You have learnt a lesson which I think you will not easily forget."

And humbly, but still hopefully, the sprites withdrew.

BARBARA LUCY.

Looked under the table, grew puzzled the more,

And, finally, sank in his usual place,  
With utter despair on his wickerwork face.

Just then there crept a small mouse to his side:

"Your brother colleagues, Mr. Basket," he cried,

"While you in a nap were indulging to-day,  
Departed to witness some very fine play:

I certainly always have this understood  
That at skittles the Editor's awfully good——"

"Eh? What?" cried the Basket. "You don't mean to say

The Editor's playing at skittles to-day?"

Then he caught up his hat, with no more ado,  
Jumped over the table, and off he flew!

The little mouse, wondering, scratched his head:  
"It *must* be a *very* fine sight," he said!

CONSTANCE M. LOWE.

## ELSIE'S BROKEN PROMISE.



PROMISES are like piecrusts," quoted Elsie, "made to be broken!"

"Yours are," said George gruffly.

"Why, what does it matter?"

said Elsie, opening her brown eyes very wide. "Who cares if you go to see them one day or the next?"

She pushed on vigorously with her bicycle, splashing through the puddles, and trying to see something of George, except one large red ear, and a "regulation crop" of black hair.

"Wait, George," she panted. "You go at such a pace, and Mother said I wasn't to—not up-hill. Why should I go and see Anne to-day any more than to-morrow?"

"Because you promised," said George sturdily.

"Well, you can't always keep your promises."

"That's so like a girl," said George contemptuously.

"Well," said Elsie, flushing, and tossing her curly head, "I never saw *you* go to visit a poor child, or a sick child, or anyone!"

"I never promised," said George, and Elsie had nothing more to say.

Presently, as they got nearer home, George began again—

"The reason it matters so much is that Anne is ill, and if you're ill, and want to see a person very much, it does you harm if they don't turn up, and if Anne is lying in bed, roaring and crying for you——"

But even George's moral lecture fell to pieces before the picture he had conjured up. That anyone, even an invalid, should be roaring and crying for Elsie seemed suddenly so unlikely and so ludicrous that they both laughed immoderately, and George had to put his hand on Elsie's machine to steady it.

"I wish you wouldn't take your hand off the handle when you guffaw like that," he said. "I don't!"

"But it was so funny," said Elsie. "Anne roaring and crying for me, and Nurse trying

all she can to get me out of the nursery! 'Miss Elsie, you can do your work better in the dining-room!' You know the way she does it, pretending all the time that she is only thinking about me. You couldn't imagine *her* crying for me, could you?" and then they laughed again.

The next day was wet, and Elsie hurried home from school on her bicycle, with a little prick of conscience, as she passed the cottage with the half-drawn blinds. It would not have taken her a minute to run in and ask after Anne, but she was rather tired and wet, and it was a bother. "And to-morrow will do as well," she said to herself.

"To-morrow" there was a children's party, and Elsie really forgot all about Anne, until she was dressed, and Nurse was tying the bow of her sash. Then she twitched herself suddenly away. "Oh, Nurse," she said. "I meant to go and see Anne Wilson in the cottage by the church. I think I ought to go now. I promised."

"Indeed you won't go now," said Nurse indignantly. "What a harum-scarum young lady you are to promise on a day like this."

"I didn't," said Elsie.

"Well, go and ask your mamma," said Nurse, "and you can do as she says; but it isn't likely she'll let you go in there, in your best things."

Elsie impatiently shook her head free of Nurse's firm hand, and ran off to the drawing-room. Mother was sitting by the open window, with a book in her hand, and far away the echo of a bugle came faintly to Elsie's ears.

"Mother," she said impetuously, "I want to go and see Anne Wilson on my way, and Nurse says she will abide by you. May I?"

Mother closed her book.

"My dear Elsie—no; you are late as it is, and Anne can wait. Are you quite ready? I hope it is not a disappointment, dear, but there is no use rushing in for a moment like that, and I daresay Anne is in no hurry."

For a moment Elsie paused, with her arms



round Mother's neck. She knew that she had not put it fairly, and she felt certain that if Mother had known the truth she would have answered differently. It was even possible that she would have said, as she had done once, long ago, when Elsie was quite a little girl, "You must go to Anne, and give up your party—a broken promise is such a haunting thing!"

So Elsie held her tongue. She took her arms slowly away, and let them fall to her side, and Mother looked at her curiously. "There is no particular reason why you should go to Anne to-day, is there, dear?" she asked; and Elsie answered "No," in rather a quiet voice.

The next afternoon was beautiful and bright, and a half-holiday. Elsie felt how much better it was to have waited until she was able to spare a whole long hour to amuse Anne. She went back into the nursery, after she had pumped up her bicycle, and picked out two or three nice books, out of which she could read stories to Anne. Anne was very fond of being read to, and Elsie glowed with satisfaction at the very idea. She went joyfully skimming down the road, where some of the married people from the barracks were lodged out. Mother let her go and see the women and children whenever she liked, because Father was a captain in the regiment. So here and there a woman smiled as she passed, or a chubby child ran out, and shouted to her. At the Wilsons' little gate she got down and propped up her bicycle. The door was shut, and, in the little window the blind was up, and the sunshine lay all over the garden, and, when she knocked, a child ran out of the house next door and leant over the railing.

"It's no use your going on knocking, Miss Elsie," she said. "They took her away this morning."

"Took her away!" Elsie's heart beat so fast that she felt as if she were suffocating. "Where to? Oh, she's not——"

"Oh, she's not dead," said the child. "They've took her to the hospital, and her mother's gone, too, and we answer all callers."

"Is Anne very ill?" said Elsie in a scared voice.

"Oh, yes, she's pretty bad. She mayn't never come out of hospital again, Mother says, but she's better there than here."

"Susan," said Elsie. "Did she—expect—me—did she want me?"

"Oh, yes, miss," said Susan indifferently. "She bothered for you a good bit at first, and then she got *dilurious*. She expected you every time she heard folks passing; she said you promised."

Elsie's hand went up instinctively to her ears to shut out the hateful word.

"But, of course," Susan went on, unnoticed, "as Mother told her, gentlefolks can't always keep their promises—not to the minute."

"Oh, but I could," said Elsie. "Susan, I *could*, and I didn't. I can't tell you how I feel; and if Anne dies——"

The tears were running down her cheeks, until her blouse was quite wet. Stupid, kind-hearted little Susan was over the palings in a moment, pouring out incoherent words of sympathy.

"Oh, you mustn't take on, Miss Elsie, not like that. She never thought the worse of you, Anne didn't. She said you'd forgot. Don't cry, Miss Elsie, dear; and Mother'll get you a cup of tea. I don't see as you can be blamed."

But Elsie would not accept any comfort, and she went miserably home to her patient mother!

Anne did not die, which was consoling. She took a turn for the better in the hospital, and after a long sojourn in the valley of the shadow, her weak, trembling feet were set at last on the difficult journey back to life. Once or twice Elsie was allowed to see her, and, in time, the memory of that dreadful day faded away; but Elsie had had a bitter lesson, and I don't think she ever said again that promises were like pie-crust! Indeed, years afterwards, I once heard rather a nice thing said of her—

"You can always trust Elsie," someone said. "She never breaks a promise!"

## MESSAGES FROM MARS.

○NE evening I was looking at the planets  
and the stars,  
When I noticed through my telescope a signal-  
ling from Mars,  
It was done with dots and dashes, and with  
pothooks and with strokes,  
Which made a sort of alphabet well known to  
little folks;  
I took it down in character, and took it up  
to bed,  
And this was the translation which at morn-  
ing light I read :

"You're a funny little people, we can't make  
you out at all,  
For you walk in strange positions round a  
slightly-flattened ball,  
And some of you contrive to drive and ride on  
two thin wheels,  
Yet your bodies are not boilers, and you do  
not use your heels;  
We notice that you carry little shelters, when  
it rains,  
Does water wash your fur off and produce  
unpleasant pains?

"Do you sleep in mustard-plasters when the  
weather's cold and raw?  
And do you break your atmosphere, or cut it  
with a saw?  
The water in your rivers waxes white and goes  
to sleep,  
Is this a fit of laziness, or else to make it keep?  
We notice burning mountains which are very  
fierce and bright,  
Is this to do the cooking, and to air the beds  
at night?

"We ask for information on the foodstuffs  
which you eat,  
Are dumplings stuffed with barley-chaff re-  
garded as a treat?  
No doubt you're well acquainted with tan-  
tadlin tarts and cakes,  
And twiggen-dick, e-stitch-em-stitch, and like-  
wise two-eyed steaks;  
We give a famous recipe for making gravel  
hash—  
'Cats' knuckles and dogs' elbows, bread-and-  
smooth-it, and a splash.'

"Your largest living creature has a long,  
elastic nose—

To put in the affairs of other creatures, we  
suppose—

The tallest has a spiral neck, its eyes look  
either way,

Is this to see next Monday-week and last  
year's quarter-day?

Another has a body like an animated screw,  
And climbs for exercise, perhaps, or else to  
get the view.

"We trust you are endeavouring to under-  
stand our signs,

We've worked away for centuries, on these  
and other lines,

Please get a ruby looking-glass, and flash it on  
the moon,

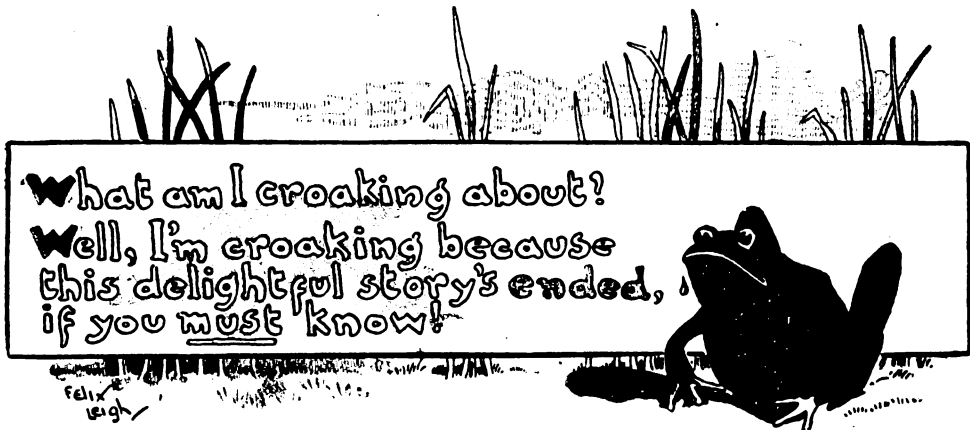
And use a simple alphabet, and answer very  
soon."

With this the message ended; so I guess I'll  
have to try

To correspond in moonshine: but what shall  
I reply?

DRUID GRAYL.





## THE BOOK OF BETTY BARBER AND THE TROUBLE IT CAUSED.

By MAGGIE BROWNE, Author of "*Wanted—a King*," "*The Surprising Adventures of Tuppy and Tuo*," etc.

### CHAPTER XI.

#### FATHER WILLIAM'S STORY.

**G**O cautiously, surround him, don't let him get away," said Minora. But, instead of trying to get away, Father William walked to meet them, and seemed pleased to see them. He nodded to Minora quite amiably.

"Better, I hope," he said, "sorry I couldn't oblige you, but I was in a hurry, you know—important business."

Then he turned to Lucy, "Ah, they told me you had mysteriously disappeared, and I guessed you had managed to get out of Nonsense Land, so I thought I would look you up, and we could go back to Rhyme Land together. But I'm afraid I interrupt. Who are these two young gentlemen?"

Thirteen-fourteenths had been trying to keep quiet, but he could not hold his tongue a minute longer.

"The book!" he shouted; he was too excited to speak. "The book, where is the book?"

"Oh, it's all right," said Father William, "keep calm, my young friend, the great thing is to keep calm. In my youth——"

Lucy came to the rescue.

"Dear Father William," she said, "you don't know how very badly we all want to get that book."

"It seems quite a popular work," said Father William.

"It has done so much harm," said Lucy. "Dear Father William, did you get it for me?"

"Now, I'll tell you all about it," said Father William, "let us find a comfortable place."

"Please first say if you got it," said Thirteen-fourteenths.

"I got it," said the old gentleman, smiling cheerfully, "it's all right, and I can assure you it is a most interesting adventure. In my youth——"

"Let us all go and sit under the tree, where we first found the book," said Lucy. "Then Father William can tell us his story."

"And I will tell you mine," said Minora.

"And I, mine," said Half-term.

"And then, as a grand ending to all the stories," whispered the Fraction to Lucy, as they walked down the road to the tree, "we will tear that book into ninety thousand bits, and scatter them to the four winds of heaven."

"We will," said Lucy, "but be patient. Listen to his story, and don't interrupt him unless he begins about his youth, and then all change the subject as quickly as ever you can."

"He seems quite an amiable old gentle-

man now," said Minora wonderingly, "but it only shows that you never know."

"Father William," said Lucy, as she sat down beneath the tree, and Half-term climbed on a low branch to swing his legs, "this young man is a great friend of mine. Thirteen-fourteenths is his name. He comes from Sum Land."

"Sum Land!" said Father William, "I know all about Sum Land, it comes into my story. And who is your other friend?"

"Half-term," said Lucy, "Mr. Half-term Holiday."

"The young lady I know. We have met before," said Father William. "She wanted the book."

"Now tell us your adventures," said Half-term.

"I asked you to fetch the book, because I thought it would be sure not do any more harm in Nonsense Land," said Lucy. "Now go on, what happened to you?"

"I came to this tree," said Father William, "and found a book quite easily, so easily that I thought I must have made a mistake, and that it could not be the right book. I looked inside, and there I saw sums, sums, sums, all marked with a big W."

"And you took them to Sum Land to be put right. Go on," said Thirteen-fourteenths. Father William stared at him quite solemnly; then he stared at Minora.

"In my youth——" he began.

"Dear Father William," said Lucy quickly, "you left the book in Sum Land."

"Ah, yes," said Father William, "and I was on my way back to the tree to look for another book, when I met a most friendly, obliging Owl, quite an old Owl, and we had a most pleasant conversation about our youth."

Lucy began coughing very loudly.

"I gave her some of my ointment," said Father William, quickly feeling in his pockets, "some of this—Dear me, dear me, I seem to have lost all my boxes."

Thirteen-fourteenths took two boxes out of his pocket and gave them to the old gentleman, who smiled graciously.

"Thank you," he said. "I told the Owl

about your troubles, Lucy dear, and she advised me to go and fetch the book from Sum Land. She said she knew that it was the book you wanted, and she thought it would be a good plan to leave the book in Nonsense Land."

"So you fetched it," said Thirteen-fourteenths, interrupting again in spite of Lucy's frowns, "only you left the covers behind."

"And at the cross-roads I met you," said Minora, "and tried to take it away from you."

"And please give me the book this minute," said Thirteen-fourteenths.

"No, please give it to me," said Minora, "I promised to take it to Queen Harmony."

"You shall take it nowhere," said Thirteen-fourteenths, "I mean to tear it into ninety thousand bits this very minute."

"I must have it," said Minora. "Queen Harmony is angry with me, and if I take her the book——" and she knelt down in front of Father William. "You will give it to me," she said, "won't you?"

"No, give it to me," shouted the Fraction, and he threw himself in front of Father William.

And all the time Father William was gazing into the air quite calmly, taking no notice of either of them, and Lucy was almost crying, trying to get in a word to keep the other two quiet.

"It seems to me," said Half-term, "that we must get the book before we can decide what is to be done with it."

"Dear Father William," said Lucy.

"In my youth——" said Father William.

Minora and the Fraction jumped up angrily.

"We shall have to take it by force," said Minora.

"Wait one minute," said Lucy, "let me try once more. Dear Father William," she said, and she stood beside him and laid her hand on his shoulder. "Dear Father William, will you give me the book you so kindly fetched for me?"

Father William looked up at her, and smiled a beautiful smile.

"Dear Lucy," he said, "you asked me to fetch the book when you were in Nonsense

Land; I did so, but could not find you there. They said you had disappeared. So, as Mrs. Owl advised, I left the book in Nonsense Land, at the Grand Panjandrum's Court."

"In Nonsense Land!" shouted Minora and Half-term.

But Thirteen-fourteenths threw himself on the ground, buried his face in his hands, and groaned aloud.

Lucy alone did not show how disappointed, how grieved, she was.

"Dear Father William," she said, "will you fetch it for me? I will wait here, under this tree."

"Certainly," said Father William, very politely, and he jumped up from the ground.

"And will you be as quick as you can?" said Lucy. "Then we will go back together to Rhyme Land."

"With pleasure," said Father William, and he bounded away through the wood, and disappeared out of sight in a few moments.

For quite two whole minutes not a word was spoken. Lucy sat down on the ground, and leaned against the tree, thinking. Half-term jumped down and sat beside her; then, at last, he broke the silence.

"Look here," he said, "you chaps, cheer up. It will be all right. I can tell you one piece of good news: Paint Land is all right again, or soon will be."

"Is it?" said Thirteen-fourteenths, raising his head.

"Indeed it is, and if you turn your head you will see the proof," said Half-term.

"How do, everybody?" called a cheerful voice. And Miss Crimson Lake, looking as pink as the freshest pink pink, and even pinker, came tripping down the path.

"Isn't it grand?" she cried. "We are all happy again. Oh, there you are, you dear old Half-term. Well, did Father Christmas get home safely? What a charming old man he is, quite charming."

"Was that Father Christmas who drove past us in the red cloak in the sleigh?" asked Minora.

"Of course it was," said Half-term. "He had Santa Claus with him. We had been to Paint Land with fresh supplies."

"Such piles of paint-boxes," cried Miss Crimson Lake. "Such stacks of paint-brushes!"

"Yes, they did the thing pretty thoroughly whilst they were about it," said Half-term.

"Well, well," said Minora, "then things are not so bad, after all; and if I tell Queen Harmony that the book is in Nonsense Land——"

"What book?" said Miss Crimson Lake. "Not the Book of Betty Barber? Why, what a capital place for it to be in!"

Thirteen-fourteenths shook his head.

"It is all very well," he said, "I am glad you are better, Miss Crimson Lake, I am glad Lucy is out of Nonsense Land; but I can never rest until the book is torn into ninety thousand pieces, and scattered to the four winds of heaven."

"Father William will fetch it," said Lucy.

"He'll never come back," said Minora. "Why, oh why, didn't you go with him?"

"Because he hates to be interrupted," said Lucy solemnly. "I asked you not to interrupt; but never mind, it doesn't matter now," she added quickly, for Minora looked quite grieved and hurt, as if she were going to cry. "Tell us what our dear Major C is doing? Where is he?"

"He's all right," said Minora, "he's at home. He says he will stay at home, too. You see, Queen Harmony was rather annoyed about all the disturbance. She told Major C and me we ought to keep to our own staircase and mind our own business. She told Father Time if he couldn't keep better order she'd have to beat him. Indeed, she scolded us all round, and said she'd make all the Scales chromatic, if they didn't keep their Sharps and Flats in order," and Minora shuddered. "Then she sent me to fetch the Book of Betty Barber, to bring it to her."

"What was she going to do with it?" asked Lucy.

"I don't know I'm sure," said Minora. "but I thought perhaps she would be less angry if I took it to her."

Thirteen-fourteenths dived to the bottom of his pockets, and pulled out the sheet of the





"I MET A MOST FRIENDLY, OBLIGING OWL." (p. 417).



book which Minora had taken from Father William. He looked at it carefully.

"Look, Minora," he said, "the piece about Major C is on this very sheet, funnily enough. Take that to Queen Harmony — that is the part of the book she will be interested in—and ask her to destroy it. If we can only get it, we will destroy the rest."

Minora took the sheet and looked at it, and Half-term peeped over her shoulder.

"Yes, that's it," he said, "the very piece— 'I think C major is very dull! I shall let my children play C major sometimes with sharps and flats, and sometimes without.'"

"Queen Harmony is quite certain to tear that into little pieces," said Minora, "she won't approve of that, will she? However, I'll take care of it, and take it to her. Thank you, Thirteen-fourteenths. I never looked which page of the book I had snatched from Father William."

"There's someone coming through the wood," said Half-term. "If it is Father William, he has not wasted much time."

"There are several someones," said Minora, whose ears were very quick.

"I do hope Father William hasn't brought any of those Nonsense people with him," said Thirteen-fourteenths.

"Hush! Listen!" said Minora. "Five pairs of feet."

"I can see black and white," said Miss Crimson Lake.

"There's Ellesdee," cried Thirteen-fourteenths. And Ellesdee, followed by four black and white figures, came running along the path.

"There he is," shouted Ellesdee, and they all made a rush at the Fraction, gathered round him, and all began talking, or rather gasping, for they were very much out of breath.

"They told us where it was," gasped Ellesdee.

"So we've come to find it," said Sois.

"Up a tree, you know," said Tare.

"Up a tree," shouted Repeater.

"Not this tree, you know, but another one," said Tret.

"It isn't up a tree at all," said Thirteen-

fourteenths, "it is in Nonsense Land, and Father William has gone to fetch it."

"That's rubbish," said Ellesdee.

"Nonsense!" shouted Tare.

"It is up a tree," said Tret.

"Up a tree," called Repeater.

"They told us so," explained Sois.

"If you would be quiet one minute, we could talk to you," said Lucy.

"We can't be quiet," said Ellesdee, "we want to find it for him so badly, and we thought he would be pleased."

"He made enough fuss when he lost it," said Sois.

"Fuss, fuss, fuss," cried Repeater.

"Don't you want to be a whole number again, Thirteen-fourteenths?"

"Of course I do," said Thirteen-fourteenths, "but why do you talk about that just now?"

"Then find it, find it," said Ellesdee.

"Up a tree, up a tree, fastened to the top. Come on!" shouted Tare.

And the five figures turned away from the Fraction, and ran one to one tree, one to another, and began to climb hard.

"What can be the matter with them?" said Half-term, as the others watched them in silence.

Up one tree after another swarmed the figures, calling to one another as they climbed.

"They are not looking for the book," said Lucy at last.

"Then what are they looking for?" said Half-term.

"I expect they are really trying to find the book," said Thirteen-fourteenths, "though they may not be looking for it. I found the first box when I was looking for the piece of my—" And then Thirteen - fourteenths stopped suddenly, and running to the foot of a tree which Ellesdee had begun to climb seized hold of a black leg and held it fast.

"Are you looking for the piece of my jacket, Ellesdee?" he asked eagerly.

"Of course, of course, let me go," said Ellesdee, beginning to kick. "They said it was up a tree. Why don't you look for it yourself?" And, having managed to free his leg from the Fraction's grasp, he began to climb the tree faster than ever.

"Who told you it was up a tree?" called Thirteen-fourteenths; but Elless-dee was far too busy to answer.

"They are looking for the lost piece of my jacket," said the Fraction to Lucy; "isn't it kind of them!"

"Can't we help?" said Half-term, who was aching for something to do.

"What is it like?" asked Miss Crimson Lake.

"It is white," said Thirteen-fourteenths, "white like my jacket, and somebody has told the figures that it is up a tree."

"Then I'm off," said Half-term, running to a tree and beginning to climb.

"I may as well help," said Minora, "but I don't think we shall find it."

"We'll try," said Miss Crimson Lake.

"I can't go. I must wait for Father William," said Thirteen-fourteenths, "but, oh, I do hope some of you will find it. If only I could find it, if only I could take it back to Sum Land. What is the matter, Lucy?"

For Lucy, who had been sitting quite still, suddenly began jumping up and down, and clapping her hands.

"Of course, of course," she said, "it is up a tree. I saw it when I was in Nonsense Land. I saw a white thing waving from the top of a tree, and I thought it was you or Half-term signalling to me; but, of course, it was the wind blowing the piece of your jacket. Come on, come on!"

And Lucy ran after the others to climb, climb.

"But how about Father William?" called out Thirteen-fourteenths after her, as she was going.

"You wait for him," said Lucy. "Call me when you see him." And she disappeared out of sight.

"He's coming now. I believe," said Thirteen-fourteenths to himself, "somebody is coming. Hullo! it's those holiday fairies. I'll let them pass by." And the Fraction swung himself into the branches of the tree so energetically that he nearly tumbled down the hollow trunk, as Half-term had done before.



"Began jumping up and down" (p. 423).

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE END OF THE BOOK.

THE holiday fairies were laughing and joking as they came through the wood, dragging after them a very fat bag. It did not seem very heavy, for when Easter jumped on the top of it, Summer and Christmas were still able to move it, and did not appear to mind the extra weight the least bit."

"We'll take it to the tree," said Summer, "then we'll open it."

"I wonder, oh, I wonder what's inside," said Christmas.

Half-term came tumbling down out of a tree.

"Hullo!" he said. "What have you got there? Let me look."

"No, we found it," said Easter.

"Would you quite say 'found' it?" asked Christmas.

"Scarcely, perhaps," said Summer.

And then all three fairies, shouting with

laughter, picked up their prize, carried it to the tree, and sat down on it.

"What's the joke? What's the joke?" called several voices, as Ellesdee, Sois, Miss Crimson Lake, Lucy, Minora, and the others came scrambling, jumping, and tumbling to the ground.

"There are the holiday fairies," cried Ellesdee, "just in time, too."

"If it's up a tree, which tree is it up?" shouted Sois.

"It seems to me you've all been up a tree," laughed Christmas.

"Up several trees," said Easter.

And then they all laughed louder than ever.

"But we can't find the piece of the jacket," said Ellesdee. "Can't you really remember on which tree you fastened it?"

Thirteen-fourteenths came tumbling down to the ground, almost on the top of the fairies.

"What!" he cried. "Did you steal the piece of my jacket?"

"Dear, dear," said Christmas. "He was up a tree, too; now, we didn't know that."

"Would you say 'steal'?" said Easter.

"Scarcely, perhaps," said Summer.

"Don't you think you'd say 'borrowed'?" said Christmas.

At that moment a most remarkable noise echoed through the wood. All the figures jumped, Miss Crimson Lake turned pinker than ever, the fairies rose from their seats, and even Thirteen-fourteenths looked a bit scared. But Lucy only smiled, she had heard the noise before.

"It's all right," she said, "it's only Father William yawning. He must have fallen asleep; and I'm not surprised, for somehow I feel sleepy myself."

The three holiday fairies looked at one another rather anxiously.

"Is Father William an old gentleman?" asked Christmas.

Lucy nodded. "He looks very old," she said, yawning.

"Then don't you think?" asked Easter.

"I do," said Summer.

"So do I," said Christmas.

And then, before the others had realised what they were going to do, with a skip and

hop and jump, the three fairies disappeared through the trees.

"So they stole the piece of my jacket, the little scamps," said the Fraction, "I never did like them."

"Perhaps, if you had, they never would have taken it," said Ellesdee, "and they didn't mean to lose it, I know; they meant to hide it to tease you, and then they forgot on which tree they put it."

"If three fairies hide one piece of jacket——" began Sois.

But at that moment Father William, with his white hair standing up straight, his eyes almost starting out of his head, his hands thrown up in the air, came hurrying down the path.

As soon as he saw Lucy he threw himself down before her.

"Forgive me, forgive me," he cried. "It is gone! Gone! Gone!"

"Not the book?" cried Thirteen-fourteenths.

"Don't say the book is lost again," said Lucy. "What shall we do? It seems to be bewitched."

"I always thought it was," said Minora. "I always said it was."

"I must say I hope it is lost," whispered Tare to Tret.

Father William sat down on the ground, and sobbed aloud.

"I went back to Nonsense Land," he groaned, "and I found them all at the Grand Panjandrum's Court. They had the book, the Grand Panjandrum himself had the book when I first got there," and Father William burst out crying once more and could not get any further.

Lucy felt the tears rolling down her cheeks, and, indeed, every one of them felt sorry to see the poor old man in such trouble.

Half-term went to him and held out both hands.

"I say," he said, "you cheer up; it'll all come right in the end. That book seems to be always getting lost, but it always turns up again, and I believe it will turn up this time. Let me help you up, don't sit there, sit under the tree."

Father William stopped crying, and let Half-term help him up.

"Look, there's an old bag full of something, sit on that," said Half-term.

Father William gave a loud shout, and, instead of sitting on the bag, picked it up, hugged it tightly in his arms, and began jumping up and down.

"Dear me, what a queer old gentleman," said Ellessdee.

"He always was queer," whispered Minora.

"What is it, Father William?" asked Lucy, "do you know what is in the bag?"

"Know what is in the bag!" cried Father William. "Why, of course I do, didn't I pack that bag my own self. Sit down, all of you, and listen. I will sit down on the bag, I won't lose it again."

So they all sat down beneath the tree, and Father William began—

"Question one—Where did the bag come from? Question two—Where did it go to? Question three—What is in the bag?"

"We haven't any paper," objected Ellessdee, "we can't take the questions down."

"Question one," said Father William, "I'll answer myself. Can anyone answer Question two?"

"I can answer one of the questions," said the Fraction. "I saw the holiday fairies dragging that bag through the wood."

"The young monkeys," said Father William, "then they stole it whilst I was asleep."

"The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood," cried a mocking voice up in the tree.

"Would you say 'stole' it?" asked another voice.

"Scarcely, perhaps," said a third voice.

And, looking up, they saw the three mischief-making, mischief-loving fairies up in the tree above their heads.

"Come down," said Father William.

"Come down," called Thirteen-fourteenths.

"Thanks, awfully," said Summer, "but I think——"

"So do I," said Christmas.

"We'll stay where we are," said Easter.

"We're up a tree this time," they cried in chorus.

"Take no notice of them, Father William,"

said Lucy. "You'll go to sleep if you do. They always make me feel sleepy. Tell us about the book."

"To begin at the beginning of all things," said Father William, "in my youth——"

A large branch tumbled bang on his head.

"Oh, yes, dear me, yes," he said quickly.

"As I was saying, I found them all looking at the book at the Grand Panjandrum's Court, and they said it was a grand book, such splendid nonsense!"

"So it was," said Minora.

"So they all wanted it," said Father William, fortunately not noticing the interruption, "and they wanted it so badly that they even snatched it away from the Grand Panjandrum. Then first one snatched it, then another pulled it, and very soon the Book of Betty Barber was all in little bits."

"Torn into bits," said Lucy, clapping her hands. "Now, Thirteen-fourteenths, are you happy at last?"

"Where are the bits?" said Ellessdee. "We must fit them together and put those sums right."

"You see," said Thirteen - fourteenths, "Ellessdee would put the bits together again. Where are the bits, Father William?"

Father William smiled his own peculiar smile. "The bits of the Book of Betty Barber, my dear young friends, are here. Here, in this sack. I picked them up and packed them in myself."

"Give them to us," cried the Fraction.

"Give them to us," shouted Ellessdee.

"Give them to us," said Miss Crimson Lake.

"One moment," said Father William, "I packed the bits in this bag, and I was so tired I closed my eyes for a few moments, then the monkeys up the tree stole the bag, and I thought it was lost."

"We know all that, we know all that," cried Ellessdee, "give us the bits, we must get those sums right."

"Of course we must," cried Sois.

"You shan't do anything of the kind," cried Minora. "I will carry the bag as it is to Queen Harmony. Look, I have one page," and she held out the page which she had taken from Father William.



"They joined hands" (p. 426).

"Have you one page?" cried Ellessdee, snatching it away.

And then they all began quarrelling and fighting, snatching, and pushing. They pulled Father William off the bag, and he only stared at them wondering; then, whilst Ellessdee, Sois, and Minora were fighting over the one page, all the others pulled the bag first one way, then the other, each trying to get at the string to untie it. The holiday fairies sat up in the tree and laughed.

When the bag began to come to pieces, and the bits of paper began to fall out, they laughed louder than ever.

But Lucy, who had spent most of her time watching the struggle, pushed her way into the middle of the group, and called out loudly:

"Stop, stop. We ought to be ashamed of ourselves."

"We ought," said Thirteen-fourteenths.

And the figures hung their heads, Minora covered her face with her hands, and the others stood still thinking.

"It isn't your fault," said Easter.

"It's Betty Barber's," cried Summer.

"Listen to me for one moment," said Lucy,

as she picked Father William up from the ground.

"I always said it was a popular work," he said, as he leant back against the tree, and prepared to go to sleep once more.

"Ellessdee, Thirteen-fourteenths, Minora, all of you," said Lucy. "This book must be destroyed, it causes nothing but mischief."

"Excuse me interrupting you," said Half-term, "but to which book do you refer? It appears to me that there is no book."

And, indeed, Half-term was right. There was no book, and the bits of it were scattered all over the ground, most of them so trampled on and dirty that they did not look like bits of paper.

"We couldn't put the bits together again," said Ellessdee.

"Queen Harmony won't want to see those dirty little pieces of paper," said Minora.

"Let us pick up all the pieces we can find, and bury them," said the Fraction.

"No, your first plan was a good one," said Lucy. "Let each pick up as many pieces as possible, carry them to the top of a tree, and scatter them to the winds."

"If you want the place swept up," said Christmas, "why, of course."

"Of course," said Easter.

"One moment," said Summer.

And the three fairies swung themselves down from the tree and hurried away.

"Where are they off to, this time?" said the Fraction. "They only mean mischief, let us all set to work to pick up the bits before the fairies come back."

And all the figures, Lucy, Minora, and Miss Crimson Lake set to work with a will.

"I think," said Half-term, sitting down, for once, "you are wasting your time. My charming sisters have gone to fetch a friend, who will do the work much better. Ah, I thought so. Here he comes. If you will take my advice, you will all lie flat on your faces."

Father William lay down, but the others took no notice.

Then, suddenly, the pieces of paper began to run along the ground.

"A wind getting up," said Thirteen-fourteenths.

But as he spoke the wind grew stronger and stronger. The trees tossed their branches, showers of twigs and leaves tumbled to the ground, the wind howled and whistled; but through all the noise the shouting and laughing of the three sisters could be heard.

Lucy, Minora, and all the others were glad

to take Half-term's advice, and lie flat on the ground.

"What a wind!" whispered Thirteen-fourteenths.

"It is going away," whispered Lucy.

And, as suddenly as it had risen, the wind died away.

"It's all right, he's gone," cried Half-term.

And one after another Lucy, the Fraction, Minora, and the others raised their heads, and looked about them.

"What's that?" cried Ellessee, pointing to something black and white lying on the ground beneath a tree.

"I believe it's the piece of my jacket," said Thirteen-fourteenths. "The wind has blown it down."

He ran quickly to pick it up, and shouted, "Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

And Ellessee, Tare and Tret, Repeater, and Sois shouted "Hurrah!" too.

"Then let us be off to Sum Land," said Ellessee.

"You certainly can't pick up the pieces of the book," said Lucy, "there's not a bit to be seen anywhere. We ought to thank the holiday fairies."

"And I ought to thank them," said Thirteen-fourteenths, "their friend has found the piece of my jacket. Where are they?"

"You won't see them any more at present,"



THE BROWNIES' SHELTER.



said Half-term, "when Mr. Wind is out with three Holidays, they all have a good time and enjoy themselves."

"Then let us go to Sum Land," said Thirteen-fourteenths, "and I'll try always to remember that holidays are good for something."

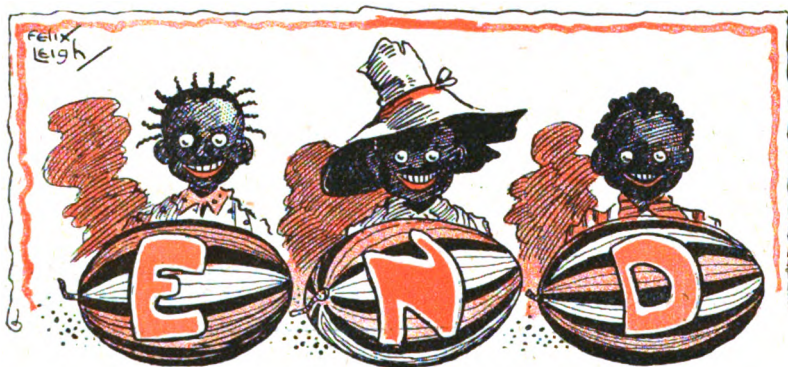
"I'll go back to Music Land," said Minora, "and tell Queen Harmony there is no Book of Betty Barber."

"Before we separate," said Lucy, "let us all join hands in a circle round the tree, and say together, 'The Book of Betty Barber is gone. Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!'"

And they joined hands, and cheered heartily, then they clapped hands; and then they all jumped and ran, shouting and singing, down the path to the cross-roads, each to find his or her own way home.

As they disappeared through the wood there was a fluttering among the branches of the tree, and the White Owl flew down the trunk to her old quarters.

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" she said, as she settled herself comfortably. "I shall have peace at last, the Book of Betty Barber is gone—gone—gone! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!"



## AGATHA'S WITCH.



OW, Miss Agatha," said Nurse, "I can't be all over the place after you, with Baby to wheel, and the ruts something awful. You must keep up, and not keep me calling and looking

for you, or you'll be lost on the common, and the dusk coming on!"

"All right, Nurse," said Agatha, crossly.

"Come along," said Nurse again, presently. "Where has the child got to? Miss Agatha!" raising her voice, "I'm going home!"

"All right!" said Agatha's voice, faintly. She had slipped through the hedge and was out of sight. She turned and ran farther and farther away, down the ploughed field, and over a little brook, and into a fenced field with a gate.

"Nurse won't think of looking here," she

said to herself, gleefully; "and I shall have a most exciting adventure. She treats me just like a baby."

Agatha picked up her basket and ran on. She clambered back over the palings out of the little wood, and stood for a minute shading her eyes.

"Now I'll go home," she said to herself. She got down into the ditch and started running; but presently she came to a stile, which certainly had not been there when she passed before!

She climbed up on to it and looked round; but there was no one in sight, and it seemed to be getting darker every minute. Presently she squeezed through the hedge, and tried to see where she was; but the distance had grown indistinct, and all the red glow had faded away. Being lost was not nearly

as amusing as she had imagined it would be, and she thought with quite a pang of Nurse sitting comfortably at tea, with treacle and buttered toast! She started on again, calling as she went; but no one answered, and presently two large tears came into her eyes and trickled slowly down her face. She stood stock still, feeling a very lonely and miserable girl indeed, and then she began shouting out frantically, half afraid of the sound of her own voice.

Very faintly and far off there was an echo of her shout.

"Hullo-o-o!"

"Hullo!" cried Agatha again.

The answering voice was evidently nearer—a shrill little voice that would not carry very far.

Agatha's heart beat quickly; but she was quite desperate, and she flew towards the voice, shouting.

And then, just in front of her, there burst out of the wood a little ragged girl, smaller than Agatha, with bright black eyes, and a red skirt. She parted the tangled undergrowth with very sunburnt hands, and squeezed deftly through the palings, gazing at Agatha in a frightened way.

"Was it you hollering?" she said, at last.

"Yes," said Agatha, eagerly. "I'm lost; and I'm afraid to be out in the dark."

"It's none so dark yet," said the child, looking about her; "but you are to come on with me. She heard you screeching. I thought it was owls, but she said it was a human child."

The little creature slipped back into the wood and waited for Agatha's more timid feet to make a way. Thorns clutched her and she felt a rent in her serge frock, something caught the wing in her hat and pulled it loose; but she managed to keep up with the fleeting messenger in front, until she saw flickering lights and shadows on the trees in front of her, and stopped abruptly. Just beyond her was a fire, with three sticks over it and a pot swinging above it, over which leant a dark figure, stirring. She seemed to be a woman, with a cloak over her head, and, as she moved into the light of the fire, Agatha's heart stood

still with fear. She could see a long, pointed chin, and a thin hooked nose; and as she looked a black cat stalked out from the bushes, and climbed on to the woman's neck, stiffening its fur and spitting. If the child had not held her fast by the sleeve, Agatha would have run blindly back into the darkness, but the firm little touch kept her still.

"There she is," said the child.

Agatha pushed wildly at the hand on her arm.

"Let me go!" she cried, hoarsely. "I would much rather be lost than here! She's a witch, and she's boiling something—something horrible. Let me get away before she sees me!"

But the old woman had lifted her head, and was peering at them.

"Who is the stranger, Hepzibah?" she said. Her voice was odd and croaky, but it was quite a human voice; and Agatha, with desperate courage and chattering teeth, went forward a step.

"It's a lost child—and it's silly, too," said Hepzibah. "You must hold her or she'll go."

The old woman got up stiffly and hobbled towards them. She had a stick in her hand to lean on, and the black cat stalked beside her.

"Don't be afraid, child," she said, in her croaky voice.

"But I am," said Agatha, faintly.

"What of, child?" said the old woman.

"Did you think I was a witch? Why, I'm only an old gipsy, with my black cat! Did you think I was boiling toads in the pot?"

It was so exactly what Agatha had thought that she had nothing to say in answer; but when the old woman drew her into the circle of light by the fire, with those claw-like fingers, she almost shuddered.

"So you are lost, my dear," said the witch; "but you are not far out of your way, I make so bold as to think."

"Oh, it can't be far," said Agatha. "We live in the village; my father is a doctor."

"Ah," said the gipsy, with a catch in her breath. "It isn't many doctors come our way until it is too late; but, as I say, if the



"She seemed to be a woman, with a cloak over her head" (p. 427).

child has got to die, she shall die under blue sky, and not between four walls."

Agatha felt a little awed, for the old woman seemed to have forgotten her, and to be muttering to herself; but Hepzibah plucked her by the sleeve.

"I'll see to the horses, Granny," she said.

"Oh! have you horses?" said Agatha, "and a cart?"

"Did you think we flew about on brooms, my dear?" said the gipsy, with an odd laugh; "that would be rough riding for old bones. I've been here spring and autumn for more than twenty years; and it's lucky we didn't leave to-day, child, as we meant to, else you'd have had cold comfort in the woods."

"May I see the cart?" said Agatha. "I have always wanted to so much, please."

"Sure enough, Missy," said the old woman; "and I'll get a sup ready for you against my son comes home."

Agatha skipped after Hepzibah, along the little path, and clambered silently up the steps; and then Hepzibah flung the door open, and a pale light like a star shone out, and Agatha saw a rough, clean bed, and a pale, peaceful face, with tangled hair and wide, black eyes.

The apparition tried to raise itself on one thin elbow, but Hepzibah pushed it back. "You're not to rise," she said. "Granny says so! You can just look at Missy as you are—feel her skirt?"

She pushed a bit of the stuff into the thin little hand, and then Agatha recovered her voice and spoke.

"Is it you that the doctor came to, too late? My father is a very clever doctor, and he never comes too late to anyone."

"Ah! but we don't hold with doctors," said the child, wisely.

Agatha's eager eyes filled with tears.

"Oh! but you *must* get well," she said.

"It's dreadful to lie here and be no better."

"I'm reconciled," said the child. She shook her dark head on the pillow. "Not but what I'd like to see the berries and the gorse again," she added, "but I'm past doctors, Granny says."

"Come!" said Hepzibah, plucking at Agatha's skirt. "Granny's calling, and father's home by now. He'll see you past the common."

Agatha went close up to the bed and leant over it. Somehow her kind little arms went out and were round the sick child's neck, and a kiss and a tear lay together on the thin little cheek.

"Oh, Miss, don't take on," said Hepzibah. "I'm sure she'll do her best; but Graany would be vexed if she knew."

Agatha walked soberly away and climbed down the wooden steps. When she looked back, Hepzibah had closed the door and the little star had gone out.

She took Hepzibah's warm hand and ran back to the gipsy and the fire. She had some

funny stew out of the pot, that tasted like rabbit, and afterwards the gipsy's son trotted her home over the common; and Nurse was much too pleased to see her safely back to scold her very much.

But whenever Agatha shut her eyes she seemed to see the witch-like figure of the old woman bending over the pot, and Hepzibah's red skirt shining in the firelight.

\* \* \* \*

Agatha's father was such a very clever doctor that he even persuaded the gipsy to allow the sick child to be taken to the hospital, and carefully nursed back to health.

Agatha and her mother went often to the pretty children's ward, and sat beside the white beds, and Agatha watched, with almost painful happiness, a little red come back to the pale cheeks, and a little brightness to the eyes that were so like Hepzibah's. And when the summer was over, and the gorse was out in bloom, she said good-bye regretfully to the companion of all those long, lovely summer days, and envied her a little the gipsy cart and the black cat.

Hepzibah's sister never said now that she did not "hold" with doctors. At any rate, there was one doctor that she loved and trusted, and who had not come "too late"; but she often told her granny privately that, though the sisters in the hospital were like the angels in heaven, it was really Agatha's kiss that had begun the cure! "It was the love of it, Granny," she said, wisely.

GERALDINE R. GLASGOW.

## A BAFFLED CORRESPONDENT.

THE Crocodile said, "I must write  
To my cousin, but greatly I fear  
That I can't spell his name—with regard to  
the same,

It is possibly *Alligatear*.

"I say it is *possibly* that,  
But I suffer a horrible jar,  
As the thought comes to me that my cousin  
may be

Something else—perhaps *Alligator*.

"Again, that may not be correct,  
For I fancy I've noticed in—er—

In a letter of his it most probably is—  
That he signs himself *Alligator*.

"Yet '*ter*' looks uncommonly odd,  
And I feel that I cannot be sure  
Of my memory. Stay!—there is one other  
way—

Come, now *can* it be *Alligature*?"

The Crocodile burst into sobs,  
And he's still weeping bitterly, for  
To his shame and regret he has not written yet  
To his cousin, the *Alligator*!

FELIX LEIGH.

## HEROES OF FAITH.

By the Author of "*The Land where Jesus Christ Lived*," etc.

### VI.—DAVID.

**T**HERE was war between the Israelites and the Philistines, and the two opposing armies were drawn up on two mountain ridges, facing each other, with only a long, narrow valley between them.

The valley was a luxuriant one, and was called the Valley of Elah, from the many terebinth trees which grew in it. It measured only a quarter of a mile across; and down its middle ran what the Arabs call a *wady*, that is, a dry river bed, the bottom of which was, as it still is, covered with smooth white pebbles; while from its sides rose the mountain ridges to a height of 500 feet.

The Philistines had always been bitter enemies of the Israelites, and had at times harassed and vexed and oppressed them, and now the two armies were to fight it out, and shouts of war rose on either side, as preparations were made for the battle.

But there was a great inequality between the armies. The Israelites on the eastern side of the valley were not noted for greatness of stature, while the Philistines, on the west, were not only big, powerful, warlike men, but they had in their midst an ally who they expected would be more than a match for the whole army of Israel. This was the giant Goliath, one of the race of giants called the Sons of Anak.

Bitterly as the Philistines regarded the Israelites, the Anakim, or Sons of Anak, hated them still more, for they never could forget or forgive the treatment that they had received at their hands.

In earlier times, when the Israelites first entered Canaan, the Anakim were in full strength. They were real giants, with giant wives, and with giant children as big as the grown-up men of Israel. They lived in the hilly country of Judea, and had cities so strong that it seemed impossible for anyone ever to take them. Their chief city was Kirjath-Arba, afterwards called Hebron, the walls of which seemed to reach up to the heavens.

But giants as the Sons of Anak were, and impregnable as seemed their cities, Caleb had, by faith, driven them out, and the defeated giants had been compelled to take refuge in Philistia. The Philistines had welcomed them and given them shelter, thinking what glorious helps these giants would be in time of war, for the sight of but one of them would scare thousands. So kind were the Philistines to the Anakim, that the giants looked upon Philistia as their own country, and called themselves Philistines, and when their adopted land was at war they took up its quarrels.

So Goliath of Gath had come to the battle, and a terrible man he appeared. He was twice the height of an ordinary man, and all his limbs were in proportion to his stature. He was clothed, too, in the strongest of armour. A helmet of brass was on his head. His body was covered with a coat of mail made of overlapping plates of brass, and weighing 5,000 shekels, or, according to our weight, about 157 lbs. Protecting his great legs were greaves of brass. Over his shoulder was slung a sharp javelin, while the very sight of his spear made one quake, for its staff or shaft was like a weaver's beam, and its iron head weighed 600 shekels, or nearly nineteen pounds. Before him went a strong man bearing his ponderous shield.

The Philistines gloried in Goliath's stature and strength, and assured themselves that certain victory was theirs. For how could men so puny as the Israelites stand before this towering Son of Anak, and which of them would not run from him in affright?

On the top of the mountain ridge, on the west side of the valley, stood with the Philistines, this dreadful champion. His great wrathful eyes glared defiantly at the opposing foe. Proudly conscious of his might, he stepped forward in sight of all the men of Israel, and, raising his giant arm, shouted to them, in scornful stentorian tones, "I, a Philistine, this day defy the armies of Israel. Give me a man, that we may fight together.

If he win, we, the Philistines, will be your servants; but if I win, then you, the Israelites, will be our servants for ever."

At the sight of the giant, and at the sound of his voice, the men of Israel fled, "sore afraid," and shouts of mocking laughter were set up by the Philistines, who enjoyed the terror of their enemies. Morning and evening the man-mountain, in his load of shining armour, stalked forth in sight of the Israelites, stretching out his great arm as before, and shouting defiantly, "I defy the armies of Israel. Give me a man that we may fight together."

But no man in all Israel dared venture near him. Great rewards were offered to any man who would fight the dreaded giant. He should marry the king's daughter. He should have great riches, and his father's house should be made honourable in Israel. But, much as the rewards were coveted, no one volunteered. A hundred men could not face such a giant as Goliath, for, with his mighty sword, he would soon cut off their heads, he would throw their bodies to be devoured by the wild beasts, and their names would be abhorred in Israel, as, by their defeat, they would bring the Israelites once again into subjection to the Philistines. No, not even though the rewards were ten times greater, would any man in Israel go out against the formidable giant.

Cowards they were, all of them, faithless men who no longer looked up for help, men who had forgotten how God had strengthened Moses to slay Og, the giant king of Bashan, and Caleb to drive out from their strong cities the forefathers of this very giant, Goliath of Gath.

Twice a day for forty days did this derisive shout of defiance ring through the air, echoing and re-echoing amongst the hills of Judah, and the Philistines set up jeering shouts, as the Israelites still fled from the great giant.

The army of Israel was in despair. But there came at last one who was more than a match for even Goliath of Gath, and the might of whose arm soon laid low the terrible giant who had struck such terror into the hearts of the men of Israel. Who could he

be? And where could he have come from? Only a youth, with a rosy face, dressed like a shepherd lad, and fresh from the sheep-fold! How could he, a raw youth, fight a giant like Goliath, a man of war and covered with strong armour? He would soon be slain, everybody thought.

But, no. He, the stripling David, the shepherd lad, was one of God's heroes of faith. Like Abraham, and Joseph, and Gideon, and Samson, he looked up for help to the living God; and in His might even his untrained arm should smite to the ground this heathen giant, whose strength was of earth and not of heaven.

David's three elder brothers were in the army, and his father Jesse had sent him to enquire how they were getting on. He had reached the camp just as the formidable giant shouted his scornful defiance to the army of Israel; and when he saw that not a man dared accept the challenge, his heart burned within him. Was not this giant, terrible as he seemed, only a worshipper of dumb idols? And who was he, even in all his might, that he should defy the living God? Had not God strengthened Caleb to drive out the ancestors of this very Son of Anak from their walled-up cities, and would He not also strengthen him to overcome this boastful, defiant, insolent heathen foe, formidable as he appeared? In the might of the God of Israel, he, youth as he was, would go against him.

"Let no man's heart fail because of him," David said to King Saul. "Thy servant will go and fight with this Philistine."

"But thou art not able to go against him," King Saul answered; "for thou art but a youth, and he a man of war from his youth."

"Thy servant kept his father's sheep," David answered, "and there came a lion and a bear and took a lamb out of the flock. I went after them, got my lamb back, and slew both the lion and the bear. And this heathen giant shall be as one of them, seeing he has defied the armies of the living God."

King Saul clothed David with armour and gave him a sword, but the youth being unaccustomed to these things, laid them aside, and, with his shepherd's staff in his hand, he



went to the dry river bed that ran down the middle of the valley, picked up five smooth stones, put them in his wallet, and with his sling in his hand went towards the ridge on which the vaunting giant stood.

A cry arose that the Israelites had at last found a man to fight Goliath, and the Philistines expected to see one like King Saul, fully armed, and head and shoulders taller than the rest. How astounded they were to see only a ruddy-faced shepherd lad, with his wallet by his side and his staff and sling in his hands! How they jeered and shouted to the bold stripping to go on, and he would soon find who and where he was, and meet with the due reward of his rashness! And how the Israelites, no less astonished than the Philistines, feared and trembled for the lad who had accepted the giant's challenge!

But there was something in the youth's noble aspect that reassured them, and they looked breathlessly on, thinking that, after all, by the help of Israel's God, he might win.

Filled with rage and scorn at this insult to his gigantic person, Goliath cursed the stripping David in the name of his gods. "Come to me," he cried contemptuously, "and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air and to the beasts of the field."

"Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield," the shepherd lad

cried, undaunted; "but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of Hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied. This day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hand, and I will smite thee, and take thine head from thee; and I will give the carcases of the host of the Philistines this day unto the fowls of the air and the wild beasts of the earth, that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel."

Fresh shouts of derision were set up by the Philistines as their great champion strode forward, thinking to slay his opponent as easily as a strong lion would kill a mouse.

But David, strong in the might of God, took a stone out of his bag, put it in his sling, and, running to meet Goliath, slung the stone at him, so that it sank into his forehead, and down the great giant fell, with his face to the earth. David then stood on the gigantic body, and drawing Goliath's ponderous sword from its sheath, slew him and cut off his head.

It was the Israelites' turn to shout, and they ran after the Philistines as they fled, and slew them. Then David, the foes of Israel left on the ground a prey to the vultures and the jackals, was led into the presence of King Saul, carrying by the hair the head of the Philistine giant. And thus the Israelites were shown once again what could be accomplished by faith in the living God.

H. D.

## A GAME OF NURSERY RHYME "CONSEQUENCES."

YOUNG Master Jack, with a pail he'd to fill,  
Met a playmate of his at the foot of the hill;  
In her hand she'd a magazine tempting and  
gay,  
And she showed it to Jack in a good-natured  
way.

He said, "You shall read me its rhymes and  
its jokes,  
They are sure to be jolly—I know LITTLE  
FOLKS;

It is true that I ought to be climbing the hill,  
But there's plenty of time—come, now, isn't  
there, Jill?"

She said, "Why, of course, one is certain of  
that,"

So down in the shade of a hedge-row they  
sat;

And the consequence was, I am happy to say,  
That the accident didn't take place on that  
day!

FELIX LEIGH.

## IN THE PANTRY.

**D**ID you ever play cricket?" the Tartlet enquired  
Of a stranger he met on the shelf.  
"I have heard it's a very good sort of a game,  
But I don't understand it myself."

"No, I haven't—er—played it," the Pudding replied,  
"But I think, now you've mentioned the matter,  
That I probably know more about it than you,  
For I'm told I'm an excellent *batter*!"



"The old man . . . began his dinner."

## THE STORY OF A DOG AND A CAT.\*

By HAROLD BALLAGH.

**I**NU-SAN (Mr. Dog), will you fan the charcoal, and keep the *Danna's* (master's) soup hot?"  
"Hai, hai (yes, yes), Neko-san (Mrs. Cat), it will soon be ready to serve."

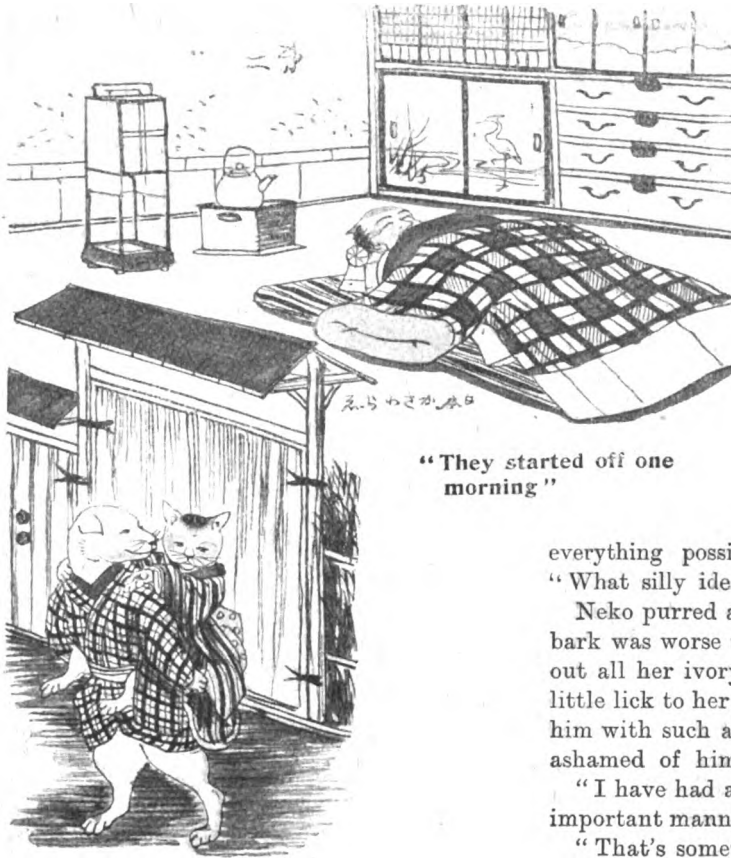
The *Danna* sat on the mats in his best room. In front of him was a little table, with plates of fish and pickles, and a bowl of tea. Neko-san had just filled his bowl with rice from the polished wooden pail beside her, and, gently

advancing on her knees, had respectfully presented it on a tray.

The old man looked at her pleasantly, took up his chop-sticks, and began his dinner.

It is true that the *Danna's* house and garden were very small, and would not have received a second glance from any proud *Samurai* (two - sworded knight in feudal Japan) swaggering by; but in that small space there was room to cultivate cheerfulness, politeness, respect, and affectionate faith-

[\* Copyright in the United States by Carrie Elizabeth Harrell.]



"They started off one morning"

fulness. It was hard to tell which of the *Danna's* favourites loved him the most. From the day that he had rescued the poor, yelping cur from a crowd of noisy boys, who were jeering and pelting him, Inu had felt that no amount of faithfulness could ever repay his debt of gratitude.

The time that the *Danna* came home with a wee, half-drowned kitten in his arms a wave of jealousy had rolled over Inu, but he bravely shook it off as he thought of his own former plight and of his kind benefactor.

"*Saa!*" said the *Danna*, "Neko-san is barely alive, heat some milk for her."

From that moment Inu had loved the *Danna* more than ever, and he loved Neko for his sake.

All this happened some time ago. Neko was now the neatest and quickest little maid in the village, and Inu was strong and

thoughtful. It was well that it was so, for presently the old man became quite feeble, and poorer than ever.

One morning, when the *Danna* was sunning himself in his little garden, Neko beckoned Inu aside.

"Do you know," said she, "things are coming to a bad pass; we must positively do something, or the *Danna* will soon be too poor to buy rice."

"*Maa!*" growled Inu, a good deal provoked that Neko seemed to think that everything possible was not already done. "What silly idea have you now?"

Neko purred a little. She knew that Inu's bark was worse than his bite. She stretched out all her ivory claws for a minute, gave a little lick to her pretty throat, and turned on him with such a pleasant smile that Inu felt ashamed of himself.

"I have had an idea," she said, in quite an important manner.

"That's something new," chuckled Inu.

Neko's eyes dilated with displeasure.

"What is it?" asked Inu, penitently.

"Well," she said, sitting up with determination in her eyes, "we will leave the *Danna*."

"Leave the *Danna*?" exclaimed Inu.

"Certainly," nodded Neko; "we will go now while he is able to wait upon himself, but we will come back to him with plenty of money, and we will cherish him as long as he lives."

"Pray, where will you go, Neko-san?"

"To Yedo," she said; "there is always a place for faithful servants there."

The *Danna* called out: "Here, Neko, give me a few *sembei* (crackers) for the gold-fish."

Then they both jumped up and hurried about their work.

The more Inu thought of Neko's plan the better pleased he was, so they started off one morning while the *Danna* was yet sleeping.

Now, those who receive kindness best show their gratitude by being kind to others less fortunate, so Inu was always good to any poor dog in distress. When they reached Yedo, Inu and Neko felt very strange, until they met a dog that Inu had once befriended. They explained their object to him.

"Ah," he said, "I know just the place for you. A friend of my master, who has a fine

besides eating everything within reach; really, you must rid me of the pests."

"*Hai, hai*," purred Neko.

Everything about the house was very comfortable, but the two friends in their happiness did not forget their old master, and often talked about him.

Neko said: "We must remember how lonesome he is now, how poor he is, how he



"The rich man was glad to have them enter his employ."

house near by, is just now needing such service as you can give. I will introduce you."

The rich man was glad to have them enter his employ. He appointed Inu as watch-dog, and the servants gave him a warm cushion to sleep on, under the verandah.

Neko took up her abode inside the house, and often sat on a silk cushion beside her master.

"Now, Neko," said he, "just look at the havoc the rats have been making here, cutting through the plaster partition and paper doors; carrying off feathers, bits of paper, cloth, and thread for building their nests;

took care of us long before we were wise enough to wipe our own noses; it would never do for us to prove ungrateful."

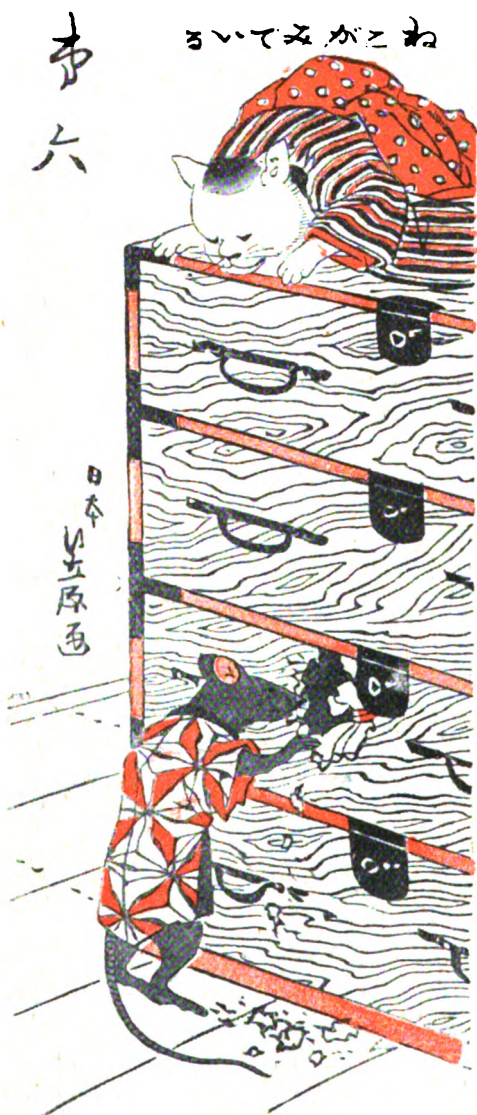
"Well," said Inu, "that's very pretty; talking is easy enough, but what are we going to *do* for him?"

Neko thoughtfully leant her chin upon her paws.

"I think I see a way," she said presently.

That night Neko caught Nedzumi-san (Mr. Rat) prowling about the kitchen. Nedzumi, in a paroxysm of fear, prostrated himself.

"If your honour will only let me speak, I may be able to convince your honour that so miser-



"Nedzumi went to work with vigour."

able a creature as I can in no way interfere with the comfort of your august self. My life is worthless, but, if I could, I would devote it to your service."

"You are truly a worthless creature, but if you skilfully execute my orders I will certainly spare you this time."

"I am already your devoted slave," said Nedzumi, tremblingly.

"Saa! That is well. In the next room there is a chest of drawers. It is necessary that I should have a bag of money that is locked up there. When you bring it to me I will let you go in peace."

Nedzumi went to work with vigour, but Neko kept a wary eye on him.

"I don't half trust him," she said to herself.

Presently Nedzumi's sharp little teeth made the opening big enough to get the bag of money through. He brought it to Neko as his ransom, and gladly escaped.

Neko told Inu about the treasure she had obtained through Nedzumi.

"Well," he said, "we will take it right off to our dear master."

So they started at break of day for their old home. When they had nearly reached their own village, they came to a river.

"Domo! (dear me)" said Inu, "the snows are melting up in the mountains, and the streams are so full that the bridges have been swept away; one can scarcely get across now."

Neko was very much frightened.

"Really, I could never swim it," she said. Inu looked at her.

"Well, I suppose I shall have to carry you on my back."

"What about the bag of money? Shall I take it in my mouth?" she asked.

"You are a silly Neko, your mouth is too small; besides, I am more reliable than you, so I will carry it."

Inu bundled up his clothes, and tied them around his neck. Neko got on his back; then Inu took the bag between his teeth, and plunged into the stream.

He swam bravely on, but when they had nearly reached the other shore he felt so triumphant that he gave one loud "wan, wan,"\* and the money dropped into the water.

As soon as they stood on land, they looked at each other and at the river, in the greatest consternation.

"If you would have let me take the money it would have been all right."

\* In Japan dogs do not "bow, wow," but "wan, wan": cats "niaon," and horses "hin, hin."



"Nonsense," said Inu crossly; "you couldn't hold your tongue long enough; I never knew one of your sex that could."

"Pshaw! I held my tongue longer than you did, anyhow," retorted Neko.

"If you had not been so heavy, and so afraid of wetting your feet, I shouldn't have had so much trouble getting over," replied Inu, with a growl.

So they disputed for quite a while, when suddenly Neko's quick eyes spied a fine fish

The *Danna* came out scratching his head in surprise.

"Why, why," said he, "you are welcome. I thought you had deserted me. Where have you been this long while? Well, well, well!"

"We have been away on a little visit," answered Inu; "we trust you have not needed us too much."

"Danna-san," said Neko, very respectfully, "we hope your honourable health has been good. We are very glad to get home



"Quick as a flash she pounced upon it."

swimming in the shallow water, in order to escape the swift current in mid-stream. As quick as a flash she pounced upon it, and Inu helped to bring it to land.

"Ah!" said Neko excitedly. "Tai-san, you are a fine fellow. We bow to you. What a nice present you will make!"

"The money is gone," said Inu, "but Tai-san will set the *Danna* smiling."

"Now get a pole, and we will carry him home."

Neko found it pretty hard work, but at last they got their burden safely to the house.

again. We beg you to accept this insignificant gift."

"*Maa!*" exclaimed the *Danna*. "What a magnificent Tai."

Neko carried Tai-san into the kitchen. Inu got out a big knife and began to clean the fish.

"Why, what is this?" he suddenly exclaimed. "It has swallowed something very hard. Look! Look! It is the bag of money!"

Inu and Neko could hardly contain themselves for joy, and the *Danna*, with tears in his eyes, thanked them for their devotion.



This treasure kept them all in prosperity for the rest of their lives. The *Danna* never tired of telling everyone, as he sat with his

favourites beside him, of their faithfulness. "Truly," said he, "if one asks for a thing, it will be given him."



"Kept them all in prosperity for the rest of their lives."

## HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS KIND OF SPELLING?

AROUND the garden Johnnie strolled,  
As happy as you please;  
He saw the pretty flowers, and heard  
The humming of the B B B B B.

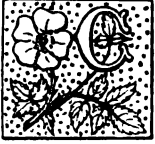
He watched the busy insects, and  
Grew bolder by degrees;  
"I'll just catch *one*," said he at last,  
"That big one I will C C C C C."

He made a grab, and then his screams  
Were borne upon the breeze;  
He had been stung, which served him right,  
The horrid little T T T T T.

Indoors he rushed, and there he stood,  
With tears and shaking knees;  
His mother tied his finger up,  
Which quickly gave him E E E E E.

## VALOUR FOR VICTORIA.

### VI.—ISANDULA—FROM GLOOM TO GLORY.



ETEWAYO, the last King of the Zulus, was a born warrior. By iron discipline he had gradually brought together a splendid army of athletic young savages—brave, brutal,

and always ready to “wash” their assegais, or short stabbing spears. The colonists on the Natal borders were filled with misgiving as they saw this vast array of bloodthirsty and pitiless barbarians growing stronger and more insolent every month, for the flocks and herds on their widely-scattered farms were quite at the mercy of these mighty hunters of men and cattle.

Quarrel having arisen on several points in the autumn of 1878—as to which it is but fair to say the Zulus were not wholly in the wrong—Sir Bartle Frere, the Governor of the Cape, resolved to take advantage of the dispute to put an end to the state of fear of disturbance and even massacre in which the farmers constantly lived. So, amongst other things, he required Cetewayo to send his soldiers to their kraals, or villages, in order that peace might be kept. The king taking no notice of the message, Lord Chelmsford ordered his small army to invade Zululand, and on the 11th of January, 1879, two of the five columns—the second under Colonel Durnford and the third under Colonel Glyn—crossed the river Buffalo, at a ford called Rorke’s Drift, which in a few days was to be the scene of one of the most brilliant and most memorable defences on record. The force was made up of the 24th Regiment, Major Russell’s Rocket Battery, some Colonial Volunteers, the Natal Native Horse, and a body of natives, 1,000 strong, under Commandant Lonsdale. After a few days, spent partly in brushes with the enemy and partly in examining the country, the British pitched their camp, on the 20th of January, at the foot of Mount Isandula, which, being interpreted, means the Hill of the Little Hand. The men were in fine fettle, but it was with some consternation that cer-

tain officers saw no sufficient measures taken against surprise. Unbounded confidence reigned supreme, although it was notorious that the Zulus moved with the secrecy and speed of tigers.

Next day two parties, mostly of natives, were sent forward under Major Dartnell and Commandant Lonsdale to punish a chief. They speedily found the foe both plentiful and plucky, and knowing that the natives were liable to panic they determined to spend the night where they were, in the meanwhile despatching a messenger to Lord Chelmsford for some British soldiers to stiffen the attack. The message reached him at midnight, and he at once ordered a portion of the 24th and some guns to be prepared to start before dawn. Colonel Durnford, who was nearer Rorke’s Drift guarding the transport of supplies and keeping the road open, was bidden to come up with the Rocket Battery and Basuto Horse to strengthen the camp, now left under the command of Colonel Pulleine. These dispositions made, Lord Chelmsford set out at daybreak to support Major Dartnell. And so things stood on the morning of the fatal 22nd of January.

Between 7 and 8 o’clock the mounted men on outpost duty reported that the enemy seemed to be approaching, and steps were at once taken to fortify the camp. Two hours later, Colonel Durnford arrived. Tidings coming in faster of the Zulu advance, a troop of Native Horse was sent to protect the baggage, two other troops, under Captain Shepstone and Captain Barton, were sent to occupy some hills on the left, and Durnford himself took two more troops to the front along with the Rocket Battery. Pulleine could not spare any of the 24th, who were needed to protect the camp. During all this time it is strange that nobody realised that the flower of the Zulu army, 20,000 in number, were sweeping, in their favourite formation of a huge half-moon, upon the devoted camp, intending to surround and crumple it up, as

a python crushes its victim in its deadly embrace.

Shepstone and his men, because they had proceeded farthest, were the first to recognise the magnitude of the danger. Ordering an immediate retreat, he rode back to give warning. But disasters had already befallen the invaders. A Zulu regiment pounced upon Durnford, who disputed every foot of ground like a hero and gave a fine display of obstinate valour in the one-sided contest. Major Russell's Rocket Battery, which had followed him, was cut up to a man, in spite of the magnificent courage of the gunners. At length Durnford's party found some shelter in a ravine, and was able to give the enemy a taste of their quality. The men under their gallant leader were more than holding their own, and, indeed, for a few minutes, even checked the onset of the Zulus, every bullet finding a billet, when just at that moment the encircling movement of the foe told with fatal effect. Both horns of the half-moon had reached the rear of the British position, where the native contingent were posted. Alas! these poor blacks lost heart at the sight of their old-time enemies, and broke and fled. In the twinkling of an eye irreparable mischief was done. Like a torrent, the Zulus poured through this gap with blood-curdling shrieks of "Bulala umlongo!" ("Slay the white man!") and butchered every man who withstood them. For a brief space, friend and foe, slashing and hacking at each other, were mixed up in wild confusion. The carnage was terrible, but the Zulu hordes prevailed. After the camp had passed into the possession of the enemy, Colonel Pulleine saw that it was impossible to contend against a multitude. But he meant saving the Queen's colour. Summoning Teignmouth Melvill he bade him, as senior lieutenant, take the colour and get away with it as best he could. Then he shook Melvill's hand and wished him God-speed. The brave young officer had barely started on his mission, when Pulleine turned to the soldiers who had stood by him unflinchingly throughout those awful hours and in clear, calm tones delivered his last speech on earth. "Men of the 24th," he cried,

"here we are and here we stand to fight it out to the end!" It was like the French Macmahon in the Malakoff at the Crimea, whose sole answer to all remonstrance was "J'y suis; j'y reste" ("Here I am; here I stay").

Durnford, too, met his end nobly. He and a few gallant Tommies of the 24th stood against a koppie, or rocky knoll, and, cool as cucumbers, fired volley after volley into the dense masses of the enemy. Then, when their ammunition was done, came death and immortality.

Nearly every man of this battalion of the 24th was slaughtered. When their mates arrived later on the scene they had the proud satisfaction of feeling that the heroic dead had only perished after performing prodigies of valour, and that their regiment had grandly sustained the fair fame of the British Army. Though defeated beyond doubt, not a shadow of disgrace rested upon it. All was lost, save honour.

By 2 p.m. it was all over. What the Zulu losses were no man knows, but the mid-summer sun looked down upon a scene of horrible havoc. Twenty-six British officers and 600 non-commissioned officers and men, twenty-four colonial officers, and a great number of volunteers and natives, lay on the veldt alone with their glory. A hundred waggons, 1,400 oxen, two guns, 1,200 rifles, 250,000 rounds of ball-cartridge, 400 rounds of shot and shell, and an immense quantity of stores were the spoils of the victors.

What Lord Chelmsford's feelings were when he arrived on the field at eight o'clock who can picture? Urgent messages sent to him early in the day never reached him. When, shortly after noon, it was reported that firing had been heard in the direction of Isandula, he inspected the Hill of the Little Hand through a glass. No signs of strife were visible, the figures moving about were taken for British troops, and no uneasiness was felt. Presently the presence of considerable bands of Zulus being announced, his Lordship resolved to return with some of his force. Within six miles of the wretched camp he was startled by the sudden apparition of a horse-



**"Assegais whizzed past their heads."**

man scarcely able to keep his saddle. This was none other than Commandant Lonsdale. It seemed that early in the morning fever had seized him and he returned to camp to see the doctor. He was about entering it in a half-dazed state, when he was saluted with a bullet. Looking more closely at the men he saw the bulk of them were blacks wearing red coats. So he turned and rode as hard as he was fit to ride in the direction of Lord Chelmsford, escaping the hail of bullets by a miracle; and he now greeted him with the heart-rending intelligence, "The camp is in the hands of the enemy, sir."

Lord Chelmsford at once ordered up the rest of the column, which he had left with Colonel Glyn, and as soon as it arrived marched for the camp. Although the men had been on the move all day in the blazing African sun, they responded to the call of duty and humanity and stepped out bravely; but night had fallen before they reached the

stricken field. Not a sound was heard: only darkness visible and the stillness of death. So they made their bed on that sad spot and waited for the morrow.

Meanwhile, what of the gallant Melvill, who had ridden away from the side of Henry Pulleine, bearing his precious burden of the Queen's colour in its oilskin case? His brother lieutenant, Nevill Coghill, and Private Williams, both mounted on strong fresh horses, went with him. They succeeded in clearing the crowds of sable warriors in the camp, although how they passed through the horde will always be a mystery. It was the roughest of rough-riding, and they were hotly pursued by Zulus, who covered the uneven ground almost as quickly as did the steeds. Assegais whizzed past their heads and many a close shave they had, but they reached the Buffalo in safety and all together. Here Misfortune at once marked them for her own. They had not struck a ford, and the river in

flood was careering at a rapid rate. Williams was caught in the ruthless stream and drowned. Melvill's horse was shot and its rider flung into the current, which bore him towards a rock, which, happily, he contrived to seize. But the colour had escaped from his grasp and he would not go on without it. Coghill was fortunate enough to get across to the Natal side, but seeing his comrade's desperate plight went back to his help. At two boulders near the river on the Natal shore they took their stand, and while strength remained held the yelling foe at bay. Then they fell and were afterwards found lying side by side. In death they were not divided, for they were buried close to the scene of their heroic effort. Nor was their sacrifice made in vain. Ten days later a search party discovered the colour jammed in the rocky bed of the Buffalo, where the swirl of the stream had lodged it. It was afterwards presented at Osborne to Queen Victoria, who fastened a wreath of immortelles to the staff head, in memory of the two young men who died to save it. The *London Gazette* announced that the Victoria Cross would have

been theirs, and their names are therefore inscribed on that roll of honour.

Another Cross was won in connection with this disastrous day. Private S. Wassall, of the 80th Regiment, who had been attached to the Mounted Infantry, reached the Buffalo about the time that the two lieutenants were engaged in their life-or-death struggle. He had been chased venomously all the way from the camp and was nearly exhausted when he reached the river. But the Zulus were at his heels, and there was no chance for rest. Just then he saw a mate, Private Westwood, wrestling with the cruel stream and plainly unable to escape drowning. This man must not perish whilst he was there to rescue him, and so he tied his horse to the Zululand bank and then plunged into the current, regardless of self and savage. He reached his friend, brought him to land, and mounted him on his horse. The noble animal took the stream gamely, and Wassall piloted it safely to the other shore, supporting his comrade the while. This grand exploit, based on so real, so rare a sense of duty, was fitly rewarded with the Cross for Valour.

JAMES A. MANSON.

## IN THE GLASS.

MY sister went to a ball last night,  
She looked so beautiful dressed in  
white,

With a big lace fan, and a string of pearls,  
And a gleaming star in her soft brown curls.

She peeped in my room before going away,  
And I hardly knew her for sister May;  
I should not have guessed that she could look  
Like the fairy queen in my picture-book.

I wish I could soon grow old and tall,  
Then I might go to a grown-up ball;  
But May is eighteen, while I am eight,  
So, of course, I have ten long years to wait.

As yet I can only pretend to be  
A lovely lady of high degree,  
In my party frock with the ribbon bows,  
That are just the shade of a sweet hedge-rose.

If nursie knew, she would be quite shocked,  
But she shouldn't have left the drawers un-  
locked;

It's very wrong, I have heard her say,  
To leave temptation in children's way.

As I practise before the looking-glass  
The steps I've learned at the dancing-class,  
With my hair arranged in a grown-up way,  
I think I look very like sister May.

I move very softly to and fro.  
Sometimes in a curtsy bending low;  
And the girl in the glass looks back at me,  
Holding her skirts out daintily.

But my make-believe ball is nearly o'er,  
The clock on the stairs is chiming four,  
And instead of a lady of high degree,  
I shall soon be "just Molly," at nursery tea.

MABEL A. CLINTON.





ANDRÉ & SLEIGH, LIMITED, BUSHEY, HERTS





## CHOOSING A PET.



DO you ever see such a mongrel?" cried Guy, pointing to a forlorn looking dog, who stood gazing up at the little group of children, and wagging its tail in a deprecating manner.

"That is no reason why you should chase the poor thing as I saw you doing just now," said a voice behind him.

Guy turned with a start, and found that his grandmother had joined them unnoticed, just in time to hear his remark.

"I was not hurting him," he said, growing rather red, "and he will keep trying to join in our games. Just look what a mess he has made Mab into, by jumping up with his muddy paws."

"He doesn't mean to be naughty, I'm sure. It is only to show his affection. Me and Arabella are not afraid of him," cried Mab, holding up a big wax doll for inspection.

"Well, don't be unkind to him, children, for although he is only a stray dog which I allowed the gardener to keep for ratting, still I dare say his heart is warm, although his appearance is against him. But I hope you are fond of pets, for it was to talk to you about one that I came out."

"We have always longed for a pet, Grandmother," cried Katie; "but Father never would allow us to keep one in London."

"But now that you are to be with me in the country for so long, there will be no objection to your having a pet, only you must promise me to take entire charge of it yourselves, and not to neglect it."

"Of course we will. Why, that will be half the fun!" cried the children.

"And what sort of a pet may we have?" asked Katie, eagerly.

"I am going to leave you to decide that for yourselves," replied their grandmother, "and if you come with me now I have two pets for you to choose from."

Full of eager anticipation, the three children followed her into the house, and there

on the hall table they found two small hampers.

And when these were opened their delight and excitement knew no bounds. For in the first was a tiny dog, with a white coat which curled in little close rings all over him, and in the other was a beautiful Persian kitten.

"Oh, how lovely! Did you ever see such a darling? We must choose the dog," cried Katie.

"But I love the kitty best; just see how sweet it is," said Mab, looking very much as if she were going to cry.

Mab was the youngest, and was adored by her brother and sister, who let her have her own way in everything.

Now they looked at each other doubtfully, but while they hesitated their grandmother interposed.

"Don't be in a hurry to decide," she said; "you can discuss it and tell me to-morrow. Only remember that you can only have one pet; you must not ask to be allowed to keep both."

Then she closed the hampers again, and the children went back to the garden, where, seating themselves under the trees on the lawn, they fell into a heated discussion as to the rival merits of the dog and kitten.

And here they were joined by the gardener's mongrel dog, who came bounding up to them, wagging his stump of a tail, and his whole ungainly body seeming to wriggle with delight when Mab patted him.

"Poor dear," she said, "he is really very nice, and he does seem so pleased to be noticed." And she moved her doll so that the dog could lay his head beside it, upon her knee.

Just then the gardener passed, and Guy called to him to enquire where he had got his new pet from.

"He was a stray puppy, sir, that I took pity on, thinking he would keep down the rats," the man replied; "but now he has cleared the place of them, and he has turned out such a mongrel, that I don't care to waste

my money on a licence for him, so I am thinking of giving him a little poison, to get rid of him."

"Oh, poor dear!" cried Mab, hugging the dog's rough head, while her eyes filled with tears. "Guy, Katie, we can't let the cruel man kill him, for he is so loving, though he is ugly. Let us have him for our pet."

"Nonsense, Mab, you are too tender-hearted!" cried Guy. "Let's go out into the lane and see if we can find some primroses," he added, anxious to change the subject.

So the two elder children raced off to the lane which ran just outside the wall of the garden, followed by Mab, who panted after them dragging her big doll, with the dog at her heels.

The primroses proved to be just coming out, and the children were soon busy hunting about for them in the hedges.

"Arabella is so heavy, she makes my arms quite ache," Mab complained presently. "I do wish one of you would hold her."

"Lay her down on the bank, and tell the dog to keep guard," suggested Guy.

So Mab laid her big doll carefully down, in a shady spot, and calling the dog to her, ordered him to keep watch for her. And this he seemed quite to understand, for, seating himself close beside Arabella, he placed one paw firmly upon her pink skirts, and sat gazing down at her as if it were a dead rat he was watching.

Meanwhile, Mab joined the others, and when, a little later, Nurse appeared to take them for a walk, she forgot all about her doll, and never thought of her again, until it began to rain heavily just as they were returning home.

"Nurse, I must run on quick," she cried. "I left poor Arabella in the lane, and forgot all about her, and she will get so wet."

"You are wet yourself, Miss Mab, and you will catch cold, which the doll won't, and you will have to come straight in and change your clothes," replied Nurse.

And she hurried the children back to the house, despite their pleadings, promising that if it cleared up later, Guy should run out to look for the doll.

But all that evening the rain continued, and poor Mab sat gazing disconsolately out of the nursery window, refusing to be cheered, or even to display any interest in the question of the choice of pets which the other children discussed vigorously until bed-time came.

"Never mind, Miss Mab," said Nurse. "I expect Arabella will be all right. No one will think of touching a doll."

"Lots of children from the village go along the lane on their way to school, and I know that they will take Arabella to-morrow morning," said Mab.

But to this Nurse replied that she would let them run out early next morning to look for the doll, and with this assurance Mab was obliged to go to bed, where she cried herself to sleep.

Next day was fine and sunny, and no sooner were the children dressed than they set off to the lane. But on their way they were stopped by the gardener, who enquired if they had seen anything of his dog, as it had never reappeared since it had left the garden with them the day before, and he could not think what had become of it.

"No, we left him outside," Guy began.

But Mab interrupted him.

"Perhaps he is still taking care of Arabella," she cried. "Come, quick, and see!" And she rushed off to the gate, followed by the others.

Out in the lane there was a sound of children's voices, and angry growls, and there on the bank sat the much-despised dog, one paw resting on Arabella, but the other held up bleeding and helpless, while with growls and snaps he kept back the group of children who were trying to get the doll away from him.

"Go away, you naughty children!" cried Mab. "Just look, Guy, how they have hurt the poor dog's paw, and the dear, brave thing has taken care of Arabella for me all night. Isn't he splendid?"

But at sight of the gardener the village children fled down the lane, leaving Mab on her knees beside her recovered treasure, hugging it and the dog alternately.

"He may be ugly, but he is a jolly dog all the same!" exclaimed Guy.

"And isn't it just like a dog in a story-book, to be so faithful to his trust?" cried Katie.

Then they looked at each other with enquiring glances, and Guy nodded and Katie nodded, too.

"All right, Mab," he announced, "we have decided to choose this dog for our pet, as you wanted. And, after all, it will be very nice to have such a good ratter for our own," he added, as if in excuse of his sudden change of mind.

"I am sure that Grandmother won't mind a bit; she seems to like all dogs, whatever they look like," said Katie. "And, of course, we

could not let him be poisoned, after he has shown how fond he is of Mab."

Mab flung her arms round the dog, and hugged him tightly.

"Do you hear, darling?" she cried. "You are going to be our own pet, and stay with us always, and no one shall ever be cross or unkind to you again. And if stupid people call you a mongrel, and say you are ugly, we will explain to them what a beautiful heart you have got, and they will never say so again."

And this was how they chose their pet, and to this day they have never regretted their decision.

VENETIA HOHLER.

## TIMOTHY'S ASTRONOMY.

[T'S windy; it's freezing; I'm sure that it snows,"

Said Timothy Wilks as he waked from a doze  
And peeped from his bed at a beam of the sun  
That stole through the blind to say morn had begun.

"It's marvellous! Wonderful!" Timothy cries,  
"The sun doesn't find it too chilly to rise;

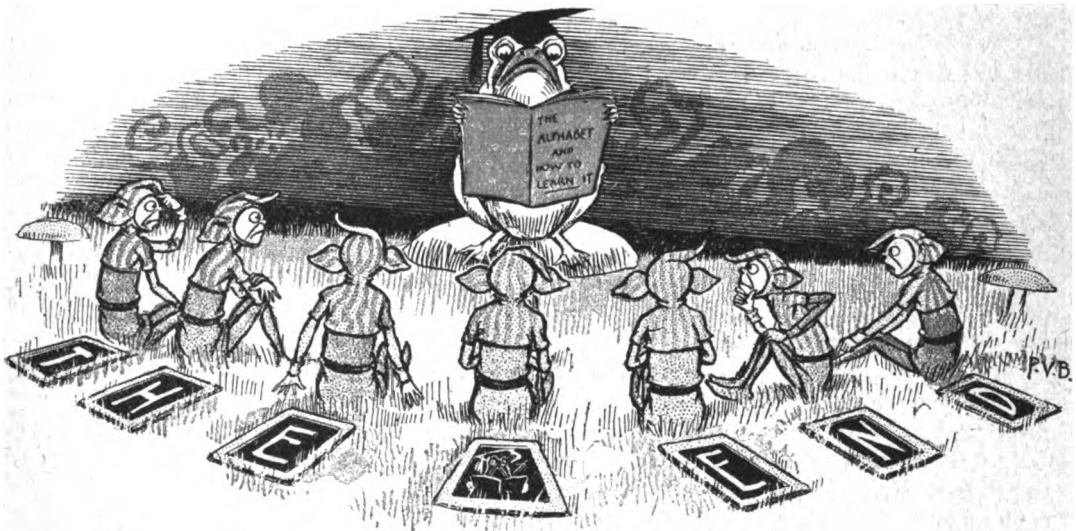
But, during the winter, I've oft heard it said  
He toddles up late and goes early to bed.

"Ha! Ha! *That's* the reason (I ought to have known):

He tarries in bed until winter has flown.  
But hark! The wind shouts! And the snow—  
how it falls!

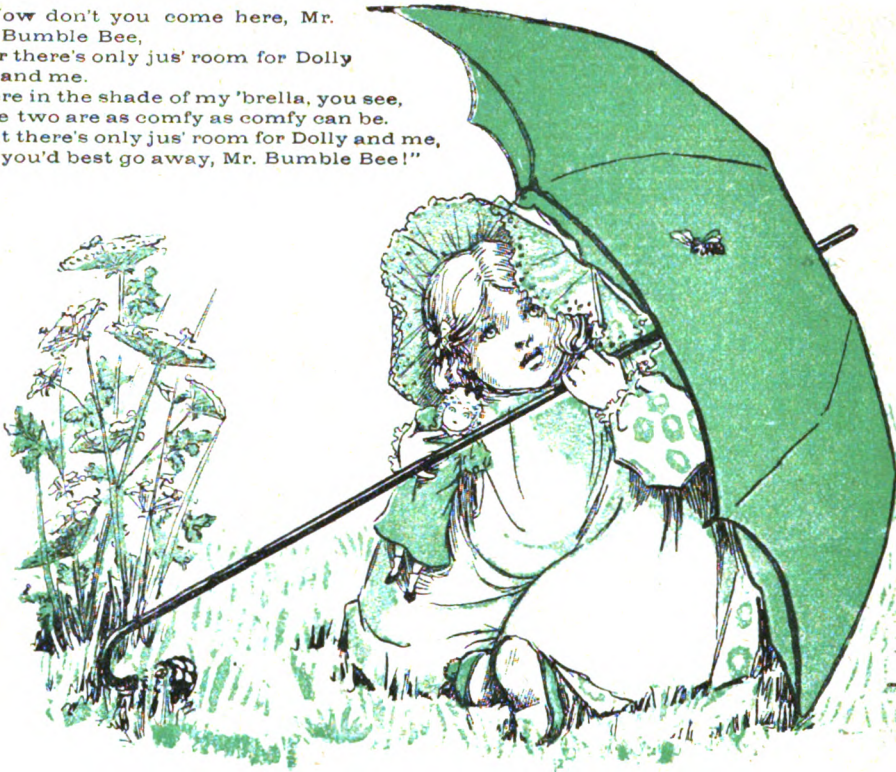
*I shall not get up until somebody calls."*

JOHN LEA.



"Now don't you come here, Mr.  
Bumble Bee,  
For there's only jus' room for Dolly  
and me.

Here in the shade of my 'brella, you see,  
We two are as comfy as comfy can be.  
But there's only jus' room for Dolly and me,  
So you'd best go away, Mr. Bumble Bee!"



## THROUGH TIME'S TELESCOPE.

### VI.—ISAAC NEWTON.

**T**HE wind was roaring through the trees with such a boisterous strength that the leaves were torn from the twigs like little flocks of frightened birds. With pelting drops of rain they drifted upon the window sill, or hurried down the garden paths as though to seek some place of safety. While doors were slamming in every direction Toby Ballard knelt up in a chair with his nose pressed against the window-pane and a very discontented expression upon his face. When the weather was in such a surly condition, it was advisable to remain indoors, and consequently Toby felt justified in expressing disapproval.

"I don't see the good of such a wind," said he. "It spoils the trees, it brings the rain; it blows up the gloomy clouds, and there is no

pleasure to be got out of it that *I* can see, even if the sun were shining."

Lessons were over for that day, and the tutor who sat reading at the table made no reply to Toby's remark. The latter was disappointed, for he wanted someone to talk to. He felt dull, and perhaps that is really why he was so angry with the wind. However, he made himself comfortable in his chair, and I believe the sighing of the tempest would have lulled him to sleep if something had not happened to take his attention. This something was a sudden visit from the Spirit of History, and how he came through such weather was difficult to say.

In another moment the strength of the wind seemed to have increased a hundredfold.

A hurricane had arisen of such tremendous power that Toby thought it must have blown

him out of the room and carried him to a distant part of the country. He found himself in the garden of an old English manor house. Behind its red-tiled roof the trees were bowing to the heavy wind, while beyond the garden and the farmyards the broad fields of golden wheat were heaving and tossing like the billows of the sea. Toby could hardly keep his feet, and while he clung to an old oak paling he made a remark about the great power of the storm.

"Yes," said the Spirit of History; "it has not only blown you out of your house, but it has carried you right back into the year 1658. This is August 30th, and the stormiest day that has ever been known in England. We are standing now on the Manor Farm of Woolsthorpe, in the county of Lincoln. The wind that you can hear through yonder wood, or rustling the seas of golden grain, was rattling a short time since the windows and doors of Whitehall, in London, where the Lord Protector of England, Oliver Cromwell, is now nearing his death."

Toby was silent as his strange companion went on.

"The light that has guided England through dark and stormy years is nearly out, but you shall now see another light enkindled which will burn with a greater lustre still."

As the voice ceased, a boy came running round one corner of the house, and stopped a few yards from the spot where Toby was standing. The new arrival was a delicate-looking lad of about fifteen years of age. He was not at all the sort of person you would have expected to find about a farmer's home. His face was thoughtful, his complexion pale, and his general appearance much more like that of a student than of one engaged in agricultural pursuits.

The place where he had come to a standstill was exposed to the full vigour of the hurricane, and Toby was much mystified as he watched his proceedings. With a piece of stick a mark was scored deeply in the soil. Placing his feet closely together, the boy stood against this mark, and, swinging his arms, jumped as far as his legs would carry him. Then he drew another line upon the

mark his heels had made, and, toeing this line, proceeded to jump back to his original position. To Toby's surprise, and to the boy's evident delight, his second jump was very much shorter than his first. It is true that the *first* had been made in the direction the wind was blowing, and the second had been made *against* it, but Toby did not see much to take notice of in that. He could not help thinking that the boy was rather silly, as he repeated the experiment again and again. Each effort was attended by the same result, and the jumper seemed to grow more and more excited. He drew a piece of paper from his pocket and rapidly scribbled down some figures; he carefully measured the length of each jump, and noted the difference between them. He was preparing himself for fresh efforts when a sudden interruption occurred.

"Isaac, Isaac!" came a voice from the house, "the cows are in the wheat-field, and the gale has blown the fowl-house down. Come quickly, do!"

Isaac's swinging arms dropped beside him, as with a disappointed air he turned slowly away. The next moment he caught sight of one of the farm servants, and hurrying up to him he communicated the disasters of which he had just heard.

"Do go and see to it, please!" he begged. "For I am making a great experiment, and I will tell you when you come back what the difference in the air pressures is."

The man slowly shook his head in a doubtful way. The promised reward only increased the mental confusion which the storm had already begun. However, he started off with the assurance that he would do his best, and Isaac made his way to the house. Thoughtfully climbing the old dark stairway, he reached a little room in the upper storey which he called his study, and here, with the help of a few books which were standing on shelves he had made himself out of some deal boxes, the problem that the great wind had brought into his mind was carefully examined and worked out.

All round the house the strong gale was still roaring. Perhaps it was triumphant at having made its deeper meaning heard by this boy of



fifteen ; perhaps it was endeavouring to make all England understand that it had awakened the intelligence of a new and mighty philosopher, and was not only spending its breath in the effort to blow down fowl-houses or to crack the boughs of the largest trees on Woolsthorpe Manor estate.

Meanwhile the cows were having a fine time in the wheat-fields, the fowls were having a miserable time in the ruins of their home, and the farm was suffering generally for want of someone to take proper care of it. Isaac's mother had hoped that *he* (now he was so nearly grown up) would be able to take his dead father's place, but the great interest he took in study, and the time he spent in making sun-dials and other scientific instruments that no one else had dreamed of, began to awaken her doubts as to Isaac's talent for farming. If he had seen to the fence being mended, the cows would not have got into the wheat ; if he had seen to the fowl-house being repaired, perhaps it would have been strong enough to withstand the gale. But his thoughts were busy on other themes. Then, whenever she sent him to the market at Grantham, instead of selling the farm produce himself, he let someone else from the Manor do all the business, while he went away to read some books at the house of a friend.

Now, Isaac's mother was a wise lady, and when she thought of all these things she decided to send her son back to school so that

he might have the advantage of a good education. Accordingly, very soon after the great storm had died away, young Isaac Newton was again a scholar, and the thanks of the whole world are due to that mother for her wisdom in throwing open to her son the path he wished to pursue.

As Toby watched, there came a time when Isaac left the school at Grantham with his master's praises ringing in his ears ; there came a time when all London was noisy with his fame, and Queen Anne granted him the honour of knighthood ; when people were reading in a celebrated periodical of those days, called the *Spectator*, an essay on Isaac Newton's genius. It was written by Mr. Joseph Addison.

"The light his great researches gave has never failed," said the Spirit of History as things became dim to Toby's sight. "Perhaps we may say that the great wind of August 30th, 1658, fanned his wisdom into flame ; perhaps we ought only to say that it was one of Nature's many voices speaking to the human heart."

Toby awoke. Daylight had grown very dim in the room, and the tutor had laid aside his book to come and stand beside Toby's chair.

"Did I hear you speak just now?" said Toby, "or was I dreaming?"

"I only said, old chap," replied the tutor, "that the wind is one of Nature's many voices speaking to the human heart."

JOHN LEA.

## MAY'S MISTAKE.

YOU never feed the chickens now!  
 Why is it, little May?  
 You used to take the grain to them  
 So gladly every day,  
 And they would know your little voice  
 And run so fast to you ;  
 But now you never call to them.  
 As once you used to do."

The little maiden thought awhile,  
 Then shook her curly head :  
 "I used to love them, Mother dear.  
 So very much," she said ;

"But ever since they made me ill  
 I've felt so sad and sore,  
 And that is why I do not care  
 To feed them any more!"

"What can you mean, my little May?  
 The chickens made you ill?  
 You surely are not yet awake,  
 And must be dreaming still!"  
 The little maiden answered, as  
 She shook her curly locks:—  
 "I think that they were so unkind  
 To give me chicken-pox!"

CONSTANCE M. LOWE.

## FRIENDS FOR THE FISHING.

**I**T'S rather quiet here, Mrs. Marks; I think I'll have a few friends down for some fishing."

"Yes, sir," replied Mrs. Marks.

It was Cuthbert Harley's uncle who spoke, and the old housekeeper at Harley Manor who answered; while Cuthbert himself, from his corner of the big oak settle in the hall, looked up at his uncle's face and listened with grave attention.

"Just one or two," continued Major Harley, "to keep me company while I am seeing to the alterations, before—I go away."

He smiled; and Mrs. Marks smiled, and said, "Yes, sir," again; and Cuthbert wondered what it all meant. Then the two elders began to talk of rooms, and furniture, and a lot of dull things; and Cuthbert's attention wandered a little, and he sat, still looking at his uncle, and thinking about those long, quiet months which had seemed almost all alike, except that sometimes it was hot and sometimes cold, when there had been just himself wandering about the house and grounds and doing lessons with the old Vicar; and Mrs. Marks, and Purvis, and all the other servants just letting him do much as he liked, but taking little notice of him. And now, yesterday, this splendid man had come, his very own uncle, whom he had never seen before. He had come with wonderful sticks, and rods, and guns, and books, and picture-papers; and he laughed, and had Cuthbert to dinner with him; and the servants bustled about, and seemed rather excited and pleased; and the whole place was changed.

"Hullo, sonnie, what are you thinking of so solemnly?"

Cuthbert started as his uncle turned to him, and Mrs. Marks went away through the baize door.

"Of you, Uncle Bob," he confessed.

"Of me! And what about me?"

"Of all about the time when you weren't here, and the time now you are."

Major Harley laughed heartily. "And which do you like best?"

"I like it best now you are," declared Cuthbert, with a sigh of satisfaction.

His uncle looked down on him keenly, and he remembered the sad time, two years before, when the boy's father and mother had died in India of fever within a week of one another; when he himself had been wandering with an exploring expedition in West Africa; and the little boy Cuthbert had been sent to England, to this lonely life at Harley Manor, the only home which now seemed left to him. "Poor little fellow," he thought, "he must have had a miserable time of it altogether." Aloud he said, "Well, young man, we're going to make it more lively for you here soon. I've come down to see about some building, and in a few days there will be some friends of mine here for the fishing, and you can run about with us as you like; and later on——"

"What does it mean, 'for the fishing'?" interrupted Cuthbert.

"Bless the boy! Haven't you ever tried fishing here all these months?"

"No," admitted Cuthbert. "I never saw fishing in India."

"Oh, it's high time for me to come home and teach you to be a sportsman, that's very certain. I had fished even the ditches round the orchards before I was half your age."

"How do you do it?" asked Cuthbert, breathlessly.

"We catch the fish, you know, with a rod and line; they try to swim away and are wonderfully sharp, but we are sharper, and we generally manage to land them in the end."

"And what do you do when you have caught scores and scores?"

"Oh, when we manage to do that we eat as many as we can and give the rest away to someone we like. Come along with me now, sonnie, and help me to plan the new greenhouse."

From that day Cuthbert's loneliness was ended. He followed Uncle Bob like a faithful dog, and looked at him with eyes full of affection and admiration. "Could there," he

thought, "ever be a stronger, kinder, splendorous man than Uncle Bob?" He watched him unpack his treasures and curiosities, and place them about the old rooms; strange-shaped swords, arrows, gold and silver ornaments, even Uncle Bob's own cigar-case and his boot-trees were objects of deep interest to Cuthbert. His uncle was his hero, and he grudged the hours which he himself had to spend at the vicarage, learning history, and Latin, and such things with the old Vicar, who cared nothing for discovering new lands or defending himself against savages, or fishing, or shooting, or wearing wonderful coats full of pockets.

Before Uncle Bob had been at Harley Manor a week a splendid time had begun for Cuthbert. The guests had come; the Vicar was asked to grant a month's holiday from lessons; and throughout the long sunny days uncle, nephew, and friends fished the streams for miles round Harley Manor, and picnicked on the banks.

Early in the morning they would start off, when the fields were sparkling with dew in the sunshine. Cuthbert had never before seen England in the very early morning, and he grew excited and delighted over everything. Then when they reached a good spot the real play of the day began, and Cuthbert was taught how to hold a rod, bait a hook, and throw a line; and all three grown-ups did their best to make him happy and make him a sportsman. And when he caught his first trout he was indeed a happy sportsman.

And then, when evening came, they would turn homewards; and after Uncle Bob had inspected the new building, and had given orders and directions, they would all have dinner together; and no fish could taste better, Cuthbert felt sure, than those they had caught. And, after they had laughed and talked over the day's doings, there would be stirring tales of Africa and other grand places to listen to, till Cuthbert was tired out with fresh air and happiness and was led off to bed.

It never occurred to Cuthbert that this pleasant time would end. It did end, however, and he stood speechless with terrible disap-

pointment the day his uncle broke the news to him that he was going away again.

"Cheer up, sonnie. It won't be for long. I'll come back soon and give you a fine surprise," said Major Harley, cheerfully, with a twinkle in his own eyes, although he felt really sorry for the poor, little, woe-begone face looking up at him.

But Cuthbert was too unhappy to take comfort from words of that sort; he thought it was just said to make the loneliness seem better, without meaning anything.

"How soon?" he asked, in rather a choked voice.

"Well, I can't say the day, but less than a year," Uncle Bob said, laughingly.

But Cuthbert turned away without another word, that no one should see the tears which would come into his eyes.

When, a few days later, the "good-byes" had really been said, Cuthbert did not try to keep back his tears. He felt utterly miserable, and he wandered off to a quiet spot, and thought of the silent house and all the old loneliness, and cried till he was tired. He was a manly little fellow as a rule, but it was hard to lose a hero and be left quite alone at the same time.

For many weeks Cuthbert moped about, taking no interest in anything; getting up in the morning he found melancholy, and going to bed at night was worse. Even the Vicar grew impatient, when he found him so dull and careless about his lessons.

"Master Cuthbert is getting quite pale with fretting," said Purvis to Mrs. Marks. "I shall be glad, for his sake, when the change comes."

Cuthbert heard the words as he passed, and he wondered a little what change they were talking about, but he was too miserable to care much or to ask.

"You should take your rod, sir, and catch some fish," suggested Simmons, the groom, as Cuthbert passed through the yard one day. "There's many would relish a nice fat trout." He laughed at his own broad hint.

Cuthbert brightened a little. He had been forgetting his rod all this time. And then he remembered Uncle Bob's words, when



**"FISHED TO THEIR HEARTS' CONTENT" (p. 452).**

asked what he did when he had scores of fish, "Give them to someone we like."

"I'll catch some and send to him," he thought, excitedly; and he dashed into the house for his rod.

"I wish I had 'a few friends for the fishing,' as Uncle Bob had," he thought, as he hurried down the drive. "I've no one to ask." He thought of the Vicar, his only friend, and almost laughed aloud at the idea of their going fishing together.

The laugh did him good; and when, passing the lodge, he saw little Jane and Betty Simmons playing together, he called out to them: "Would you like to come fishing with me?" His spirits were high, and he wanted company.

The little girls agreed at once, and ran off, delighted, to get bean-sticks and bottles; for their only notion of fishing was catching minnows and keeping them in water.

"Come along, then," said Cuthbert. "You shall catch fish for your supper, and I'll catch some to send away."

That was certainly the happiest day Cuthbert had had since Uncle Bob went away. He and his little friends made their way to the big pond by the mill, and fished to their hearts' content. As the hours passed several odd-looking little fish came to Cuthbert's share, and his spirits rose as he added each to his number.

He did his best for his companions, too; and little Betty stood beside him in sober delight, quite content to watch and wait for a nibble. Jane, however, grew tired of line and hook methods, and taking the muslin trimming from her hat, she tied it to her stick, and scooped up minnows for her bottle, well pleased with the number of her catches, and quite content that they should be of smaller size.

It was a happy trio that trudged back that afternoon; and, bidding "good-bye" to his companions, Cuthbert hurried to the servants' hall.

"Will someone pack these for me to send

to Uncle Bob, please?" he asked, breathlessly. "I want them to go very soon."

"Oh, Master Cuthbert, we've been looking for you everywhere!" exclaimed Purvis. "Come quickly and let me tidy you; then I'll tell you a better way than sending to your uncle——"

"But——"

"Come quickly, sir, please."

Then Cuthbert noticed that everyone looked very smart and smiling, and, wondering what it all meant, he went with Purvis to be tidied.

When that was done, and before he could ask any questions, she hurried him to the front hall, where the other servants were now gathered; and then suddenly, through the open door, he saw a carriage driving up.

"Why, it's Uncle Bob!" he cried, and he dashed down the steps towards him.

"Hullo, sonnie," cried his uncle. "Didn't I say I would be back soon?" Cuthbert's hands were gripping his tightly. "And didn't I say I would give you a surprise? Here it is," he added, turning to a pretty lady beside him. "Let me introduce you. Alice, this is Cuthbert. Now, Cuthbert, this is a new aunt I've brought you. We have both come to stay and keep you company."

Cuthbert gave one look at the smiling face, then he put his arms round her neck and kissed her heartily.

"I caught some fish to send you," said Cuthbert, later on, when they were having tea, "but you won't want them."

"Indeed I shall," said Uncle Bob; "we'll have them for dinner."

"I should like Aunt Alice to have some, too," he declared.

And Aunt Alice said she should like nothing better.

Cuthbert was a proud boy that evening when he saw his own gift placed upon the table; and he beamed with happiness when he remembered that in the future he would always be able to have "friends for the fishing."

LILIAN QUILLER COUCH.

## THE "LITTLE FOLKS" WARD PAGE.

Conducted by BELLA SIDNEY WOOLF, Author of "All in a Castle Fair."

### REPORTING PROGRESS.

**T**Y DEAR READERS,—It is now nearly half a year since you first heard of the "Little Folks" Ward, and I think it is time that we should have a chat on the work as far as it has gone. There lies before me a pile of letters which the Good Kind Editor has sent me—they come from all parts of Great Britain and Europe. I'm almost giddy from the different places and hand-writings! This shows that you have not failed to throw yourselves heart and soul into the work, and I only hope you will continue as you have begun, and will not allow the charm to wear off with the novelty. For £2,000 is a great sum of money to collect, and it is only by "sticking to it" that we shall see our "Little Folks" Ward established—not in word, but in deed! And don't be afraid of sending *small* sums if you are unable to collect large ones. Naturally, large ones are best, but, on the other hand, there's nothing truer than that "every little helps."

I think, by the way, that it is a very good plan to have a money-box labelled, "*Little Folks' Ward in the North-Eastern Hospital for Children*," standing in the hall or on the mantelpiece, for many people are tempted to drop in a penny, and pennies—even half-pennies and farthings—mount up in a surprising way.

I wish I could print all the letters which have come, for there is not one which does not contain good wishes or a kind thought for the suffering little ones. But, alas! they would fill the whole of *LITTLE FOLKS*, so I must just make a selection, and those who don't see their names or letters mentioned must not think it is from want of appreciation, but merely from want of space.

First of all I want to give you a message from Miss Curno, the kind lady who is Matron of the North-Eastern Hospital. She asks me to request you to be sure to put your *names and addresses inside* any parcels of toys and books which you may send to the children,

and, moreover, she will be glad if you will write *outside* the parcel, "From So-and-So to the Children, North-Eastern Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, Shoreditch, London," for Miss Curno wants to be able to send a card of acknowledgment to you. So don't forget, please! I know you will be glad to hear that the scrap-books and toys you have already sent give an immense amount of pleasure to the little patients, and I am very glad to see that so many of you have thought of brightening their sad hours in this way. Here is a very nice little letter from Elsie Sandell, in which she says:—

I am writing to know if the North-Eastern Hospital will receive a little china doll and a few pretty paper ones. I have not much time to dress dolls now, because my lessons take me so long. I am sending a doll for Beatrice. I think she is such a good girl to give up the ball for Bertie. I cannot get much money for the Hospital, as I have not much—if we are to go round to the doors of houses, I will. Will you write and tell me? I shall be very pleased to have a letter from you. I am very sorry for poor White Mouse.

I am, Yours lovingly, **ELSIE SANDELL.**  
Highclere, 63, Portswood Road,  
Southampton.

Elsie knows by now that I do not wish her to go round to the doors of houses, for I don't care for that way of collecting; but I'm sure she will be interested to hear that the dear little doll and necklaces she sent could not be given to Beatrice, for, poor child, she caught scarlet fever soon after I saw her, and had to go to the Fever Hospital. But Elsie's kind gifts have been given to a dear little girl called Florence Limmer, who is 4½ years old. She is suffering from hip disease, and has many long hours of pain before her, poor mite.

I have a sad piece of news which will, I know, grieve Elsie and many others. Poor little White Mouse did not recover. On the last day of the year he passed away very quietly and peacefully. Poor dear little White Mouse, doubtless it was best for him.

Here is another letter which gave me much



pleasure. It comes from H. Dorothy Bell, and she says:—

I have read your letter about the "Little Folks Ward and am greatly interested. I shall collect for it. I am very fond of making toys, such as balls, puzzles, etc.; would you accept a parcel for the children, or scrap-books made out of finished exercise books? If so, I will send some.

I remain, Yours truly, H. DOROTHY BELL.

The Editor has sent me one very sad letter, which will, I am sure, bring tears to the eyes of many who read it:—

I enclose a small amount (3s. 3d.) for the "Little Folks" Ward.

My little daughter, Julia, who last week left us for that land where pain and suffering never come, collected it during her last illness. She kept the card under her pillow and asked all who came to see her for a penny for the "Little Folks" Ward. She was not allowed to see many friends, or the amount would have been more.

I remain, Yours truly, ANNA MACHIN.

I am sure your hearts will go out in sympathy to Mrs. Machin for the loss of her little girl—your fellow-reader of **LITTLE FOLKS**—who, in the midst of her illness, was unselfish enough to remember other little sufferers.

Now, here is a very nice letter from Bonnie Scotland, from which I see that Mary Duff Smurthwaite was inspired with a similar idea for collecting as Val's Mother, according to what the Little Bird told you last month. Mary says:—

We are sending you some money towards the "Little Folks" Ward. We made a few little things and our mothers and aunties bought them. We hope that you will get a lot more money.

Please send me another collecting card.

MARY DUFF SMURTHWAITE.

I also see from Beatie Hood's collecting card that the 8s. she sent was made through "My Bazaar." Well done, Beatie! I hope many others will follow your example.

Edgar Crosbee is a very energetic and original young man, and I must show my admiration for him by printing his letter. He says:—

I went out with our baker in his cart and when he left some bread I showed his customers your paper and so I collected four shillings, which I en-

close for the North-Eastern Hospital. I am nine years old. I hope you will get lots more.

Yours sincerely, EDGAR CROSBEE.

I think you will be amused to read the names of the four last contributors on Edgar's card. They are Little Jim, Big Jim, The Other Jim, and Jim Jam!!

It seems to me that most of you—all of you in fact—thoroughly enjoy collecting for the Ward. For example, read this letter:—

My sister Dorothy and myself have been collecting a little money (which I enclose; it is 8s. 6d.) from a few of our relations and friends, for the North-Eastern Hospital. As we are very interested in **LITTLE FOLKS** and all that is in it, we seem to have almost greater pleasure in getting money for the Hospital. I belong to Ackworth School, and there I generally send something to the Ackworth Cot; but owing to my two sisters having chicken-pox I was not able to return at the time appointed. We are making scrap-books for the inmates of the new cots. Hoping you will succeed in getting plenty of money. I am,

Your most interested reader of **LITTLE FOLKS**,  
MAUD TAYLOR.

I see, too, that those who help are of all ages. See, for instance, the following letter, in which you will read that a little girl of six has collected:—

Mrs. Holman's little girl of six years old has collected the enclosed four shillings for "Little Folks" Ward. She says she thought the picture of the little girl saying, "Won't you help us?" is far too pretty to be in a hospital.

The money is not much, but considering she has not gone out (being delicate) to seek for anything, we don't think she has done badly in the first effort of ministering to another's small comforts.

Well, now I must say good-bye for this month. You will see by our list that we have so far more than £150 towards that golden £2,000 for which we are working. Let me be able to chronicle "a big jump" by next month. Meanwhile, my love to you all, blue, brown, black, or grey eyes, who read this Page.

Yours affectionately,  
BELLA SIDNEY WOOLF.

P.S.—I want a good motto for the Hospital Page, so if any of you can think of one, just write and tell me, and if I like it I will have it instead of one of my own selecting

## COSEY CORNER;

## OR, HOW THEY KEPT A FARM.

By L. T. MEADE, Author of "*A World of Girls*," "*Polly*," "*Red Rose and Tiger-lily*," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER XI.

## SURPRISES.

**B**UT great as Claudia's astonishment was when she saw the sovereigns put back in the teapot, it was really nothing to her further astonishment when she went into the open air. Signs of smothered mirth and eager talking and quick footsteps greeted her, and when she came out beyond the little rose-covered porch, she saw a man in his shirt-sleeves, eagerly assisted by Lois and Arthur, moving furniture out of the lean-to room. The door of the lean-to room was wide open, and the man was bringing out a chest of drawers and a table, and some strips of carpet, and a wash-hand stand. He had a huge duster in his hand, and aided by the children, he was beating the dust off the furniture.

"I am a whale on dust," Claudia heard him

say, turning to Lois as he spoke. "I don't mind a shabby room, nor a small room, nor a badly-furnished room, but I vow and declare I must and will have a clean room. Now, this room is a mansion compared to many, but it isn't clean—according to my ideas of cleanliness. Every bit of this furniture must be washed and scrubbed to-day, and the strips of carpet must be run across the green grass and beaten afterwards. And then to-night, maybe, I'll sleep in a clean room. I beg your pardon, Miss—Miss—"

"Ross," said Claudia with dignity. "May I ask what is the meaning of this?" she added. She coloured very high, and notwithstanding her great joy with regard to the sovereigns, looked very indignant.

"My name is Mr. Inquisitive," replied the man, "and I have come here at the express invitation of Farmer and Mrs. Burgin,

## DID THEY MEET?

**L**ITTLE Miss Letty in her  
lilac gown  
Went forth to take the air  
(She carried her big umbrella,  
you see,  
Although the day was fair).

Now young Master Tom (who  
is dressed in green  
And carries a posy gay)



Miss Letty.



Master Tom.

Saw her tripping out of her garden  
gate,  
For she lived just over the  
way.

So he sallied forth, and she  
sallied forth

On that fine and sunny day;  
But whether they happened to  
meet or no—

I really cannot say

and I want to stay here for a little time. He says, however, that as he has let you the house, you have a right to receive the money which I shall be obliged to pay for the room. He charges a pound a week, and says that I am to hand it to you in advance week by week. I shall have pleasure in giving it you, Miss Ross, immediately after breakfast. I have been hoping, too, that perhaps you would allow me to arrange to take my meals with you and your brother, and your charming little brother and sister. I shall, of course, be glad to pay you anything you think right to ask for the meals."

Still Claudia did not reply. She leant up against the porch, and raising her hand, shaded her eyes from the full, bright morning sun.

"I don't understand," she said then, almost faintly.

"But we do, Claudie, darling," said Arthur, dancing up to her. "We understand perfectly. It's dear, darling, darling Mr. Inquisitive, the nicest man, 'cept Father, in all the

world. And we are so glad he's coming to live here."

"And, Claudia," interrupted Lois, "won't a pound a week be a help, won't it, Claudie?"

"I don't understand," said Claudia, and again she shaded her eyes with her hand, but this time, instead of looking up towards the sun, she fixed her pretty brown eyes on the face of Mr. Inquisitive, and as she looked some of the scruples and disappointment and astonishment went out of her face, and a look of pleasure filled it. For Mr. Inquisitive was wonderfully kind. After all, he had a nice mouth, and his eyes, although they were small and deep-set, were very bright, and very honest, and he was looking at her with such a world of entreaty in his eyes, that she could not help saying, "Forgive me—I think I ought to have been told; but please forgive me if I was rude."

"It was my fault entirely, Miss Ross," said Mr. Inquisitive, "that you were not told. I wanted it to come as a surprise to you, or perhaps I ought to say," he added, "that I was very much afraid you would refuse me,

and use your influence with Farmer and Mrs. Burgin not to allow me to take possession of the room, so I begged of them to keep it a secret."

"And of course you will be glad of the pound a week, won't you, Claudie?" said Lois again.

"I think I shall be very glad," said Claudia. "I think it is very nice to have you Mr.—Mr. Inquisitive. But what a funny name!" she added.

"Yes, is it not? But I come of a good line of ancestors," was his response. "There have been a great many Mr. Inquisitives in the world, and most of them are good sorts when all is said and done."

"Well, I have had another great surprise this morning," said Claudia, "and I ought to be thankful. Do you know, Lois, what has happened? Do you know, Arty? Oh, and here's Harold, he must hear, too. Harold, come here, darling."

Harold advanced with quick strides. Lois had thought Harold almost a man, but now,

by the side of Mr. Inquisitive, he looked like the mere boy he was.

"This is Mr. Inquisitive, Harold," said his sister; "and Mr. and Mrs. Burgin wish him to use the lean-to room for the present. He is going to lodge there, and he will pay us a pound a week for the use of the room, and he will take his meals with us; and we are very glad to have him, are we not, Harold?"

But Harold scarcely looked glad. He frowned at his sister, and he frowned at Lois and Arthur, and he finally frowned at Mr. Inquisitive.

"It's all right, my lad," said Mr. Inquisitive, nodding to him as he spoke. "You'll be glad enough, although you aren't glad this minute, but you'll be glad enough some day before long."

"And, Harold, there's something lovely, something almost too lovely, that I have got to tell you," continued Claudia. "It's this; wait one minute."

She ran back into the kitchen and returned with the teapot. She tumbled the contents of the teapot on to the palm of her pretty hand, and held up the eight sovereigns, and took the piece of paper and gave it to Harold to read.



"He was beating the dust off the furniture" (p. 455).

"From a respectable man, who has repented," repeated the boy.

He had scarcely said these words before there came a shout from Lois and a shout from Arthur.

"Oh, oh, oh!" said Lois. "Was there ever anything quite so wonderful in all the world before? Listen, Mr. Inquisitive. Do listen. The respectable man—he was respectable after all—has brought back the money."

"He has repented, I take it," said Mr. Inquisitive quietly. "Well, I am very glad. That kind of thing does happen, sometimes. There will be a better chance for the respectable man when he comes to die. And now, please, Miss Ross, can you give me some breakfast?"

The meal which followed was a merry one, for Mr. Inquisitive turned out to be a most agreeable person. He could talk, and talk well. And when he sat with Arthur on his knee, and Lois on a small stool by his feet, and chatted with Claudia, and gave good advice to Harold, they all agreed that he was a most invaluable addition to Cosey Corner. By the end of breakfast he had ceased to call Claudia Miss Ross—she was Claudia, and even Claudie, from that hour.

"There's one request I must make, Claudie," he said, "and that is that I am allowed to kick up a great shindy in the lean-to, for although it may be clean, it isn't clean enough for my fancy. And may I have Lois and Arty to help me, please?"

"Certainly you may," said Claudia, "and if you like I will help you myself."

"Thank you very much, my dear young lady, but you have many other things to see to, and I could not think of taking up your valuable time."

"Please, Claudie, come and look at the dear lean-to room," said Lois. And then all the little party entered the room which had so excited Arthur's imagination on the day of their first arrival at Cosey Corner.

It was quite a big room, much bigger than any bedroom in Cosey Corner. It had a sloping roof, of course, as all lean-to rooms have, but it ran the whole length of the cottage, and at its highest point was about six-

teen feet high. There was a curious air of loftiness about it. It had a nicely boarded floor, and a good square window, which let in a quantity of light, and could be opened with French doors. The furniture of the room was very simple, consisting of nothing but a narrow iron bedstead with the necessary bedding, little strips of carpet, all somewhat worn, a chest of drawers, a wash-hand stand, and a table.

"It's a lovely room, all the same," said Lois. "Isn't it big, Claudie?"

"Yes," said Claudia. "It is a very nice room indeed," she added.

"The main thing about it is this," said Mr. Inquisitive, "it is worth a pound a week, and you will be a pound a week the richer as long as I stay here."

"But the money really belongs to Farmer Burgin," said Claudia.

"No, it doesn't; I have arranged about that. It belongs to you. And may I pay you my first instalment now?"

So Claudia received a sovereign, and went away a very happy girl.

"Oh, Harold," she said, "I do believe we are going to succeed after all. Isn't it wonderful? I never did hear of anything quite so wonderful as the return of the money!"

Whatever Harold's thoughts might have been, he kept them to himself; his grave eyes—he had a very grave face for such a young boy—looked full into his sister's, and then he bent down and kissed Claudia on her forehead.

It was almost at that moment that the children were startled by an exclamation from someone a little way off, and Claudia caught Harold's hand, and said in a tone of alarm—

"Why, what's the matter? It is Mrs. Burgin herself. What can be wrong?"

Mrs. Burgin came running swiftly towards them. She was a stout woman, and she did not often run. By the time she had reached Claudia's side she was quite puffy and out of breath.

"Oh, my dear," she said, "I hope I haven't given you a shock, darling, but they are coming! They are coming this evening!"

"Who are coming?" asked the children.

"Oh, Mrs. Burgin, what do you mean, who are coming?"

"Your father and mother, my darlings."

"Who do you say are coming, Mrs. Burgin?" asked Mr. Inquisitive.

Claudia thought he was taking a liberty, and turned upon him a glance almost of dislike.

"It's the dear children's father and mother, Mr. Inquisitive, sir," replied Mrs. Burgin, raising her full brown eyes and fixing them on Mr. Inquisitive's face. "It seems that Mrs. Ross has been taken ill, not very ill, but rather ill, and she can't rest until she sees the children. And Mr. Ross has got an appointment in Australia, and they are both going out there in a month from now. But they want to see the children first. And so, my dears, I've come to tell you, and I want to know what's to be done."

"Oh, do sit down, Mrs. Burgin, please," said Claudia. She had turned very white, her heart beating heavily. "Mother ill!" she said.

"Oh, what is to be done if Mother is ill?" said Lois.

"Never mind, Lois, don't be silly," whispered Arthur in her ear. "If Mother's just a little ill, she'll soon get well again, I know. Isn't that true, Mr. Inquisitive?" And Arthur held up his little hand, which Mr. Inquisitive clasped.

Mr. Inquisitive knew that he had no right to join the little group, but he felt so thoroughly and completely one of the family already, that he could not keep away.

"I've been thinking over everything," said Mrs. Burgin, when she had recovered her breath, "and it all turns on this. John and me, we say that it all turns on this: Are you ready, my dear Miss Claudia, and are you ready, my dear Mr. Harold, to tell your father and mother of the scheme?"

"We didn't expect them for three weeks," said Claudia. "It's three weeks too soon."

"Oh, I don't think so; I think it's about the right time," said Mr. Inquisitive.

"Please," said Claudia in a tone of dignity, "please, you don't understand."

He withdrew a little distance off as she said this, and a flush came into his swarthy

cheeks. He pushed the straw hat he was wearing a little more forward over his eyes, and, folding his arms, leant up against the open window of the lean-to room. Claudia began to think he was not quite such a nice man after all, but Arthur, who was devoted to Mr. Inquisitive, followed him and insisted on clinging to his side.

"It is three weeks too soon," repeated Claudia. "Quite three weeks too soon. Harold, what is to be done?"

"We cannot prove to them yet that it has been a success," said Harold; "that is the awful part; and if they come and find us here, they will think it very, very odd, and they will be dreadfully troubled."

"We could tell them in three weeks' time that we have succeeded. It will pay," said Claudia. "Oh, yes, I know it will pay."

"It will certainly pay admirably," said Mr. Inquisitive, once more putting in his voice.

Claudia began to say, "Please you don't understand," once again, but Mrs. Burgin took her hand and pulled her a little aside.

"I wish he would not talk. He doesn't know anything about it," said Claudia.

"Being Mr. Inquisitive, it goes without saying that he must talk," said Mrs. Burgin. "And I happen to know he is a nice gentleman. The Mr. Inquisitives, you know, Miss Claudia, always poke their fingers into every pie."

"Oh, I know. It is quite ridiculous," said Claudia. "But what are we to do, Mrs. Burgin?"

"Well, my darling, I said to my good man, 'If they are ready, let the father and mother go to Cosey Corner, and if they are not ready, the children must come back to us, and Mr. and Mrs. Ross must not know anything at all about Cosey Corner. The children must come back to us for to-night, and they must know nothing at all of the little cottage, and the tiny farm, and of the brave, brave thought of Miss Claudia and Mr. Harold.'"

"We are not ready," said Claudia. "It is more than three weeks too soon. We will come to Honeysuckle Farm for to-night. Can you really take us in? How dear and sweet of you!"



"We will take you in, my darlings, fast enough," said Mrs. Burgin. "You have but to come, and the deed is done."

"And will you faithfully, most faithfully promise not to let Father and Mother hear anything of the news of Cosey Corner?"

"We'll keep the secret as dark as ever we can," said Mrs. Burgin. "Don't you be fretted, my love."

"Then it is the best thing to do," said Claudia; "isn't it, Harold?"

"I don't think so," said Mr. Inquisitive, "I'd let them hear. I'd blurt it all out—yes, I would."

But Claudia now refused to listen to Mr. Inquisitive's annoying words.

"Harold," she said, "we must do it; we must go to Honeysuckle Farm. It would not do to make Mother terribly anxious when she's ill and all."

"Perhaps it would be the best plan," said Harold.

"Then I can go back and settle matters," said Mrs. Burgin. "I thought you would like to do it. They will be with us about six o'clock, and if you like to come any time after five, you will find your things ready, and they will never guess that you have not been living at the farm all the time."

Mrs. Burgin trotted away once more to her own farm duties, and Claudia stood silently by the little porch.

"Come, Lois," said Mr. Inquisitive, "even though your parents are coming to-night, I don't see why my lean-to room should not be put in order. Bustle up, Lois; bustle up, Arty. There's a wonderful lot of dusting and cleaning and polishing, and making and mending to be done."

"May we help Mr. Inquisitive, please, Claudia?" asked Lois.

"Certainly, dear," answered Claudia, but she went into the house herself, entered the kitchen, and burst into tears.

## CHAPTER XII.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

**D**URING the remainder of that day Mr. Inquisitive was really quite troublesome. He kept on saying that the children

were doing an unnecessary thing, and that they certainly ought to receive their parents at Cosey Corner. Claudia, however, maintained an absolute silence when he spoke, and at last he saw that it was useless to try to control the movements of the little quartette.

About five o'clock, the children ran across the fields to Honeysuckle Farm, and between six and seven the trap which had been sent to the station to bring Mr. and Mrs. Ross to the farm, arrived. Of the greetings between the Father and Mother and the four children, few words can be said. They were the sort of greetings which must take place between four very loving children, and two very loving parents.

Mrs. Ross's face was very pale, and there was a great deal of trouble in her eyes, and Mr. Ross also looked quite old for him, and quite anxious. His hair was a little grey, and there were crows' feet round his eyes. Arthur was greatly interested in the crows' feet, and questioned his father with immense curiosity as to how they had come and why they had come.

Mrs. Ross took Claudia aside, and began to tell her some of their plans.

"We go in a month," she said. "It is quite hopeless. The man to whom we owe the money will not let us off the debt, and we can only pay it by going right away. Your Father has heard of a good post in Queensland, and we shall pay our debt off by degrees. And when it is paid off, quite paid off, we will come home again, or we will send for you, darlings. And now, Claudia, I must tell you some of our plans for you, while we are away."

"But oh, Mother, is it necessary?" said Claudia.

"Is it necessary?—my dear girl, what do you mean? We have a great deal to do, and a very little time to do it in. How delicious it is at the farm! How peaceful and restful! What dear, delightful people Mr. and Mrs. Burgin are, and how well you all look! How I wish I could leave you here!"

"And why not, Mother?"

"It is impossible. You could not possibly stay with the dear farmer and his wife with-



"Mrs. Burgin came running swiftly towards them" (p. 458).

out paying them, and we could not afford even their terms. Claudia, dear, I don't know how you will stand the news which I have got to break to you."

"I am sure I can stand it, Mother. I can stand anything rather than vex you. What is it, Mother darling?"

As Claudia spoke, she knelt by her Mother's side and put her arms round her Mother's waist, and raised her pretty eyes to her Mother's face. Mrs. Ross smoothed away the curling dark hair from Claudia's brow, and kissed her on her forehead, and observed how brave was the young face, how firm the young lips, what resolution shone in the dark brown eyes.

So Mrs. Ross told Claudia that it was all arranged that she should go as companion to a girl who lived in a large house near Clapham.

"You are to go as companion to Mary Garfield," she said. "I have known the Garfields

for years. You are to go to school with Mary and learn your lessons with her, and be as cheerful and pleasant as you can. And as Mrs. Garfield has long wanted a companion for her only daughter, she will not charge anything at all. She will even buy your clothes. You will be a sort of adopted daughter, and thus we will be spared all expense as far as you are concerned."

"And you really mean me to leave Arty and Lois and Harold?" said the girl.

"It breaks my heart, Claudia, but it must, it must be done," said Mrs. Ross.

Arrangements were made that Harold was to go to a man in the City and begin to learn City work. And the two little ones were to go to a cheap school near London. It was not much that Mr. and Mrs. Ross could do for their four children. They did not like any of the plans that they had arranged, but they were the very best that they could make. But Mrs. Ross, who felt ill and tired and

unhappy, was a brave woman, and Claudia, who knew that there was something else at the back of all these schemes—something which would make the schemes quite unnecessary—was able to listen with tolerable quietness.

The next day went by rather sadly. The children all felt a sense of restraint—notwithstanding the presence of their father and mother, their hearts were in Cosey Corner. Claudia, all the time, seemed to see the little rooms, the pretty bedrooms, the wee sitting-room, the tiny, but very snug kitchen. Harold saw the garden, and the orchard, with its ripening plums and apples, and Lois and Arthur thought of Mr. Inquisitive, and wondered what he was doing, and sighed for him several times.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross, knowing nothing at all about Cosey Corner, wondered at the children's lassitude, and Mrs. Ross had serious intentions of questioning Mrs. Burgin as to Claudia's real health, and as to Lois's spirits, and with regard to Harold, whether he sat up too late at night over his studies, and whether Arthur ate too much unripe fruit. She was, like all mothers, full of nervous fears about her children, and she was just about to have that private conference with Mrs. Burgin, when all her schemes were put to rout, and all her suspicions died so completely that they were never likely to come to life again.

It was between five and six in the afternoon, and Mr. and Mrs. Ross were seated in a shady corner in the hayfield, with the four children not far off, when suddenly Arthur was seen to put wings to his feet and rush across the field.

"Why has Arty gone out in the sun. It is too hot for him," said Mrs. Ross. "Arty, Arty, come back!" But Arty was too far off to hear her.

He ran as fast as ever his small legs would permit him, and presently returned very much out of breath, and bearing a large blue envelope in his hand.

"It's for you, Mother," he said, and he threw the letter into her lap. "It's for you, and it's from——"

"Oh, Arty!" said Claudia, in a tone of reproach.

But Arthur shut up his lips and looked at his sister as much as to say, "I have not told, and I couldn't help giving it when it was meant for Mother."

"What does this mean?" said Mrs. Ross. "Listen, Henry, my love," she added, turning to her husband. "A most extraordinary letter!"

"Do read it aloud, please, please, Mother," said Claudia.

"It's from a person who calls himself Mr. Inquisitive. I never heard of such a strange name. This is what he says:—

'Dear Madam,—

'Will you, your husband, and your four children do me the great pleasure of coming to drink tea with me in the lean-to at Cosey Corner. I shall expect you and my four young friends at six o'clock sharp.

'Yours faithfully,

'MR. INQUISITIVE.'

"The person must be mad, whoever he is," said Mr. Ross. "Cosey Corner, Lean-to, Mr. Inquisitive. Is this a practical joke, Claudia?"

"I don't think so," said Claudia, turning very pale. "I don't know what he means of course, but there is a Mr. Inquisitive, and there is a Cosey Corner, and there is a room which is called the lean-to, and——"

"Shall we go then, my dear?" said Mr. Ross, turning to his wife.

"Oh, by all means, Henry," she replied, "that is if Cosey Corner is not too far off."

"It's quite near, Mummie, it's no way off at all," said Lois. "It's only across these two fields, and—and there you are, Mummie."

Even Lois's face had turned pale, and as to Arthur, he could only jump softly up and down, and say under his breath, "Darling Mr. Inquisitive, darling Mr. Inquisitive."

"It wants half an hour of six now," said Mrs. Ross. "Do you think it is a sort of tea party, Lois?"

"Oh, I think so, Mummie."

"Then you would like me to go looking nice?"

"Very nice indeed, Mummie."

"I will go into the house and tidy my hair and put on a fresh ribbon."

Mrs. Ross went into the house and made the necessary changes in her toilet. She came out, looking young and fragile, and pretty, just the sort of Mummie, as Lois remarked, whom any girl would adore.

A moment later, the party set off. There were six of them. Claudia held her mother's hand, Harold walked by his father's side. The two younger children fell behind. Mr. and Mrs. Burgin came out and stood in the porch of the old farmhouse to watch them go.

The short walk across the fields was taken, and the little party turned in at the wicket gate. There was a narrow path from there which led round to the front of the house, and when they arrived, they found the little hall door which led into the one sitting-room, wide open, and just before the door on a plot of grass, stood a table—a big table, bigger than the one the children commonly used—and this table was spread with a white, very white cloth, and on the table appeared the most delicious, sumptuous, fascinating tea that the four children ever saw in their lives. Every imaginable thing that could be tempting to the appetite seemed to be on that table. Cold chickens, a freshly boiled ham, cakes of all sorts and all shapes, hot cakes and cold cakes, plum cakes and seed cakes, and open jam tarts and apple pies and plum pies and cream in great dishes, and butter in the shape of swans swimming in water, decorated with parsley. And little piles of chocolate, and little piles of various other sweetmeats, and at one end of the board a tray with the tea equipage, cups and saucers and plates, etc.

There were even still more remarkable things on that table, for beside almost every plate was a parcel. The parcels were all shapes, and the name of the intended recipient was written outside. Claudia's parcel, placed just in front of the tea tray, was bulky and large. Harold's was of a very curious shape, all bulgy and anyhow in appearance. Lois's parcel was square and firm-looking, and Arthur's was long and hard. There was a very pretty parcel of an oblong shape softly folded in tissue paper, which bore Mrs. Ross's

name, but on Mr. Ross's plate there was only a long blue envelope.

In the centre of the table stood a most magnificent bouquet of flowers, and the scent of the roses and the carnations and the pinks and heliotrope quite filled the air.

Pinned on to the bouquet was a card, and on the card were written these words:—

"Take your tea first, then open your parcels, and expect a visit from me when I choose to appear. Mr. Inquisitive."

It would be much easier to imagine than to describe the excitement of the children.

"Oh, we must sit down and have our lovely tea first," said Claudia.

"We must do whatever Mr. Inquisitive wants," said Lois.

"It is exactly like fairyland," said Mr. Ross. "What in the world does it mean?"

"We must have our tea first, because Mr. Inquisitive wishes it," said Arthur, and he set the example by drawing up his chair to the table, pushing his parcel aside with a great, longing sigh, and helping himself to a huge piece of cake.

His example was followed by all the others. Claudia poured out tea and coffee, and they all partook of the good things provided by Mr. Inquisitive. Even Mr. and Mrs. Ross ate quite heartily, and entered, as Mr. Ross expressed it, into the joke of the thing.

"It must be a trick of dear Farmer Burgin's," said Mr. Ross.

"Well, it is a very nice trick to play us, and we are enjoying ourselves very much," said Mrs. Ross.

"You are forgetting all about—about the unpleasant things for the time being, aren't you, Mother?" said Claudia.

"Quite, darling. I am very happy," said Mrs. Ross with a sigh.

But at last even the most sumptuous tea in the world must come to an end, for people, even small people, cannot eat for ever, and the family of the Rosses pushed their chairs away from the table.

"What a pretty little place!" said Mrs. Ross. "And does the man with the funny name—Mr. Inquisitive, you call him—live here?"



"SHE ROSE AT ONCE. 'WHAT IS IT?' SHE SAID" (p. 465).

Claudia looked rather guilty, but Lois said, in a prompt voice:

"Of course he does, Mother. He lives in the lean-to."

"Which is the lean-to, dear?"

"That funny room there, that is his room, and he is a darling, Mother; he is a darling."

"Let us open our parcels now," said Harold.

So they all did, and loud were the exclamations which followed the untying of string and removing of brown and tissue paper.

No one noticed in the excitement with which each child surveyed his or her present that Mr. Ross had opened his long envelope and was busily engaged over the contents of a letter. No one noticed that his face had turned first deadly pale, and then red, and that he uttered a smothered exclamation and suddenly started up and walked down the little path towards the wicket-gate.

Claudia had got such a workbox as must delight the heart of any industrious, capable girl; and Harold had a microscope which he had sighed for in vain, but never hoped to possess. And Lois had a writing desk, which was just the one thing she needed to make her thoroughly happy; while Arthur was supplied with a paint-box, with paint brushes, pencils, a palette, and everything that a little boy with a decided taste for drawing would covet. Mrs. Ross's present was small, but it pleased her very much. It was a little case, and it contained a ring. The ring was a plain gold one, and round its edge was cunningly inserted a little band of hair. In the front of the ring was a tiny shield, on which certain initials were twisted. And a piece of paper lay inside the box, on which were written the following words:—"A little of the hair from the heads of Claudia and Harold and Lois and Arthur. And may this strand of hair twisted together prove to you, Madam, that the love of such children as yours must be eternal. Mr. Inquisitive."

"Really," said Mrs. Ross, "this is a most touching present. I long to see Mr. Inquisitive."

She had scarcely said the words before her husband returned.

"My dear," he said, "one moment."

She rose at once.

"What is it?" she said. "What is it?"

"Only that Mr. Inquisitive is here," he said. "And, oh, Mary, how can I tell you the joyful news? He has forgiven me my debt. His real name is Halkett. Here is his letter, and we owe it to our children, for listen to his words: 'Such faithful love, such brave action, cannot but melt even a hard heart like mine. In short, the man who possesses four such children ought to get the best chance possible in life.' That is what he says, Mary," continued Mr. Ross, "and I may pay my debt how I like and when I like. Yes, I shall go to Australia, after all, and you must come with me, darling; but as Mr. Inquisitive wishes it, we will leave the children in his care."

"Hurrah, hurrah!" shouted Arthur, who came up at that moment, "then we can stay on at Cosey Corner!"

"Oh," exclaimed Lois, "there never was anything so nice in all the world, as our life at Cosey Corner!"

"Unless it is Mr. Inquisitive. Let's find him," said Arthur. "I want to hug him; he's the darlinest man on earth!"







#### How a Dog Saved its Master.

In 1758, when Britain and France were at war with one another, an ill-fated landing was made at St. Cas, a few miles to the west of St. Malo. The British general required a poor Breton shepherd to act as guide and the man led the invaders astray. Perhaps he ought not to have been expected to love his country better than her enemies. At any rate, he played the *mis-guide*, and the general swore he should hang for it. Whilst the soldiers were fastening the rope around his neck, it was pitiful to see the earnest efforts of his dog to prevent them. Even the general was touched. He reflected that the shepherd might have acted from patriotism. So he scolded him again, and also threatened to have his dog killed too. Then he bade the man go free and take his faithful tyke with him.

#### Living Sunbeams.

Of all birds the tiny humming-birds are the most lovely. They look like animated jewels as they dart about from flower to flower in the sunshine. As is so often the case with birds of beautiful plumage, they have no song to speak of. Moreover, they are as quarrelsome as the saucy sparrow, fighting with their mates as well as with strangers.

They are very inquisitive, too, their curiosity often getting them into trouble, and sometimes even into the collector's net. But, like most wild things, they cannot bear captivity, and usually pine away and die. For that they are such exquisite creatures, the South American Indians call them by the pretty names of the beams and locks of the sun. Fashion, of course, has played havoc with them in the interests of women with more money than brains or heart.

#### His New Brecks.

In other days the Scottish ministers displayed more freedom of speech in the pulpit than would be thought proper in these times. Some of them were men whose witty and humorous sayings still survive. The Rev. Robert Shirra, of Kirkcaldy, was fond of plain speech. One Sunday a young man, dressed in his Volunteer uniform, entered the church. Volunteers have been quite common in the "lang toon" for many years, but then they were a good deal rarer. In any case, the youth rather "fancied himself," and, indeed, seemed in no hurry to take his seat. He sought the nearest pew, however, when he heard Mr. Shirra say, "Just sit down there, my man, and we'll a' see your new brecks when the kirk skails [empties]."

**Dead but Alive.**

After Napoleon had been comfortably packed on board the *Bellerophon* in 1815, there were great rejoicings in Paris. Alderman Wood, who had filled the office of Lord Mayor of London, went over to take part in the festivities, which is a way City bigwigs have. Wishing to air his familiarity with the French language, he had some visiting-cards printed specially for the trip. Upon them ran the striking phrase, "*Alderman Wood, feu Lord Maire de Londres.*" What he wished to express was that he was "late" Lord Mayor, but as *feu* means "dead," his card caused the fine folk who received it more amusement than the worthy Alderman bargained for. This story may be matched by one about a Lord Provost of Edinburgh. Wishing to do the civil by a notable personage about to enter the room where a banquet was to be held, the worthy knight said, pleasantly, "*Après vous,*" and then, looking pawkily into the visitor's face, he added, "You see, I have-na forgotten my Latin."

**Angling with a Monkey.**

Two anglers were talking about the greed of the pike, the fresh-water shark. One said it would bite at any moving thing; the other doubted. Then the first, picking up one of those toys in which a rudely-carved monkey slides up and down a wooden stick, undertook to catch a pike with it. So he took the monkey from off the toy, fastened several hooks to it and went to a weed-laden lakelet to fish. He was right. The pike took the monkey, hooks and all, and the angler won a fish and proved its bad character.

**Where the Bear is Honoured.**

Everybody has a good word to say for Bruin. In the Pyrenees, where brown bears are still fairly numerous, the mountaineers hunt it and respect it as a noble foe, worthy of their highest skill. They pay honour to the dead bear. When the hunter has killed one he sends word to the village, where by and by it is carried, hung from a stout pole lying across the shoulders of a couple of men. Here Bruin is untied, placed upright on its haunches in a cart, with a staff between its paws, a pipe in

its jaws and a hat on its head. Then a procession is formed up, led by the hunters, and the bear is conveyed to the Town Hall to the strains of an old bear ballad sung by the crowd. There toasts are drunk and then the folk get to business. The bear is weighed, skinned, and cut up into portions, which are shared amongst the peasants, who think bear ham the primest of food—and, indeed, there is every reason why it should be.

**Wet Paint.**

Whilst the Bishop of Norwich was walking one day in the outskirts of the city, an eight-year-old lassie asked him to open a gate for her. Dr. Sheepshanks at once obliged the little lady. As she passed through, he ventured to ask whether she was not big enough to open it for herself. "Yes," she said, "but the paint is wet, and I should have dirtied my fingers."

**Critics of the Hearth.**

So far as his own works were concerned Sir Walter Scott was the least vain of men. He never even talked about them at his ain fireside. His eldest son one day told his folk, with a blush, that his school-fellows had nicknamed him "The Lassie." This was his mates' complimentary allusion to "The Lady of the Lake," of which young Walter had never heard before! Asked by a chum why people showed his father so many attentions, the youth innocently answered, "It's him commonly that sees the hare sitting." He knew of his father's skill in the field, but little of his genius as a man of letters. James Ballantyne once enquired of Sir Walter's elder daughter, Sophy, how she liked "The Lady of the Lake." Miss Sophia said frankly she had not read it, adding, "Papa says there's nothing so bad for young people as reading bad poetry."

**How to Unroll a Hedgehog.**

When alarmed, either with or without cause, the hedgehog simply, like the schoolboy frog, "tucks in its tuppenny" and rolls itself up into a spiny ball. This is a handy habit when it has no wish to be "at home" to a flesh-eating visitor. It is not easy to persuade the creature to straighten itself again,

but it can be done by pouring water over that portion of the prickly sphere where the head is supposed to be. The dog and the fox are said to be aware of this dodge. If a pool is near, they roll the ball into the water, when the poor hedgehog must either remain coiled up and be drowned, or unroll itself and be worried.

#### **The Tree and the Mill-stone.**

Folk have been advised, earnestly and often, not to hang mill-stones round their necks, as if it were rather a common custom to wear them so. And yet a mill-stone is not the kind of thing any person in his or her senses would choose for a necklace. Even a tree found out this to its cost. The mill-stone was lying on the ground, of no use to anybody, so the tree took it into its silly head to grow up through the hole in the middle of the stone. And it grew and grew and kept on growing until, at last, it plugged up the hole. Still it kept on growing, and by-and-by it lifted the big, massive stone, some five feet in diameter, eight inches from the ground. The tree bore plenty of nuts, and reached a height of twenty-five feet, but it died at last—killed, not by the enormous weight it had been carrying, but by the tightness of the stone's clasp, which stopped the sap from flowing upwards to feed it. The stone starved it to death.

#### **A Story of the Street.**

As Bucher, the famous fiddler, was walking one day to his home in Vienna, he saw seated in a street a man, from his looks an old soldier, playing the violin. He was feeble, wan, and worn, and, though he scraped and scraped, not much music came and never a copper. "Give me your violin, my friend," said Bucher, and he began to discourse some lovely music. By-and-by a great crowd gathered, and the old man's hat was soon full. "Put that money in your pocket," said Bucher, and he played on even more exquisitely than before, and the man's hat was nearly filled a second time. Then the unknown benefactor handed him back his fiddle and took his leave.

#### **Can Animals be Taken In?**

It is just as easy to deceive an animal as it

is to take in human beings. Thousands of birds leave a field or garden alone merely because a scarecrow has been stuck up in the middle of it. Fishes are constantly swallowing hooks that are hidden in make-believe flies. A dog that worried a pasteboard cat looked a truly pitiable object when he found out his error. Show a toy snake to a monkey, and it will probably scream from terror. There was no word strong enough to express the feelings of a dog that fondled an india-rubber pup. When the grampus charges a herring-boat painted white, its folly can only be accounted for on the supposition that it believed it to be a white whale. On the other hand, deer that come to the river to drink often do not live to be sorry that they mistook the crocodile floating on the surface for a log of wood.

#### **A Ha'porth of Cheese.**

One day Dr. John Brown went into a shop in Duns and asked for a ha'porth of cheese. The grocer explained that the smallest quantity he could sell was a penny's worth, and he proceeded to cut it off. "Now," said Dr. Brown, "I'll show you how to sell a ha'porth," and taking up the knife he cut the portion into two, picked up one piece, laid down his coin, and walked off before the astonished shopman recovered his senses.

#### **A Narrow Escape.**

Khoja Nasreddin Effendi, an Oriental who flourished in the fourteenth century, was fond of a joke. As many folk do in the East during very hot weather, Khoja slept on the verandah one stifling night. Awaking suddenly, he thought he saw a robber in a white robe climbing the garden wall, and fired an arrow at him. He pinned the figure surely enough, but found it was only a night-shirt which his wife had hung out to dry. So he began to call out, "Praise be to God," until the whole neighbourhood was aroused, under the impression that it was the summons to sunrise prayer. Angry at being disturbed several hours too soon, they fell to scolding Khoja, and asked what he meant by his conduct. "Ah!" he explained, "I was only thanking the Almighty that I was not inside my shirt when I shot an arrow through it."

# Bird of Spring.

Words and Music by M. A. HOWLAND.

**VOICE.** *Vivace.*

1. Bird of Spring, Bird of Spring, War - ble clear and sweet, Sun - ny rays,  
2. Bird of Spring, Bird of Spring, Var - ied are thy lays— Loud and glad,

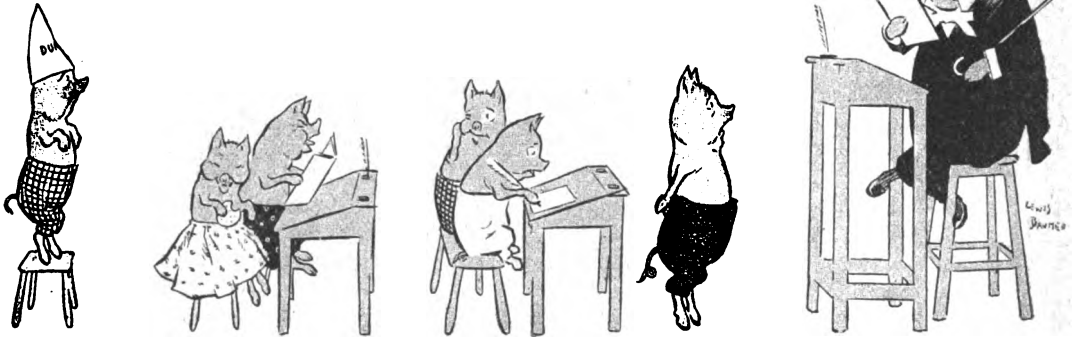
**PIANO.** *cres.*

balm - y days, Joy - ous - ly to greet. Tra la la, tra la la!  
soft and sad, Chan - son - nette of praise. Tra la la, tra la la!

Song - ster blithe and free : Cuc - koo, thros - tle, night - in - gale— Wel - come to  
Song - ster blithe and free : Lin - net, black - bird, al - ou - ette— Wel - come to

thee !  
thee !

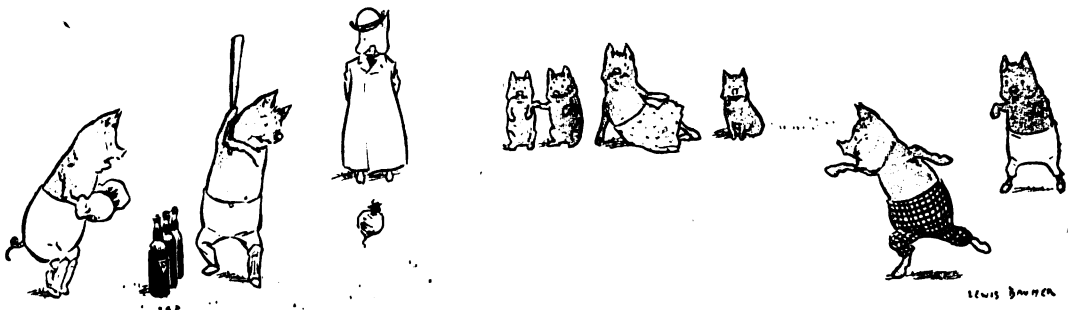
*cres.* *sf*



IN SCHOOL.

I MUST say that I think it's hard  
To have to stand all day  
Up-on this form, and just be-cause  
My les-sons I can't say.

The oth-ers wink and laugh at me  
(An un-kind thing to do);  
But let them wait till school is done—  
I'll show them who is who!



OUT OF SCHOOL.

DEAR me! I real-ly won-der if  
I'll ev-er get him out.  
How-ev-er slow or fast I bowl,  
He knocks the ball a-bout.

I'll try a *ver-y* art-ful one—  
Now will he? Yes! Hur-ray!  
He's leg be-fore! I thought per-haps  
That he'd get out that way.

## THE BUT-TER-FLIES' KISS-ES.

**H**ERE comes the sun!" cried Down-ie, stretch-ing her wings. "Shall we have a game?"

"I'm read-y," an-swer-ed Bright-wings, and out they danc-ed in-to the warm sun-shine.

"'Hide-and-seek,' or 'Fol-low-my-lead-er'?" ask-ed Down-ie.

"'Fol-low-my-lead-er,' that is best," re-plied Bright-wings. "You lead, and Pear-ly and I will fol-low."

Pre-sent-ly Pear-ly paus-ed.

"Is-n't it near-ly break-fast time?" she said. "I am *so* hun-gry."

"Ve-ry well; race me to that flow-er ov-er there!" laugh-ed Down-ie, and dart-ed off. But, a-las! she did not no-tice the big spi-der's web that hung a-cross the path.

Pear-ly and Bright-wings call-ed to her to stop, but it was too late.

"Oh, what shall I do? Help! help!" she cri-ed.

Bright-wings flew up.

"Don't strug-gle," he said, "and I will see what I can do."

Down-ie did as she was told, though she felt ve-ry fright-en-ed.

"Oh, please be quick," she sob-bed.

Bid-ding Pear-ly stay by her friend and cheer her up, Bright-wings flew off down the path.

Soon he saw a lit-tle sail-or boy, in a big white hat, trot-ting ov-er the grass be-side a tall la-dy.

The but-ter-fly's heart beat fast, but he flut-ter-ed on and danc-ed his best just in front of the boy.

"Oh, Muv-ver, what a boo-ful

but-ter-wy!" he cri-ed. "May I go aft-er him?"

"Yes, dear; but mind you don't touch it," an-swer-ed his Mo-ther.

"No, course not, Muv-ver."

The boy fol-low-ed him down the path un-til they reach-ed the web. He at once saw what had hap-pen-ed.

"Oh, you naugh-ty, wick-ed 'pi-der!" he cri-ed; "you mus-n't catch the pit-ty but-ter-wies."

The two kind lit-tle hands soon re-leas-ed Down-ie from the cling-ing web, and the three danc-ed round the lit-tle boy; they kiss-ed his ro-sy cheeks, and when he ran back to his Mo-ther she could not guess how he had learnt to give her such beau-ti-ful but-ter-fly kiss-es.

F. M. H.

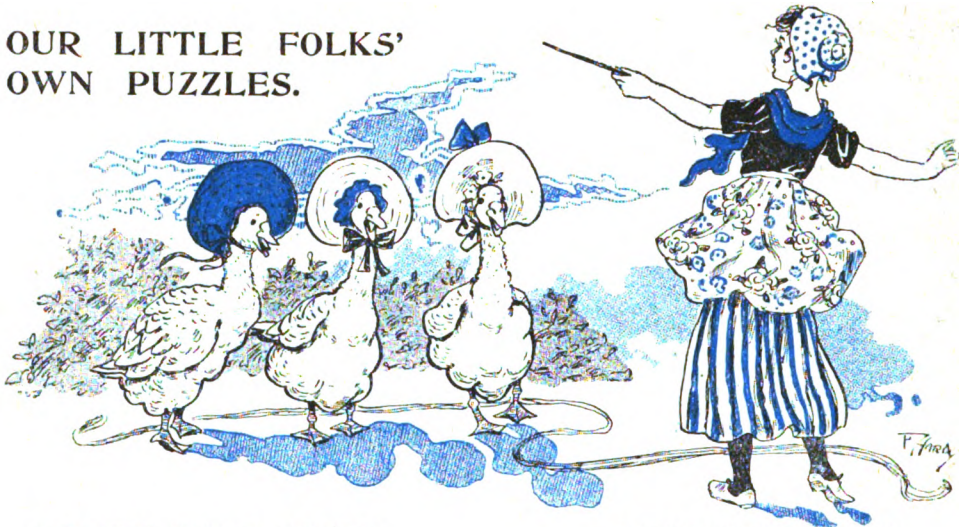


### A TRUTHFUL TESTIMONIAL.

J. APPY DOLL writes:—"Since I used your Scalp Tonic, my hair has grown in a most remarkable manner."



# OUR LITTLE FOLKS' OWN PUZZLES.



## BEHEADED SINGLE ACROSTIC.

**B**EHEAD the following words, and the initials of the beheaded words, read downwards, will form the name of a great Sovereign :—

I am to shun; behead me, and I am empty;  
I am a thread of metal; behead me, and I am anger;  
I am a nut; behead me, and I am grain;  
I am to filter; behead me, and I am a locomotive;  
I am to shriek; behead me, and I am a night bird;  
I am a prickly shrub; behead me, and I am to roam,  
I am an article of food; behead me, and I am frozen water.

I am a portion; behead me, and I am skill.

MAY BUTCHER (Aged 14½).

c/o Major H. T. Butcher, R.A.,  
Mount Abu, Rajputana, India.

## GEOGRAPHICAL LETTER.

**M**Y DEAR (islands in the North Pacific Ocean),—I am going to stay with my Aunt (a town in South Australia) at (an island in the North Pacific Ocean). My brothers (an island in the South Atlantic Ocean) and (an island in the North Pacific Ocean) went out (channel in Canada) hunting this morning. Now (cape in Greenland). From your affectionate friend, (town in Italy) (town in the United States).

Bradford Peverell,  
Dorchester, Dorset.

EDITH MIDDLETON  
(Aged 11).

## ANSWERS TO OUR LITTLE FOLKS' OWN PUZZLES (Vol. LIII., p. 398).

ENIGMA.  
The letter L.

## TRANSPPOSITION PUZZLE.

Hitchin. Hastings. Cardiff. Oakham. Dover. Poole.

## BURIED NAMES OF ANIMALS.

1. Dog. 2. Goat. 3. Ape. 4. Bear. 5. Cow.  
6. Pony. 7. Tiger. 8. Rat.

## TRANSPPOSITION PUZZLE.

**T**HE initials, read downwards, form the name of a character in Greek mythology :—

1. Tanap, a town in India.
2. Craaa, a river in South America.
3. Vononodignjir, a town in Russia.
4. Idanw, a river in Russia.
5. Damromnu, a town in Africa.
6. Nhidcorn, a town in Yorkshire.
7. Thyrewhayts, a town in Wales.

Twickenham House,  
Abingdon, Berks.

AUDREY SAXBY  
(Aged 12).

## MISSING LETTER PUZZLE.

L xtxlx Bxtxy xlxe xax lxx hxr  
xoxixax sxox, gvx hxr xntxex  
tx mxtxh xhx oxhxr, xnx sxe xixl xaxk  
xoxe xn xwx.

43, Marsham Street,  
Westminster.

M. BARNARD  
(Aged 10).

## PUZZLE.

(1) I AM unpopular; (2) multiply me by eight, and I become popular; (3) one removed increases my value; (4) transpose me, and I am an honourable distinction.

Riverside,  
Henley-on-Thames,

EDITH FERREIRA  
(Aged 14).

## JUMBLED NAMES OF FLOWERS.

1. Fuchsia. 2. Foxglove. 3. Sweet Pea. 4. Crocus.  
5. Pink. 6. Honeysuckle. 7. Orange flower. 8. Tulip.  
9. Lily of the Valley. 10. Daisy. 11. Violet. 12. Carnation.

RIDDLE-ME-REE.  
PATAGONIA.

WE have also received Puzzles and Answers from the following:—D. Elliott, M. Bowring, H. R. Hope, E. Barnard, M. Erskine, E. McConnell, F. Bryant, D. Hodgson, R. Beaver, A. Dobrynia, C. and L. Boulton, B. Hayes, B. Holmes, W. Schwartz, A. Wickens, R. Speight, D. Shand, B. Laidlaw, D. Rountledge, S. Smith, K. Johnson, D. Whittingham, A. Petherick, H. Brown, A. and G. Alexander, D. Dickens, E. Wilenski, W. Pium, M. Murray, E. Harman, D. Obicini, G. Brown, G. Wardley, M. C. Batten, M. Childs, E. Addinell, E. Hynes, E. Pallon, D. Blake, L. and T. Mojon, M. Brandon, D. and K. Dimmock, L. Houghton, R. Evans, G. Pearson, J. Miller, D. Gallie, J. G. Campbell, F. Taylor, M. Handley, D. and H. Hawley, H. Gale, G. Jacques, U. Hull, G. and P. Clendinnen, K. Papillon, B. Morton, H. Guthrie, C. P. and P. M. Conybeare, M. Ashton, W. Cleary, M. Cohn, G. O. Mackwood, S. Bunbury, M. Morris, M. Martin, G. Newth, M. Underwood, E. Tate, V. Starkey, C. Symonds, B. Holmes, L. Ehrmann, D. Durrant, I. Stollery, D. and E. Bayfield, M. Muirhead, W. Goring, H. Tissendie, M. Morgan, D. Green, H. Palmer, H. Whipp, M. Phillips, R. Parquie, M. Clutterbuck, A. J. Copeland, D. Hentsch, J. Hanbury, G. Collins, D. Swaby, M. Ingle, B. Carus-Wilson, C. Stephens, S. Browne, W. Pollock, M. Robins, H. Rowell, M. Morton Smith, B. Hudson, E. Tetley, K. Breeze, H. Macgregor, H. McMinnies, P. di Montaghan, M. Seabrook, J. and M. Hardisty, M. Isaac, H. R. Hope, N. Erskine, P. Rayner, F. and D. Staley, W. Adams, J. Gates, D. and E. Lawrence Smith, M. Valery, G. Livingston, F. Parkinson, L. Blackledge, A. Hoare, M. Schindhelm, L. Passmore, L. Hulme, A. Bishop, B. Greene.

WE have also received Letters from the following:—G. Raitlon, H. R. Hope, B. Yeates, D. Hodgson, G. Bath, "Rowdy" (E. O' Foster), A. Wickens, W. Schwarze, F. Blaauw, M. Hodson, "Nancy" (I. Strong), E. Eaton, J. G. Williams, M. Phillips, H. Stevenson, G. Savage, D. Rountledge, P. Birkett, E. Llewellyn, K. Barrett, F. and W. Whittingham, A. Petherick, H. Seear, D. Durham, D. Jackson, C. Poole, P. Chappell, G. Dobinson, F. Mallam, G. Richardson, H. Brown, M. M. H. Smith, M. Murray, P. Heseltine, E. Tyler, A. Pell, D. Bradshaw, D. Shourbridge, D. Blatchford, M. Childs, M. C. Batten (poem), M. Varley, N. Wright, D. Obicini, E. Harman, H. Dennis, B. Burs, D. Durrant, D. Blake, L. Mojon, F. Goring, D. Meikle, A. M. Todd, "B. L. Golliwogg" (H. Marshall), F. Taylor, G. Fox, A. and G. Alexander, "Fluffy" (N. Wallace), D. Gallie, J. Miller, J. Sedding, A. Schlesinger, A. F. Clennell, L. Saward, A. Eldred, E. Ferreira, A. E. Coulthard, M. Hurn, D. and K. Dimmock, M. Clarke, R. Nash, C. Mellor, G. Ellam, Handly, S. Oxley, "Grace" (M. Robinson), K. Papillon, G. and P. Clendinnen, N. Hull, H. Gale, D. Vigors, "Nell" (J. Bennett), D. Green, D. Thompson, "Tichilina" (I. Stollery), L. Ehrmann, M. Galloway, E. Tate, M. Morgan, D. Aldon, N. McMaster, A. Tomlinson, H. and G. Fenn, G. O. Mackwood (with poem), K. Sutherland, P. Taperell, W. Macdonald, H. Guthrie, H. Tissendie, W. Goring, T. Trollope, A. and W. De Renne, M. Phillips, J. Lowe, E. Stevenson, J. Cooper, H. Palmer, N. Tomkins, V. King (with story), B. Bosworth, M. Clutterbuck, A. Spurway, W. Edwards, G. Temple, H. Frijs, D. Swaby, G. Knight, "Bunny" (L. Knight), "Daisy" (M. James), E. Hathornthwaite, M. Adshhead, "Little Toby" (I. Hunter), L. Balabanoff, "Tinkle" (K. Thomson), S. Browne, M. Townsend, "Barbara" (M. Robins), E. Tetley, M. Morton Smith, K. Breeze, H. Macgregor, M. Dodwell, K. Whelan, D. Hunter, M. Christopherson, D. Denny, K. Saxby, M. Brook, K. Wilson, D. Fetter, "Roger" (K. Clark), A. Jenkins, R. Jung, M. Isaac, W. Dean, N. Williams, P. Rayner, D. Staley, E. Donne, F. Parkinson, L. Blackledge, A. Hoare, M. Bentley, R. Price, J. M. Scott, K. Rickman, M. Morris, L. Hulme, A. Bishop, M. Dawson, L. Foster.

## STAMP, POSTCARD, AND CORRESPONDENCE COLUMNS.

### STAMPS.

BARBARA KNOX, Rona, Bellevue Hill, Sydney, Australia; OLIVE BATH, Norton, Shifnal, Salop (also stamps, monograms, and coats of arms); FRANCISCA BLAAUW, Hotel Nieuw Bussum, Bussum, Holland (Dutch and Dutch Colonial stamps for Chinese, Hungarian, Spanish, Grecian, and Bulgarian); ELSE AHLEFELDT, Danish Legation, Rennweg 25, Vienna, Austria (Danish, Austrian, and Hungarian for English Colonies); MATHILDE AHLEFELDT, (same address—crests); KATHLEEN WILTON, 141, Willis Street, Wellington, New Zealand; ADDERLEY HOWARD, Hall Road, Lahore, Punjab, India (Indian and Native States stamps for other good stamps); AMYOT MITCHELL, Cloister Chambers, Gibraltar (Gibraltar, Spanish, and Morocco agencies stamps—mostly lower values); JAMES CASSELS, 478, Rua das Condominhas, Lordello, Oporto, Portugal; ALEXANDER BALABANOFF, Nevsky Prospekt 170, St. Petersburg, Russia; PIA MARTINETTI, 21, Viale Margherita, Florence (with readers not living in England); Lillian Foster, Fortholme House, Selby (stamp photos).

### POSTCARDS.

M. G. BROWN, Norton, Shifnal, Salop (will send postcards in return for crests, monograms, and coats of arms—names attached where possible); JANET KNOX, Rona, Bellevue Hill, Sydney,

Australia (also crests); STELLA WRIGHT, Tillington Hall, Stafford ("Tuck" cards only); NORA WRIGHT, same address (will send 7 foreign stamps for every 1 used "Tuck" postcard); IKENE RUTLEDGE, Rossinally, Westport, Ireland (any kind of postcard for views in Europe); MARY LEVY, Seymour, East Newport, Fife (foreign cards—types and large uncoloured views only, also foreign sovereigns. Cards from Italy and Switzerland will be especially welcome); AMY DENHAM, Waldrondhyrst, Croydon (postcards with views of Croydon or London or plain pictures for cards from Spain, Greece, Hungary, Roumania, Canada, Australia, and Austria); GLADYS GREENE, Terrasse no. 1, Dinard, Ile et Vilaine, France (cards from any country but England and France; Italy, Spain, and America preferred); NELLY BARRACLOUGH, Nutting Grove, Farnley, Leeds; HELLIE FRISJ, Frijsenborg, Hammel, Denmark; MABEL GREET, The Pollet, Guernsey (English post cards for foreign ones); PIA MARTINETTI, 21, Viale Margherita, Florence.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

FRANCISCA BLAAUW, Hotel Nieuw Bussum, Bussum, Holland (with girl of 12-14); MABEL GREET, The Pollet, Guernsey (with French girl of 11); GLADYS POPPLETON, The Davids, Northfield, Worcestershire (with English girls living in India and South Africa, about 12); Lillian Foster, Fortholme House, Selby (with another girl in shorthand).

## NOTICES.

Helen Grace Stevenson, Rosehill, London Road, Kilmarnock, has two stamp albums which she wishes to dispose of. Space for 1,920 stamps. Will anyone wanting them name the price they will give?

Naden Haynes, Waltham House, St. Clair, Trinidad, will be glad if Miss Rymer McPhillamy, Tasmania, will write to her again, as she has mislaid her address.

Kathleen Barrett, Elin Croft, Hornsey Lane, Highgate, N., would be very glad if any reader would send her some poetry about their pets or, better still, a drawing or photograph of it which she could keep.

Sybil Kenyon-Stoney, Hatton Grange, Shifnal, Salop, writes: "Would any reader of L. F. like some long-haired Arabian Guineapigs, at 2s. per pair, or 1s. each? Please write to above address direct."

Gracia Dobinson, Stanwix, Grimsby, would be very glad if any reader of L. F. could let her have the number of LITTLE FOLKS for May, 1900. Please write direct to her and say what price the number will be sold for.

T. E. Trotter, Ardath, Sidcup, Kent, wants the July, 1899, number.

Winfred Godfrey, 33, Chiswick Road, Acton Green, W., writes: "I sell packets of stamps, with fifty all different, for 2d., the postage will be 1d., and I will pay 1d., and the person who buys must

pay 1d., so anyone wishing to buy must send me 2½d. and I will send the packet. I only want your readers who live in the United Kingdom to buy them."

Mary Grant, 27, Tentercroft Street, Lincoln, has fifteen young white rats to sell. She will either sell them for 6d. each or give one in exchange for a dove.

Daisy Higgs, Sussex Lodge, Binfield Road, Clapham, S.W., writes: "Will Daisy Swallow send her address, as she sent a pictorial postcard without any address to reply to?"

Maud Harrison, 25, Farquhar Road, Upper Norwood, S.E., writes: "Could any reader of L. F. let me have the number for January, 1900? I will give 6d. to anyone who will send it to the above address."

Gwen Youell, The Firs, Ormsby, Great Yarmouth, wishes to know if H. Tchitcherine, I. Delorme, G. Vaton, and the Hon. E. Spring-Rice wish to continue to exchange postcards with her.

Gladys Greene, Terrasse no. 1, Dinard, Ile et Vilaine, France, has a sewing class. Members who wish to join, please write to her for instructions.

Gladys Poppleton, The Davids, Northfield, Worcestershire, has a hand chain-stitch sewing-machine to sell to any reader of L. F. for 9s., carriage paid. Anyone writing to her will receive particulars.

Myra Gossip, Knowsley, Inverness, Scotland, would like some

girls to join a magazine of which she is editress. If those wishing to join will write to her, she will send them rules.

*Guendolen Ayre*, 4, Northernhay Place, Exeter, would be much obliged if anyone would send her the *L. F.* bound volume for 1900. She would send postal order in return.

*Evelyn Samuelson*, Breckenbrough Hall, Thirsk, Yorks., would like to get up "something" with girls living in the United

Kingdom—they may be of any nation, but must know English. They must be between 10 and 15. Any girl who would like to know, and who might join, is requested to write to above address.

"Will any readers of *L. F.* join a Busy Bee Club? Rules can be had from *Evelyn Frost*, Trimmingham Bank, Malvern, or *Freda Wootton*, Uppingham, Rutland."

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

*Winifred Dimmock.* There is an Illustrated Text or Motto Competition in the Special Competitions for this year. Why not go in for that?

*Grace Dobinson.* I should not think the coins of 1901 will be particularly valuable just yet. They are not very scarce (except with those who haven't much money, like the P.P.E.).

*La Dinardaise.* The competition would be too difficult to judge.

*Hilda Gale* and *Georgina Clendinnen.* I don't quite see how a Musical Competition could be made successful.

*Dora Kisch* thinks it would be better not to have dolls as prizes, at any rate for those in the first division. Opinions are invited.

*Muriel Robins.* Thank you for the suggestion. I am afraid I can't see my way to carry it out at present.

*Ada Godfrey* wants to know something about Louisa M. Gray, author of "Ada and Gerty," "Nelly's Teachers," etc. Can any reader enlighten her?

*Mabel Christopherson* writes a long letter about the management of horses, and asks my opinion. I'm afraid the subject is hardly interesting enough for this column, and I really don't know anything about horses—except rocking-horses and clothes-horses, and I find that those are best managed by kindness.

## OUR LITTLE FOLKS' OWN POST-OFFICE.

4, St. Donan's Avenue, Southsea.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—We have got a beautiful Persian cat called Timmy, although she has got a boy's name she is not a boy. A few days ago she had two dear little kittens born; they are both quite black, and we are going to call them PUNCH and JUDY. We have got four hens and a cock—one hen is black, but all the rest are white, they are very tame and will eat out of your hand. We used to have a dog called Brownie, but we had to sell him, as we were going away. Please do print this letter if it is not too short.—I remain your affectionate reader, WINNIE JEFFERY (aged 11).

The Priory, Bathwick Hill, Bath.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I have written to you once before, but have not been successful in getting my letter printed, but please do print this one as it would surprise and please mother and father so much, as they do not know I am writing. I am going to tell you about my pets: one is a little dog, an Irish setter, about 19 months old, and has just come home from being trained to the gun; the other is a pretty little canary, who sings nearly all day long, but always the same tune. Last year we spent our summer holidays at Shanklin, in the Isle of Wight; we have been there for four years following, so this year we are going to make a change and going to Llandudno in the North of Wales instead, and I expect we shall enjoy ourselves very much. With love, and hoping you will be kind enough to print this little letter in the May number, I am your most interested little reader,

MARY KEESLEY (aged 11).

Beau-Bassin, Mauritius.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I am an old mango tree, and seeing that birds and bicycles and dolls have written to you, I thought that perhaps you would like to receive a letter from me. The little girls who live in the house covered with creepers, close by, often come and climb into my branches and read a nice magazine. I once peeped into its pages and saw a great many stories and pictures that I liked very much, and since then I always wait patiently until they come with that beautiful book and sit on my branches and read. Oh, I do enjoy these stories! The little girls like the book very much, and they always dance and shout and clap their hands when it comes. The land I live in is far away in the south. There is no snow, no hail, no frost; it is always summer, and the flowers bloom all along the year. I have got near me three beds of sweet-smelling flowers, roses and violets and geraniums, lilies, daisies, forget-me-nots, purple flowers, and many others. I often whisper to them tales out of *LITTLE FOLKS*, and they are very pleased. One of the little girls says that her favourite stories

are "All in a Castle Fair," "Topsy-Turvy Tales," and "Hiding and Seeking," but mine is "Four Wishes and What Came of Them," at least the part about the old apple tree. You will wonder what a mango tree is like. Well, it is in shape just like an apple tree. It is covered with pretty pink and white blossoms in October, and by December bunches of round dark green and red fruit are hanging from its branches. But now I must say good-bye to you with much regret. I hope you will print my letter, I will look out for it impatiently. I remain your sincere friend,

THE MANGO TREE.

MABEL PADDLE (aged 12½).

Treberfydd, Englefield Green, Surrey.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I have written once before, but I did not succeed in getting my letter printed; but I hope I will this time. I had a lovely black Persian cat, which I called Tommy. One day when it was a kitten it climbed up the chimney and could not get down, and mother had to pull it down. My brother takes in *THE CAPTAIN*, which is a magazine for boys, and he says he likes "The House by the Moor" and "All in a Castle Fair" very much. I myself like "All in a Castle Fair" and "Hiding and Seeking." I have taken *LITTLE FOLKS* in for two years. I have one volume bound already, the other is being bound by my brother. I hope I shall see this letter printed next month. I am your interested reader,

MARJORIE FISHER (aged 9).

"Hillrise," Amersham Road, Putney, S.W.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I like *LITTLE FOLKS* very much. It is the best magazine I have ever read. My favourite stories are "Baby Jane's Adventures," "Love Me, Love My Dog," and "Violet and the Doll Fairy." I used to live in Brazil. I think I like it almost better than England. We had a great many animals. One of the dogs used to carry the monkey on its back, and one day we lost it in the wood; but we soon found it again. We used to go to picnics in two carts drawn by bullocks. When my sister and I were playing together we always spoke Portuguese to each other, but I have almost forgotten it now. When my little sister was only a month old she rode in front of father on his horse for sixty miles, and one day I rode sixty miles on my own pony when I was only five years old. We have a parrot which talks and screams—it does make a noise. We had two dogs, but one died. We have a cat whose name is Fluffy, and I am very fond of it. I do hope you will print this letter, as mother will be so surprised to see it. Now good-bye, from your loving reader,

WINNIE ADAMS (aged 8).

## PICTURE STORY WANTING WORDS.—RESULT (VOL. LIII., p. 237). LIST OF HONOUR.

FIRST DIVISION PRIZE (Half-Guinea Book, with Officer's Medal of the "Little Folks" Legion of Honour).—GLADYS POOL (14), 23, Arundel Square, Barnsbury, N. SECOND DIVISION PRIZE (*ditto ditto*).—MARION REYNOLDS (12½), Moss Grange, Whalley Road, Whalley Range, Manchester. THIRD DIVISION PRIZE (*ditto ditto*).—CYRIL H. MANLEY (9), Langdale, Illey Road, Oxford. HONOURABLE MENTION (with Members' Medals).—BERTHA REYNOLDS (11), Perry, Pike Co., Ill., U.S.A.; EILEEN HYNES (15), 21, Hamilton Road, Ealing, W.; ROSE HIGHTON (6), 20, Waverley Road, Southsea; MARGUERITE ROLFE (13), Swanton Novers Rectory, Melton Constable, Norfolk; DOROTHEA MITCHELL (15), Lindisfarne, Landin Links, Fife, N.B.; RUTH WILKS (5), 1, Elm Park Road, Church End, Finchley; NICOLE DILORME (11½), 1, Rue Francois 1er, Paris;

ELBIE BLEWETT (15), 47, Falkland Road, Egremont, Cheshire; DORA M. HAYES (9), 39, Windsor Road, Lowestoft; MOLLIE VAKLEY (18), 11, Stanley Gardens, Bayswater, W.; MAY BUTCHER (14), c/o Major H. T. Butcher, R.A. Mount Abu, Rajputana, India; GLADYS WARREN (9), 17, Wellbeck Mansions, Inglewood Road, W. Hampstead, N.W.; MURIEL ANDREWS (12), Roxeth Vicarage, Harrow; ENA CAMPBELL (14), 9, Park Terrace, Sterling, N.B.; AVER KEYWORTH (9), Bank House, Brierley Hill; JEAN MONTGOMERY (10), Nether Hall, Castle Douglas, N.B.; VIOLET LEOG (10), 71, Murray Street, Georgetown, Demerara, British Guiana; MARJORIE HINDS LILLY (9), 2, Cambridge Place, Regent's Park, N.W.; MABEL DOBBIN (10), 8, Richmond Terrace, Menth Road, Bray, co. Wicklow, Ireland; MURIEL CARSWELL (12), Dominion Bank, Uxbridge, Ontario.

## THE "LITTLE FOLKS" WARD.

## THIRD LIST OF SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Being Amounts Received up to May 2nd, 1901.

Amounts already ac-	£ s. d.	Brought forward	£ s. d.	Brought forward	£ s. d.	Brought forward	£ s. d.
Knowledgeed ..	08 5 9	Nancy Thompson ..	116 7 5	Dorothy Davis ..	140 7 7½	Helena and Coralie ..	171 14 6
Doris Higgins ..	0 8 0	Griece, Kathleen, and	1 6 0	Irene Welborn ..	0 9 1	Tucker ..	0 2 6
Laura Cowie ..	0 5 0	Winifred Smyth ..	0 10 0	Sybil Welborn ..	0 3 0	Helen Fuller ..	0 2 6
Amy Harrison ..	0 1 10	Gertie Pickett ..	0 5 0	Awdrey and Hilary	0 3 0	Mildred Whelon ..	0 7 6
Dadia Terestchenks ..	4 3 4	Gertrude Oswald Hicks	0 3 0	Turner ..	0 4 0	*Muriel and Olive Galpin	2 5 6
Ada Goulding ..	0 5 0	Tommy Trollope ..	0 2 1½	Mabel Heulé ..	2 5 6	Reb Hamilton ..	0 7 6
Herbert Ellen ..	0 10 4	Felix and Howard ..	0 11 0	Anon. Y. Mous ..	1 1 0	Beatrice Miller ..	0 9 9
Dorothy Spratt ..	0 1 6	Violet Butt ..	0 4 0	Annie and Edith	0 1 0	M. Russell ..	0 5 0
Violet Anderson ..	0 5 0	Molly McMaster ..	0 4 6	Baverstock ..	0 5 0	Dorothy Blake ..	0 5 0
H. E. Sherrard ..	0 7 9	Mary and Murray	0 4 6	Leonard Harris ..	0 1 4	Matilda Robinson ..	0 1 4
Frances Ogden ..	0 10 0	MacKinnay ..	0 15 2	Rose Turner ..	0 7 6	Cecil O. Tabberer ..	0 5 0
Dulce Brooke ..	0 15 6	Evelyn May Ballard ..	0 6 6	Cicely Finch ..	0 2 0	Eric Wetters ..	0 6 6
Eva Lucas ..	0 5 0	West Hill House,	0 6 6	Margaret Smith ..	0 10 0	Hilda Williams ..	0 4 0
Elizabeth Bouverie ..	0 4 1	Epsom ..	0 5 0	Edith Montgomery ..	0 0 4½	Daisy Reid ..	0 7 6
Evelyn Henderson ..	0 8 0	Glady's Lyons ..	0 4 0	Margaret Newbould ..	0 8 6	Margaret and Rachael	0 2 0
Magdeline Chamber ..	0 7 11	Agnes Bond ..	0 1 6½	Nesta Forrest ..	0 8 0	Cracke ..	0 17 6
Misses Stuart Brown	0 7 1	Muriel Saunders ..	0 5 8	Gwendolen Boothby	0 17 0	Frank Greer ..	0 13 0
Edith Day ..	0 3 6	Janet Berry ..	0 2 0	Elsie Hazard ..	0 4 6	Constance Cannell ..	0 17 6
Eileen Pounds ..	0 6 4	Stella Palk ..	0 5 1	Winifred Lockwood ..	1 0 0	Fred Eastwood ..	0 4 0
Doris Tweedle ..	0 6 0	M. S. Gough ..	0 15 0	Alec Marchetti ..	0 10 0	Margaret Lyon ..	0 3 0
Margaret Tetley ..	0 10 2	L. Grut ..	0 3 0	Elaine Humble ..	0 2 6	Muriel Bentley Bau-	0 2 0
Elsie Grice ..	1 15 0	Doris and Harold Cobon	0 18 0	Rose and Ethel Ashton	1 0 0	mann ..	1 8 0
May Flower ..	0 7 9	Ethel Nield ..	0 6 0	Ethel Mannering ..	0 3 4	Katie Abbott ..	0 10 6
E. Peacock ..	0 5 0	Edith Stevenson ..	0 7 0	Glady's White ..	0 10 0	E. A. Selter ..	0 5 0
Dorothy Triscott ..	0 7 1	Margaret L. C. and	0 7 0	Ellen Johnson ..	0 7 4	Constance Hives ..	0 5 0
Ross Highton ..	0 7 6	Dorothy Booty ..	0 2 6	Elliot Noakes ..	0 7 6	Eva Smith ..	0 1 1
Vera Dawson ..	0 10 0	Doris Marshall ..	0 2 4	Dorothy Noakes ..	0 7 6	Joyce Egerton Lowe	0 7 6
Oscar and George Cross	0 5 0	Beatrice Lincoln ..	0 10 6	M. F. Pendleton ..	0 7 6	Sylvia Amcotts ..	0 2 6
Phyllis Stokes ..	0 2 6	Miss Longstaffs ..	0 10 6	Cath. H. Godfrey ..	0 2 0	Hilda Foster ..	0 5 0
A. Parker ..	0 4 0	Marie Harris ..	0 11 0	Johnson Wiseman ..	0 5 8	H. Bayliss ..	0 5 0
Gravelly Rowntree ..	0 5 0	Norman Hawkins ..	0 5 0	Cecil Edgar Wiseman	0 8 10	Dudley Smith ..	0 3 0
Beatrice Macartney ..	0 6 7	Dorothy Livingstone ..	0 6 0	Leonard Woodward ..	0 2 9	Glady's Peetway ..	0 17 0
Dorothy Hargrave ..	0 5 3	Dorothy Hays ..	0 3 6	Charlie Wilson ..	0 1 7	Doris Mary Lee ..	0 8 0
F. H. Schratzenholz ..	0 7 6	Catherine Redmayne ..	1 3 0	Kathleen, Musie, and	0 13 6	Margie Hart France ..	0 0 3½
Eileen Kirkpatrick ..	5 12 0	Basil Whitehead ..	0 5 0	Madge Goddard ..	0 13 6	Joy Roberts ..	0 3 6
Eleanor Mackay ..	0 10 0	Irene Welborn ..	0 4 0	Barbara Irons ..	0 7 6	Ivy Vezey ..	0 3 0
Amy Purdon ..	0 10 0	Dorothy Escreet ..	0 2 0	Doris Edith Smith ..	0 2 0	A. W. Trowbridge ..	0 5 0
Wallie Brown ..	0 3 8	R. R. Baul ..	0 4 0	Nancy W. Martin ..	0 5 0	Charles Bartey (per	0 5 0
Norah Hill ..	0 5 0	Mary F. Read ..	0 1 2½	Marjorie Thring ..	1 0 0	J. Edmund Francis,	0 3 2
Eric Gomez White ..	0 17 0	Dorothy Sutcliffe ..	0 3 0	Grace Dolinson ..	0 3 6	Esau ..	0 3 0
Phyllis Megginson ..	0 7 3	Molly Shaw ..	0 8 0	Winnie Ashton ..	0 3 0	Robert Leigh ..	0 3 0
Marjorie and Stuart Cox	0 7 4	Alice de Wend ..	0 2 6	Muriel Warman ..	0 10 0	Nellie Over ..	0 4 0
Chita Mildred Onkes ..	10 0 0	Dorothy Damsell ..	0 1 0	Myrtle Davidson ..	1 11 6	Lillie Keen ..	0 7 0
Florence Bagnall ..	2 12 6	Edward W. Main Colver	0 7 0	J. M. Henderson ..	0 10 0	E. Splers ..	0 5 0
Glady's Velle ..	1 2 3	H. M. Davis ..	0 11 4	Emily Cavendish ..	0 10 6	Rose A. Moses ..	1 0 2
Gertrude Dawson ..	0 8 4	F. A. Davis ..	3 8 8	J. B. Riddale ..	0 5 0	Douglas Greig ..	0 5 4
Georgie Alexander ..	0 2 6	Gerald Booth ..	1 1 0	Archibald Rose ..	0 2 6	C. Walker ..	1 6 3
Kathie and Hilda		Katie Rogerson and	0 5 0	Roy Balkwill ..	0 4 0	Daisy Riggs and Mabel	1 0 0
Buckenham ..	0 16 0	Marian White ..	0 5 0	Michael Joan, and Dick	0 5 0	Strong ..	0 1 6
Blanche Hamper ..	1 3 0	Mary Addington ..	0 8 0	Gambler Parry ..	0 3 9	Glady's Jacques ..	0 10 6
Doreen Sykes ..	0 14 0	Ivan Tucker ..	0 2 1	Marjorie Tyson ..	0 2 6	Hope and Ruth Glen-	0 10 6
Elsie Maddox ..	0 6 0	Reggie Hodde ..	0 2 0	Jessie Macpherson ..	0 5 2	dinning ..	0 8 0
Lella G. Lorne Camp-		Tiny Burnett ..	0 7 3	E. M. Bowle ..	0 7 6	Lilla Moray Brown ..	0 10 0
bell ..	0 5 0	Lewis Acland ..	0 3 0	Lily Mijon ..	0 7 6	V. Hunter ..	0 10 0
Kitty and Gertie		Ira Older ..	0 5 0	Leon Sheraton ..	0 7 6	John Gage Williams ..	0 8 0
Postlethwaite ..	0 10 6	Agnes Strutt ..	0 11 6	Doris Hall ..	0 10 6	Nana Knox ..	0 15 0
Marion Thornton ..	0 5 0	Irene Waud ..	0 5 0	George Howah ..	0 6 6	Christabel Goodwin ..	0 4 6
E. M. Lindley ..	0 10 7	Winifred Lambert ..	0 1 0	Awdry Ashurst ..	0 13 6	Edith Bailey ..	0 2 6
Roy Mackinnon ..	0 1 0	Diana Talbot Crosbie ..	1 5 0	Miss H. Lester ..	0 10 0	R. K., and M. Steane	0 5 3
Geoffrey and Kitty		Rosa Crowther ..	0 4 4	May Luker ..	0 1 4½	Elsie Lovetrove ..	0 11 0
Neale ..	0 10 11	Glady's Cartwright ..	0 5 0	Mabel M. Walker ..	0 10 0	H. R. Everitt ..	0 3 6
Millicent Jones ..	0 5 0	Kathleen Fetherston-	0 7 0	Dorothy Lyons ..	0 11 0	Page Roberts ..	0 7 6
Tossie Davids ..	1 5 0	haugh ..	0 17 6	Gertrude R. Venables	0 12 7	E. Robinson ..	0 3 0
Queenie, B. H., and		Elwynne Strickland ..	0 5 7	E. K., and M. Clark ..	0 8 0	A. Westwood ..	0 8 0
Gertie Allen ..	0 3 6	F. F. Tittle ..	0 5 7	Ethel Osborn ..	0 7 6	M. Terry ..	0 6 1
Freda Wauton ..	0 1 9	Rose Stocker ..	0 2 4	Celine Adda ..	0 10 0	G. Rowell ..	0 4 6
Ree Atkin ..	0 11 0	Anon. (Chelsea) ..	0 5 0	Glady's Burt ..	1 1 0	G. Bounphrey ..	0 2 8
Marjorie Daw ..	0 11 0	Kimmie Hathornthwaite	0 8 0	Bernard Dawson ..	0 13 4	R. McLaren ..	0 8 2
Lizzie Hage ..	0 1 6	Beesland Daisy Giddle	0 8 0	Edel Rutes ..	0 12 0	Peggy Caldwell ..	0 5 0
Annie Gould ..	0 3 0	Kyrin Arnold ..	0 11 6	Elsie Schmidt ..	0 6 0	F. Portway ..	0 5 0
Marjorie Duke and		B. M. James ..	0 5 0	Hilda Holson ..	0 5 0	W. E. Rh des ..	0 7 0
Glady's Thomson ..	0 11 6	W. Bower ..	0 3 0	Gertrude Saunders ..	0 15 0½	A. Crouch ..	0 3 6
Carried forward ..	116 7 5	Carried forward ..	140 7 7½	Carried forward ..	171 14 6	Total ..	£198 14 5½

\* It was Muriel Galpin's chief pleasure to collect this for other suffering little ones during three months' illness, when she was daily fading away. She made her last collection on Friday, the 18th April, and died on Sunday, the 21st.

## NOTICE.

W. Harle, Southwood, Harrage Park, Romsey, will be pleased to supply any persons with primrose and foxglove roots on application. Price 6d. a box, post free. Each box contains 1 doz. roots. Proceeds to go to L. F. Ward.

## The Editor and the Readers.

ONCE upon a time there was an Editor who had a great many Readers, and these Readers, who were of all sorts and sizes, used to be very hungry. Whatever the Editor gave them they used to devour eagerly and then call out for more, and if the Editor had not been very, very Good and very, very Kind, he would have exhausted his patience very soon and popped all the Readers into his big Wastepaper-Basket. But instead of doing that, he came out of his Shell at the end of his Volume and said, "How do you do, my dear Readers?" Then all the Readers said, "Quite well, thank you, O Good Kind Editor! What have you got for us?" Then the G. K. E. answered, "Such a nice new Serial Story, called

### **BEAR CAVERN, by EDWARD S. ELLIS.**

It is to be illustrated by **Mr. H. Piffard**. I'm sure you'll like it." "Why, of course we shall," said the Readers; "we know Mr. Ellis's stories of old. What else have you got, please?" "Another Serial Story, called

### **JOCK'S LEGACY, by MRS. EDWIN HOHLER,**

answered the Editor. "We have had several delightful short stories by her, and this is a very good story which you will all like—girls and boys as well. It is to be illustrated by **Mr. W. Rainey, R.I.**" Still the Readers were not satisfied. "Haven't you got any good series of stories?" they said; "each one complete in itself, but all connected together?" "Of course I have," said the Good Kind Editor, with a smile about three yards long, "lots of them! Here's

### **STORIES OF THE EDDA, or, The Gods of Asgard,**

by **E. S. Buchheim**, illustrated by **A. Rackham**. What do you think of that?"

"Oh, that's all right!" said the Readers. "Anything else?"

"Yes," said the Editor. "Here's an Illustrated Series by our old friend **Mrs. S. L. Heward**, called

### **AT THE COURT OF THE QUEEN.**

Then there's another set of papers which will be most interesting. It is called

### **MANSIONS OF MANY MEMORIES.**

That will be illustrated, too, of course."

"Well?" said the Readers, as the Editor paused for breath, "that isn't all, is it?"

"Of course it isn't," said the Good Kind One, mopping his forehead with the pen-wiper. "Here's a lovely set of stories by the Talented Author of "**MICKY MAGEE'S MENAGERIE**" and "**THE JUNGLE SCHOOL**," called

### **THE TEN TRAVELLERS.**

It is to be illustrated by that Gifted Artist **Mr. Harry B. Neilson**. There, how will that do?"

"Oh, yes," said the Readers. "What else? Any more Bicycles and things like that?"

"Yes," said the Good Kind Editor, "there will be

### **A SPLENDID BICYCLE**

offered as a Prize, and I may tell you that I am turning over in my mind an entirely new scheme of Competitions which I hope to introduce very soon."

"Well," said the Readers, "tell us what it is."

"Not yet," said the Editor; "I must think it over a little more. But I may add that it will be not entirely unconnected with our

### **PUZZLES!**

So look out! Now are you satisfied?"

"Not at all," said the Readers. "But that will do to go on with!"







